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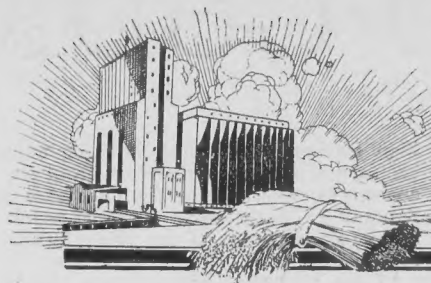
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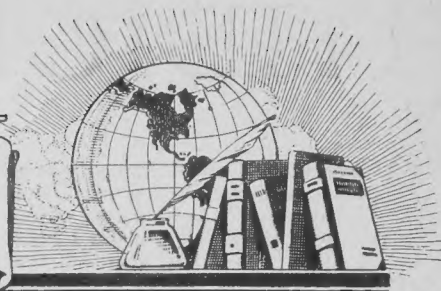
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EDITORIAL



Dismemberment of the Empire.

THERE are some good Britishers who are distressed about conditions in the Empire. The cry is disintegration and the word is pronounced with an accompaniment of groans and lamentations. Yet surely there is another way of looking at it.

When in the natural order of things young people grow old enough to leave the parental roof they set up homes for themselves. This does not mean disloyalty to the old home, but a new type of loyalty added to the old and quite consistent with it. When in course of development a boy leaves his mother's control she sometimes laments it, thinking that she is failing to retain his affection, and that he is going to perdition, but the lad may quite properly have advanced from maternal government to self-government and of such advance every mother ought to be proud.

So in the matter of the dominions. Every step taken towards independence is to be welcomed, provided new relationships are reestablished in love and good will. That is just what we have reason to be thankful for in our Canadian Evolution. The Motherland and the Dominions were never in closer and more kindly relations than they are just now, and it is a good time to make the adjustments which are necessary to national advancement. There will be no need for misunderstanding; where both parties are agreed there can only be mutual admiration and good wishes.

We could all wish that the evolution in other parts of the Empire had come about without misunderstandings and recriminations. Surely we all hope that some day India will be capable of self-government. We should be glad to hasten the day. There are Britishers in name who would forever prevent such a consummation. They would have prevented self-development in the case of Ireland, Egypt and South Africa.

A good mother will not insist upon holding her children around her until they are old men and women; she will rejoice to see them settle down in their own way and will take joy in seeing new families spring up around her. She will call them her families and they will not resent the claim. So every British dominion that begins to assert her independence should not be frowned upon but encouraged. The only thing to be careful about is that good feeling persists. And this good feeling is founded in love and justice.

Now it is right here that trouble has arisen in some of the dominions. Because of arrogance of military and civil authorities, because of weird decisions by the Home Government, or because of religious and political bitterness in the dominions themselves the cry for independence has followed ill-will and misunderstanding. And so, independence has meant the separation of ill-will. It meant just that when America seceded. It came perilously close to it in the case of South Africa and Ireland and Egypt.

The moral of it all for the Motherland is that she is to gain nothing by trying "to lick the beggars into shape," but she is to gain everything by continuing to be just and kindly. There are some British names we must all revere, because in our dominions they represented all that was fair and honourable. There are others of the autoeratic type, who because of their arrogance and self-sufficiency have not only made the Motherland unpopular, but have succeeded in fomenting something akin to rebellion. And of all injurious people who have been placed in positions of authority there is nobody equal to a foolish king or a military leader. It is because we have had failures in both capacities that we appreciate so fully our present sovereign and the Prince of Wales, and we could wish that all under-strappers in the military service had the same common sense, urbanity and humanity as our own beloved Governor-General.

Pride versus Humility.

THIS reference to the high character of our official leaders suggests that the same qualities are admirable in officials all the way down the scale. The sign of true greatness is not pride, pomposity, the loud sneering laugh but that amiable humility coupled with kindness which naturally inspires respect and admiration. There are said to be some men in political life in our land to-day who might have been of real service, but, for the fact that they are rotten with self-conceit. This is no altitude for any man or any woman. Nor is official pride any more detestable than scholastic pride, ministerial pride or pride of wealth. It is not a bad thing for us all to re-read Bobbie Burns now and again.

Is Christianity Declining?

IT is continually asserted that the power of Christianity is in the decline. It is well to examine the statement. Like many other sweeping propositions it may either shadow the truth or be a misinterpretation of the facts of the case.

The reason for the statement is given in such assertions as this; In country and city the percentage of

those attending divine service is continually on the decline, the number of men taking an interest in regular church work is noticeably less than twenty-five years ago; the mid-week meetings have almost ceased, because it is only the female members of the old school who will attend; the preacher is not revered as formerly; the labor element has lost confidence in the church as an institution; the old time evangelists no longer will receive a hearing; the old gospel is no longer heard; the man who uses such terms as regeneration, atonement, substitution, is now considered to be a freak or fanatic; the only word that is tolerated is service and it is worked to death. No longer do people generally accept the miraculous as fact, nor do they believe in the hell of brimstone, nor the whale of Jonah, nor the serpent in the garden. And because there is no denying of some of these changes in public attitude it is held that Christianity is losing out.

Now, of course most of this is wide of the mark. Attendance at public service is not a measure of the power of Christianity. Indeed it was probably never intended by the founder of Christianity that preaching should be done chiefly through the agency of great public gatherings, but rather through the quiet interaction of man with man. The fact that the chapel or preaching

THE RULES OF THE GAME

Life is the one experience we all share, and we cannot go far in it until we discover it is a game, which like all others is governed by rules.

The rules of the game of life are called Laws, and about them, naturally, seeing that the game is so serious, there is much discussion. But one fact is undisputed;—people who play a game must observe the rules. They may not like them; they may have voted against them at the Annual Meeting; they may know rules which would be far better; but that does not matter. Rules of the Game are sacred, and no one can claim exemption!

The Prohibition Law has become one of the rules of the Game of Life, approved by large majorities and re-affirmed at subsequent general meetings after much and very free discussion. Every one who wanted to speak was allowed to do so. Many wrote letters to the papers. Dear Editors found their correspondence much increased,—but the rule was agreed upon as being fair, safe and wise.

The great majority of players have accepted the rule, believing in its fairness. Other good players accept it anyway, because it is the rule. There are a few who are not good sports, and they are always wailing and complaining and crying out that it is not fair. They marshal their forces every year or so, and appear before Governments, urging that the rule be changed, using as an argument that they themselves have broken it, and intend to keep on breaking it, thinking in their foolish hearts that Governments should yield to the wishes of law-breakers. Thieves might as well come forward and give a list of their burglaries to show that the laws against stealing should be revoked.

Governments are well advised to make no concessions to those who break the law and brag about it. The rules must stand. The game goes on! Offenders—to the fence!

Nellie L. McClung.

hall is losing its importance may be only a sign that something more effective is to take its place. And if fewer people, particularly fewer men and young people attend prayer meetings it is only an indication that such gatherings are unwisely conducted. When they have utterly lost out, a new form of association better suited to modern needs will be found. It is not Christianity that is worn out, but its toggery of forms and observances and restrictions. Nor have people lost reverence for the preacher who has a real Christian message. It is only natural that they should place little value on second hand lectures on sociology, politics, and society manners. As to evangelism there is surely as much of it as ever but it is of another type—not quite as Pauline as formerly, but undoubtedly more Christian. And this perhaps expresses the thought more clearly than any other sentence. People everywhere are in reality going back to Christ for inspiration for fundamental beliefs, for rules of behaviour. Never before was the teaching of the gospels so thorough-

ly welcomed. Men everywhere have caught the spirit of Him who went about doing good, and they are seeking to initiate Him in their actions. It is perfectly true there are scores of men who know nothing and wish nothing of Christian theology, but who ardently desire and faithfully practice Christian behaviour.

So it has come about that many people who cannot understand the God of time-tables, that is, the God of dispensations, and cycles and the rest, still revere the God of Love. If they do not understand the philosophy of the plan of salvation and do not grasp the meaning of the prophecies of Daniel and John, they yet take comfort in the words of the Saviour of men. Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me. Inherit the kingdom prepared for you." And these men rightly or wrongly despite theology or in harmony with its teaching believe that works without faith is better than faith without works.

That there should have been a protest against the one sided interpretation of Christ's teaching and against sacerdotalism is only natural. The thing did not appeal to red-blooded men. And because the church did not organize so as to give such men a chance to do real service, they took the thing in their own hands and organized associations that put an emphasis on what seemed to them the neglected feature of Christianity.

They do things—perhaps it ought to be said of them that they have grown so tired of prohibitions and threats and restrictions that they have said "Men for goodness' sake, let us map out a programme of possibilities." So there are gifts to the needy, help for the unfortunate, forgiveness for those who have done wrong—and all this without self-righteousness and pride. And it is all lovely and Christ-like in its place. Truly when we see it we can but say "In these days Christ is expressing Himself in new ways and by new agencies." No one will pretend that these new organizations are churches, nor that they can take the place of churches, but in the new movement the churches can hear again the words that Mordecai used to Esther when he thought she might fail him—"If thou at this time holdest thy peace, then will deliverance arise from another source."

Christianity is not dead nor dying. It is expressing itself in new ways because the old modes were ineffective. If the church would become the only means of expressing the thought of its founder, it must put first in its programme those things that He put first in His life.

An Immigration Policy.

IN another page is an article on Immigration and Colonization. Lately in the Press have appeared two suggested solutions of the same problem—one by Hon. Clifford Sifton and another by Mr. F. C. Wade. All three policies and particularly that advocated by Mr. Sifton ignore the most important fact of all in western settlement. It is easy enough by spending a little money and by holding out fair promises to get men to come here; it is quite another thing to assimilate these people, to make them one with us in sympathy and loyalty. We dare not take any more than we have unless they will fit into our citizenships.

The great means of educating newcomers is the school. The school now has an almost impossible task in preparing for citizenship, those who are now here. It is difficult and costly. The Federal authorities have put on the provinces burdens that are too heavy to be borne. Nothing requires more careful handling than this matter of immigration. Whatever cause is adopted it is necessary to avoid the errors of the past. We require quality not quantity. We can not afford to sacrifice the future to the present. We dare not take more than we can assimilate. We must remain Canadian in spirit. Our commercial and industrial prosperity is after all secondary.

Foolish Predictions.

A BOOK "prophecies" published in London says that "the year 1926 is destined to shake the world to its foundations, both physically and politically." It is hard to believe that there are any individuals with intelligence enough to be able to read, and at the same time so feeble-minded as to think such "prophecies" worth reading and paying any attention to. It would appear that there are some such people; otherwise, one would imagine, such a book would not be printed—though it may well be that this is not a sound conclusion, for there are many books printed not because there are people who want to read them, but because the authors of them are possessed by a consuming desire to have them printed, and have some money with which to pay the printers for printing them. Of all the multitudinous forms of human foolishness surely the paying attention to such crack-brained "prophecies" (or catch-penny knaves as some of them are) is the most foolish.

THE CIRCLE OF THE GODS

By V. W. Horwood

AS A scout and Gabriel Dumont's young friend, was often called into Louis Riel's council. Not because of my wisdom, my friends, but because I knew the Country. Oh! I had travelled this beautiful North-west—fishing in its lakes, hunting on its prairies. Now my friends, sitting here telling these stories in this City of Winnipeg I can see its future beyond you, for I saw its beginning. You think, you young ones, that this city and country has no history, but it is a country in which the empire of the future world has been born. In its birth some mistakes have been made, but, look now at the glorious present and future, and forget. Louis Riel I knew well, but I will tell you my story.—

Louis was flushed with success when I entered his council. Many tribal chiefs had sworn to support him, and swarthy bloods and paler half-breeds were coming and going from the council in which he sat supported by the old Buffalo hunter.

Things were moving fast with Louis Riel, fast indeed for him, when I think of that tragic morning in November when his spirit went to its Maker to be judged. My blood ran quickly. Sacre! Why should it not. I was bone of their bone, although as my grandfather had been a French aristocrat, I held myself aloof to a certain extent. I heard instructions given for Tribes to rise, not thinking in my hasty youth of the blood and suffering to follow this brave show.

Eager to carry out my orders I awaited, and the incident I am about to tell you is only a small one in the great swing of the world's wheel, but still is one of those small points on which it pivots.

"Good-day, Henri."

"Good-day, Louis Riel."

"Ha! Henri, you are a man after my own heart. There is no man I think more of,—eh! Gabriel—than you Henri."

Riel smiled at me as I clicked my moccasined heels together as I knew my Grandfather would have taught me.

"Yes, you are religious Henri. It is too bad we have not more like you."

"Thank you Louis Riel," said I.

"Now Henri, I have a mission of great importance for you, a mission of trust, and one of great danger." He sighed.

"What's what now," thought I, studying his great face framed in its mass of black hair.

"You know that in the West, Great Bear will rise, but Poundmaker advised by the Blackfoot, Chief Crowfoot unfortunately will not listen to us. You are fully familiar with the country in the North-west?"

I nodded with pride.

"Battleford may be taken and you will have to avoid it as the Mounted Police are in possession, at least they are in the new town. I give to you Henri Chatelaine a trust, the Sacred Hatchet and Wampum of One-Arrow. Guard them carefully. I am responsible to Chief One-Arrow. These papers will give you authority. You read, Henri?"

MY look of pride mingled with self consciousness gave him his answer, but Gabriel Dumont roared with laughter—and Riel continued hastily. "You must use all your gifts Henri. You know the best trails?"

"None better," said I.

"They will be well beaten with the traffic on them now," said he.

It was very pleasing that Riel should rate my powers so much, as he was surrounded with men who flattered him, a thing I could never do. So as he solemnly handed me the papers I told him as I thought my Grandfather would have, of what I would do, and he smiled kindly, while that great fool—loath though I am to say it—Gabriel, roared again. But Louis Riel smiled kindly and shook hands with me.

I went first as all good hunters and scouts should, to my little Cerise, my beautiful little horse whom I loved, and swore when she was old that she would never be slave driven but that a merciful bullet from me,—but oh! I did not like to think of that. We were young, Cerise and I, and as she ate her oats and I brushed her down, death was far from our thoughts. I looked to her sharp little hoofs, and then

left her, bidding her rest for her long journey. Then I went to see that merry man Gabriel Dumont. Never had I seen him merry before, but Gabriel was a great hunter and a great warrior, so I went to him for advice.

"Why did you laugh?"

He roared again. "Oh Henri! I love you so. But let's get to the business."

AFTER we had decided on the trail I should follow, "Come back Henri as soon as possible. I have not much faith in Poundmaker. Crow-foot the wise is against it."

"Well, Gabriel, if Crow-foot is wise, why not us?"

"Because" said he sternly, in the Cree, "Because we are treated like dogs by these surveyors. They know how to run their

little horse Cerise. Myself could do, but after a hard day on a slippery trail she would be all the better for a warm dry place to rest. You may know friends, that our horses then depended upon their own sure sharp hoofs, and not as they do now on a blacksmith's sharp shoeing.

I WAS RIDING quietly through a bluff of pines when the chattering jays bid me halt and listening I caught the sound of travel. I could distinguish the push in the snow which horses give with their hoofs when ridden, and as I pulled up, there right against the sky line, crossing a ridge travelling across the trail was a party of Mounted Police. I could see the gleam on the harness as they rode over the ridge and disappeared. "On a patrol" thought I, as I covered little Cerise's head with my



chains and mark their boundaries, but why should you and I Henri be treated as," he hissed "Half-breeds?"

I drew myself up proudly. "Huh! I am proud of being a Half-breed."

Gabriel who I never suspected of having a laugh, roared again. "Henri, you are too good. Oh, go. The sooner you are back the more laughs I shall have, for Henri I love you."

Crossing the Saskatchewan I rode towards Carleton, where I found Major Crozier had his scouts in every direction, but away to the West was my goal—across the splendid ferries, across the frozen lakes and rivers, through the silent places that now my friends, echo to the Homesteaders' kindly voices. But then it was different and as a scout I had to take all care. I could see the smoke signals going before me as I rode the desolate winter trail, taking note in my head, as a good scout should. A scout's life is a hard one and only a young man should take it up. Oh, in those days we were travellers; we were tireless and brave. No trial of strength, or endurance was too much for us, and we were taken from those who had shown sagacity, not as some think for our recklessness, although this is not to boast of my own deeds but to tell you that the scout then as now, decided the safety of the entire party.

The jays were chattering as I went through the bluffs, and I kept my ears well clear, as I knew that Mr. Whiskey Jack and his big blue cousin were sure signs of company. As the sun was beginning to set I was looking for an English settler's hut which I knew was in this locality, for I meant to get a stable for my

coat and thanked the jays for their warning although I wondered that the wide awake Police could not have taken the chattering as I had, but remember, my Grandfather was an aristocrat of Old France—and I—well I am his Grandson.

The settler's cabin was there, but the settler had left hastily, and prowling around I got Cerise a few oats and some swamp hay, and soon had comfortable quarters for my little friend. Little, my young ones is a term of endearment with me as you will have noticed.

I had no adventures as I crossed the magnificent country to Poundmaker's Reserve, and reached it one noon, of a clear sunny day, with the sun just flaking the surface of the snow into the prisms, bringing dainty grey shrews with their long pointed noses out to enquire if Spring had at last arrived. I had ridden through Lower Town Battleford which some of the Crees and Blackfoot had raided. It certainly was wrecked. My soul, but the braves had torn things about. I now arranged my dress as befitted an ambassador of President Louis Riel, and my Grandfather's Grandson, and rode into Poundmaker's Reserve, Cerise prancing and arching as a proud horse should.

I knew Poundmaker, and had met his foster father the wise Crow-foot of the Blackfeet who had refused to join Louis Riel, although Riel had promised him premier place if he used his influence with the Tribes, but the wise Chief—or as we considered him, foolish chief,—had refused all. Poundmaker had been swayed by his council.

Poundmaker, surrounded by braves, was at the door of his lodge, tall, slender, with

high forehead, an almost straight nose, the face of a man, a man free from any coarseness, and with a fine upstanding figure of a Chief of men. I bowed to him and he signed to one of the young men to take Cerise.

"I am glad that you are here. Messengers have brought news of your coming and I feel flattered that Louis Riel, the Great Head, has sent so good a scout to bear his words. Enter and take food and rest."

FOR a moment I was confounded and mortified to think I had been beaten in my hard ride on the trail, but then I remembered the smoke signals which went ahead of me, and knew that Cerise had not been beaten in her long ride.

"I bear Wampum from One Arrow, with President Riel's greeting" said I.

"A Council will gather," replied Poundmaker.

I went in and food was brought to me. Knowing the Ceremonial of the Tribe I made no effort to disclose my message. After eating I rose and went outside finding Poundmaker and the Chief Little Pine. They greeted me calmly, and Poundmaker said "I have sent for the braves that they may hear your message this day." It was impossible to get a private hearing with Poundmaker so I had to be content to wait.

The afternoon drew on and I was taken through an opening in some little hills, and found myself in the center of a bowl a small plain surrounded by steep terraced hills, with an opening to the West.

The Chiefs were in the center, while the slopes were lined with warriors unarmed except for the hunting knife. I saw the fierce faces of the Cree and Stoney Warriors standing in the snow, row above row, and the chiefs in their Ceremonial dress, while the medicine men in full dress, beat their tom-toms as I entered the circle dropping their songs to the Great White mystery; their voices rising, pleading with the fires of the Sun to give them wisdom; calling to the whispering winds to tell them its secrets; asking the favors of the North Gods on their undertaking; singing the songs of the Spirit Dawn. It took all my nerve to bring myself to the point of delivering my message, but I reflected, I am a scout and my Grandfather's blood and a Chief's daughter's blood are mine. I began to realize that the raising of a Tribe of Indians for war was an undertaking that Louis Riel had not understood in his hot hasty way. His friends the Metis listened to him as one who had suffered with them and for them, but these Bloods—Huh! I was proud of my Indian ancestors. The drums ceased as Poundmaker began to speak.

"In this magic circle where the Old Spirits come for Council, and where we are permitted, Oh ye warriors I show to you a man bringing the Wampum and Red Hatchet from our friend One-Arrow. Each to his own mind must the message be taken, as revealed in this magic circle of the Old Gods. Hear ye!"

I BORE myself proudly—"Men of the Cree Confederacy, and ye Blackfeet and Assiniboines, hear me!" cried I, in my loudest voice holding up the Wampum and Hatchet "You have said that the Metis were your blood cousins. That their rights are your rights, and their wrongs your wrongs. Hear me! The Metis your cousins have sent me to give you their message of woe. They have been wronged, and their wrongs you have said, are yours. I have spoken, and now at your Chief's feet I lay the war Wampum and war Hatchet. Oh, Chiefs will you take them up?"

I laid the Wampum and Hatchet on the pure white undisturbed patch of snow reserved for it, and in silence, with the row on row of warriors on the surrounding terraces, with the setting sun shining its last rays, I awaited the answer.

All faces were turned to the opening of the hills in the West, where the red sun filled it with splendour, and then against the vibrating light of the Heavens, stood a figure—gigantic—bearing in his left hand the Totem of the Last Indian, and into the sky against the red angry glare towered the mystic White Cross of Peace. Ah! All my sins came upon me at that moment.

Continued on page 72

THE ROYAL ROAD

By H. Mortimer Batter

WELL TIM," said Trower, "you can say what you like about my sponge! It doesn't weigh much, and it's worth its weight in gold. If I were a grimy halfbreed—"

Trower's companion looked up sharply. There was very little doubt that Tim Corbit himself had a streak of Indian blood in his veins. He was a hard traveler and a good woodsman, but Trower it was who had financed the trip. And now, in spite of the good luck which was theirs, each was a little tired of the other's company. Both were fed up with the flies and the loneliness and the chill and the damp which are one's eternal companions in those northern forests.

"Gas, gas, nothing but gas!" growled Corbit. "I might have known what it would mean to bring a tenderfoot this far! As for halfbreeds—there's many a dozen of them better men on the trail than you are!"

"Hundreds!" Trower agreed cheerfully. "And as for you bringing me—who pulled you out of the mudhole?—who was it actually located the gold?—who fought that gang of toughs for you at Mattawa River when you were too drunk to fight for yourself? No, my lad, if it hadn't been for me you'd have been bogged and sandbagged—say nothing of returning home empty."

Again Corbit stared. "Yes, you and your sponge!" he sneered, unable to think of anything more witty.

There was a silence, while they drew their belongings from their pack-sacks and made a rough and ready camp. "It's this eternal packing up and unpacking that gets over me," muttered Trower. "Rancid bacon and these beastly hard cakes meal after meal."

"If you don't like the cakes," growled Corbit, "darn well make 'em yourself."

"I aren't grumbling at the cakes," Trower replied. "They're the best we can have under the circumstances. All the same I'll be glad to taste white man's grub again. Cheer up, old stick, and remember that anyway we've struck it rich—found enough gold up yonder to build a city! A year from now we'll be wealthy men."

"Gold don't belong to no man till he's got his claim registered and his plant in," growled the gloomy Corbit. "It ain't finding gold what counts."

He said this slowly, watching the young Englishman's face, but the latter took not the least notice of him. Trower was thinking about supper. "If you were worth a cuss," he observed, "you'd go off and shoot something. There's game all round us, and my rifle's full of sand. She jams every time. Lend me yours, and I'll see if I can't get a brace of fool hen."

By way of reply Corbit took up the weapon himself and sauntered off into the bush, leaving Trower to cook the bacon. He was away some time, and Trower sat thinking how different things would be if he had a decent partner. Never again would he make a long trip into a bush country with a man of low breeding and coarse speech. A sense of humour was necessary in these lands, but anyway, they had struck enough gold to exclude all likelihood of another prospecting jaunt on the same lines for a long time to come.

Trower had not yet realized their great good fortune. He was haunted with a sense that it must all fizzle out—that he was moving in the spell of a kind of dream, which would vanish like vapour when it came to grasping anything so mundane as gold. It seemed impossible that he and Corbit were to become mine owners—yet the fact remained. The gold was there, a great dull dragon of it clambering up the mountain face. They had fixed their location posts and made everything clear on the map. In his pack along with his Kodak were three or four undeveloped films showing the claim from different standpoints. And the land all round the dragon was theirs—or would be within a few minutes of their reaching the recorder's office, still nearly 200 miles away.

But where on earth was Corbit? It was almost dark, and Trower was fiendishly hungry. He was about to call when there came from the timber depths below him a rifle shot. It echoed upwards through the bush, smote the topmost crags, ricocheted across the valley, echoing and re-echoing, to be followed by a

deadly stillness. Then, from about the same place, sounded two monstrous coughs followed by a loud crash in the undergrowth.

Trower started visibly. The return of the silence was almost as terrifying as the noise. "Now what on earth was that?" he muttered. Surely Corbit had bagged a moose at least.

Almost instinctively Trower took up his rifle, and wrenched at the breech bolt, which was jammed. As he did so he heard Corbit's voice—strangely strained, somewhere below him—"Trower, come and lend me a hand a minute!"

The words, uttered in real earnest, might have come from anywhere, such were the echoes, but they certainly seemed to come from below. And in that direction, still wrenching at the breech of his useless rifle, Trower headed without a moment's hesitation.

The young Englishman had not lived long enough in the bush to realize the folly of taking risks without first thinking. He was endowed with the heroic idea of sticking to his partner through thick and thin, whether or not that partner was worth sticking to. Through the thickets he plunged, making as much noise as a rhinoceros, but he had not gone a hundred paces when he felt, rather than heard, that something was coming across diagonally through the thickets to cut him off. He stopped dead—then he heard it. Just the rush of a great body, moving as silently and as swiftly as a cat!

Trower headed for an open glade, and scarcely had he reached it when he saw a grizzly—and such a grizzly!—coming straight at him. In the dim light it looked the size of a street car, and in that momentary glimpse he saw that blood was streaming from a wound in its shoulder. Also he saw, or thought he saw, the strained face of Corbit peering at him from a thicket near.

"For Heaven's sake shoot!" he shouted "I can't."

It may have been imagination, but Trower thought he heard a mocking laugh from the lips of his companion. Next moment the grizzly was on him. Instinctively he raised the rifle over his head, and as the brute came up it caught the descending butt full on the open mouth with a force that must have shattered its terrible yellow fangs.

How the brute missed him Trower never knew. The rifle was thrown yards, and he carried an aching shoulder for weeks after. But next minute he was doubling like a startled rabbit through the bush. A branch within leaping distance caught his eye. He leapt at it and swung himself up, climbing higher with the agility of a monkey. Then he peered down breathlessly.

Where was the grizzly? Where was Corbit? Why hadn't Corbit fired? Was his rifle also on the blink?

There was silence again, and he knew that the brute was waiting and watching. If he descended the tree he would very soon find out where it was, for a wounded grizzly is as cunning as a wounded buffalo. To call to his companion would be folly, for in all probability Corbit was wholeheartedly anxious not to betray his whereabouts. The only thing to do was to remain silent till Corbit had manoeuvred for another shot, which would clench the deal.

So Trower waited. Each moment it was becoming darker—too dark already for straight shooting. He waited nearly an hour, then it came on to rain—a cold, sullen deluge, which set Trower's teeth chattering. Well, he might as well be killed by a grizzly as die out here of pneumonia.

"Corbit! Say Corbit, where are you?"

No answer, but it seemed to Trower that above the hiss of the deluge he heard something move in a thicket near. He felt sure that the grizzly was waiting, and to climb down meant death. Trower took a string from his pocket, then removing his coat he lowered it slowly towards the ground. Scarcely was the garment within five feet of the earth when again Trower heard that hideous coughing sound, and he yanked the jacket back, because he wanted it. In the darkness he could see little, but he made out a big black form passing



It Corbit was off to register the gold field as his own individual property! Trower forgot all about grizzlies, and he descended that tree in even less time than he had taken to mount it. He noticed where one of the grizzly's paws had gashed the trunk clean through the bark a matter of a foot or more when it struck at his jacket last night, and twenty paces on he found the great brute lying dead between two thickets, its jaws still locked on the butt of his own rifle, which it had gnawed to splinters.

A minute or two later Trower was at the creek edge, face to face with Leggett, whom he recognised as a prospector of the vagrant type he had once met at the mining camp. Leggett, indeed, was famous, for he possessed the inappropriate deformity of a crippled leg, and why he had chosen so tough a calling was one of life's mysteries. For, in spite of his terrible infirmity, Leggett was known to travel great distances, and had made some almost record trips in his life.

"I reckon it's lucky you came along," observed Trower. "I don't suppose there is one man a month travels this creek."

"No, nor two in a year as a rule," replied the prospector. Then he added quickly—"what made you hit the woods with a swipe like Corbit?"

Trower quickly outlined the story—the story of their finding the gold field up to the present moment. Leggett listened without apparent interest. He heard so many stories of rich finds which never came to anything that this yarn left him cold.

"How many leads are there?" he enquired mechanically.

"Oh plenty. More than you'd trouble to count," replied Trower airily.

"Got any samples?"

"Yep. They're in my pack. Come along up."

He led the way to their camping site of the previous evening. Nothing remained but the camp fire ashes. Corbit had sneaked away with all he could carry, and thrown the rest on the embers.

"Meant you to starve in the bush, I reckon," observed Leggett. "Pretty kind of a cuss, ain't he?" And he started to hobble back towards the creek.

"Look here Leggett, we'll have to get after him," panted Trower hurrying in pursuit. "There are two of us. We can travel day and night. We should get there first, and if so—well, I reckon there won't be anything crooked if we register the claim in our joint names!"

To Trower's uttermost surprise the lame man did not jump at it. He said nothing at all for some seconds, then he remarked—"I've got something else to do"

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SOME TALES OF THE SEAS!

I WANT to give you, my readers of the Western Home Monthly just a hint of the weather here on this tiny sandy cape that juts so far out into the Atlantic. Yesterday morning was dull and mild and dark with a smooth sea—At noon a breeze, Obediah—a salt bitten veteran of many storms says "Light air" 'bout 35 miles. Breeze, 8. Light breeze, 13. Gentle breeze, 18. Moderate breeze, 23. Fresh breeze, 28. Strong breeze, 34. Moderate gale, 40 and double reef your tops'ls. Fresh Gale, 48. Strong gale, 56. Whole gale, 65, Storm 75. Hurricane—strip her to bare poles—90." That noon breeze I spoke of ran the whole gamut from "Light breeze" to "Strong gale" and all last night the force of it made our wee cabin thrum like a fiddle string, but it stood through it all and we lay there thinking of the poor chaps of the Winter codfishing fleet on "the banks"—All night long in that living gale while the schooner was "icing up" the wheelsman and the first, middle and morning watch must keep on deck while she strains at the end of her hundred fathom cable like a kite on a string. By the middle watch (midnight to 4 a.m.) the stiff Norther was blowing a whole gale and the seas must

For my Western Home Monthly readers. We cannot tell of all the sorrows of this wild coast—as well as beautiful coast! As it would fill the magazine.

By Bonnycastle Dale

behind the shelter of the house in the dark and thought I had run it against a wire—But no! just the steady stiff rush of the wind struck the cane—As far as the eye could see great white mountainous seas were pouring in straight for that devoted sea wall and it was only made of small stones piled up there by other furious gales and high tides. On the thunder of the breaking of the surf you could hear another note—the rattling of the downpouring stones as they left the wall and fell back with the outgoing wave. The water was now seeping in through every opening in the stones and had made a pond right up to our wee cot and had also crossed the meadow and shut us off from the main part of the Cape—the wonder of it all is that this South and Southwest wind has only been blowing since about midnight and how does it raise such a huge sea in so few hours?

—the sea green of the overfall as a wave breaks downward upon itself is exactly the tint of the green on the neck of the male American Eider. There it rushes out—daylight is here and as far as I can see the old ocean is milk white in its fury. Here is the place for the Infidel—Send him along, if he can view this terrific scene and doubt its Author he is more than mortal. (I hope the wind changes west before next high tide.) Off we set to interview Obediah.

He is an old horny-handed son-of-the-sea. Laddie calls him "O-Be-Joyful" as he pronounced his own name "O-be-di-a-u" with a frantic wagging of his white beard. We were soon seated in his wee cuddy, in the shelter of the big sand-pit. There was a sailor's cabin stove, just exactly like a common cookstove only about as big as a five gallon coal-oil tin. He had been ashore on the beach and had picked up many a tangle of lobster buoy ropes, and as he sat there untangling them he told us many odd things.

"Right hand is the way they put hemp into 'yarn'—but them yarns are made up left handed into 'strands'—why? I'll tell ee—put a right hand wove on the top of the net and a left hander on the bottom and thars no snarlin—Now three strands made right handed is a 'hawser' an three hawsers made left-handed is a 'cable'. If yous towin' give plenty rope and put a weight in centre." Then he looked out of the hatch and squinted up at the sky.

"Fine day termorrow, by yon red sky, but if you sees yon in the morin—look out for squalls, and if its dark blue it's windy; an light blue, its fine; bright yell'er at night, an it blow cats an dogs; an if the yell'er's pale, it'll rain somethin' fierce. Say!"—up we went onto the top of a combor that had rolled in as there was the great surf on the shore and we were at moorings inside. "I seen a

and I were draggled. This night I got the signal on the dial to "slow up" and I stood waiting for the "stop". I did not hear the whistle which would bring the men on deck to help in the fish—I whistled up to the pilot house—no answer—just then the engine went "D-R! r-r-r!"—and off blew the relief cocks, so I knew there was something bad going on."

The fishing Captain came clattering down the steps yelling, "What are you doing—been asleep. The net's in the wheel with five thousand pounds o' haddock an troubles to pay generally."

"I've been watching the signals close, but never got one to stop and can't get an answer from the pilot house—but I've whistled him twice."

Up ran the fishing Can't to the pilot house and there was the mate fallen fast asleep beside the wheel—worn, fagged out. All the time the five knot tide on Georges was fiddling with us and slewing us about, the mess in the wheel was getting worse. A new ninety dollar net and all them fish gone. The mate comes a running from the pilot house and the men hustles the Captain's brother into a diving suit—He wanted to go down starboard side and free the propeller, but as it was the port wheel that was foul—we were twin screws—the mate said, "No!, go down port side and you'll be nearer."

"Obstinate to the last the Captain had us lower him down the starboard side and he crept in over the dead starboard wheel and dragged his hose and life line over, and us standing there on deck and wondering what ever was the matter. Not an answer did we get to our signals and then the mate went right off'n his head and started to throw his clothes off yelling. "He's drownin'. I'll go down and cut him loose." Off went his clothes and soon he stood there with just a rope about his shoulders. Just before we put him over the rail, there came a swift tug at the life line and out it swept—free. The tide had tore the diver out to the end of his line and hose like a kite on a string and bobbed him there thirty feet behind the stern.



The Lady Aberdeen, the supply ship for these lonely Light Stations.

have been like dark white-capped mountains pouring down on that pounding fleet—then comes the cry "ALL HANDS ON DECK" and the men tumble out of their warm bunks and "Oil up" (put on their oilskins) and tumble up before the sleep is well out of their eyes—a terrible sight too as the heads pop up over the rail—she is straining like a thoroughbred at her bit and taking clean green seas right over the bow—the "Banks" are 20 to 50 fathoms deep, great masses of sand that lie some fifty to two hundred miles off shore and have on their shallows great masses of food for the millions of cod and haddock, hake and cusk, halibut and bait fishes that swim below but—and an awful but it is, if the wind blows long enough from one quarter and the immense seas drive in steadily the sand will pile up until there are roaring shallows on "the banks" which smash up speedily any doomed schooner that drives onto them.

A storm on the Atlantic.—Last night when we went to bed in the tiny cot close behind the natural sea wall of beach stones, the mighty East wind was tearing and roaring along—at times it would seize our little home and fairly shake it as if it would rend it apart. The fog-horn was blaring out and the snow and rain were beating a tattoo on the walls. Sleep came to our tired eyes and that "sweet restorer" told us of pleasant climes and balmy airs and we slept on while the tide changed and started to run in—and us but ten steps behind the wall. Just at first faint grey light I heard the Assistant Light-keeper say at our open window "Better get up if you want to see the sea breaking over." Cold and shivering we donned our garments and ran out into the murk—the wind had changed and was now So' with a bit of So-West in it—I stuck my walking stick out from

"Never mind" I assured the lad, "the tide changes in forty minutes.

To look at the great pounding screeching white topped masses one would think that the tide would be powerless against such a force—right in the midst of it—sweeping down into the hollows and flying in the trough and then rising up on swiftly fanning wings goes a flock of Eiders, those hardy sea ducks, and Gannets. Wonder of wonders another flock sits in the awful turmoil right off shore—but the instant the tide sweeps them on against the crying surf they rise and fly off—whither?—there is not a foot of resting water for hundreds of miles along this storm swept exposed coast. Then come flocks of whistlers battling against the storm and swept right on top over the much dreaded land. A red throated loon pounds the swift air with its all too small passing wings—now a tiny Sea Dove comes whirling along with its tiny wings beating out a path in this dreadful way. (Laddie is leaving now to walk the great beach and pick up the injured birds swept ashore.) Minute by minute we watch the mighty waves as they rush in and break and send just the creaming top over the wall—and we are so thankful that the change of the tide is near—the drainage rivers are sweeping along past our window as they run off to the lower level, evidently all this earthwork was cleverly done by the old-time Light-keepers for just this purpose as in sixty years storms they have never had a fatality. The window as I write is "salted up" even if I did rush out and clean it off half an hour ago—more black bodies of flocks of wildfowl are sweeping along the troughs—Now is the time—8.08 for the tide to turn and run out. We can detect it starting by the "rivers-in-the-sea" as they sweep along but even they do not put down the waves. One odd thing Laddie remarked



How would you like this sea racing along within ten paces of your bed.

wave onet that was most a mile long twixt waves and the windchop, was going along over fifty miles an hour; an I seen an old sea when I was on a British cruiser that was sixty feet high the captain said, an it threw its foam clar over the mizzen-sky s'l mast head. We was just off English Channell—bad water that—away out on the way across. We got over three thousand fathoms water—pretty deep valley that eh? Now that Admiral Beatty uses that thar word visibilty—that was what our capt'n meant when he said we could see fifteen miles from the main skys'l top."

"Ask me any of them questions you want," quoth he. We did not need to, he went right on—"Onet we were on Georges Bank. We had been taking as much as a hundred and twenty-five thousand pounds (steam trawlin) mainly haddock per week and the mate had insisted on taking both watches and kept me at the engine all week long until the fireman

"Hand over hand we brought him back and many a willing arm went over the side to lift him clear of the rail. The moment he touched the deck we unscrewed the face plate, as we had no time to take off the head piece, and his poor old face showed up purple and black.

"We got the suit off him somehow and carried him up to his bunk, and it was two hours before he stopped untangling them lines with his hands and came to himself.

"All this time we were trying to get that port propeller free. A little bit ahead and then a mite back and a bit more finally got it loose, and away went the new net and the five thousand pounds of shining haddock—you could see them down there in the 'cod-end' flipping and going free and us cursing the luck that our last hour should have brought such disaster."

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STRANGERS in a STRANGE HOUSE

By Dean Keats

STEPHEN Weir made a notation in his memorandum book, "Another Ten Thousand Feet Short," stooped to pick up his rule from the ground, and jumped to a startled erectness when a gentle voice behind him murmured.

"Just what are you doing, please?"

Stephen turned to face the owner of the witching voice, whose clear notes had first warned him that he was no longer alone.

"Pardon me," he said, "but might I ask why you are so interested in what I am doing?"

"Because you are on my father's timber limit, and quite obviously busy with a lumber rule. I am quite sure you do not work for my father, so might I ask who you are?"

"Certainly, I'm only too glad to present my credentials—I'm Stephen Weir, out here for the Government looking up some mineral claims. The stakes should be near here; I was just in the act of sighting for the blazed line from this stump when your voice startled me from my day dreaming."

"Oh, if that's all, then I'm quite glad to know you. My name is Sylvia Hargreaves; my father owns this timber limit, and the big mill at Pond Creek."

Stephen looked into the blue eyes of the speaker; watched for a second as the wind blew the brown hair distractingly around a face whose curves and contour held his gaze—how much should he tell this girl of his work and her father's duplicity? He felt a sudden desire to stand clear and fearless before those challenging eyes.

But his work—the trust of his superiors—conflicting desires flashed through his mind.

It was too late now. Sylvia Hargreaves had returned to the trail, mounted her saddle horse which was tied there, and ridden off.

When Sylvia had disappeared through the leafy autumn woods Stephen found a comfortable seat on a log, took out his pipe and tobacco pouch, filled his pipe, then forgot to light up as he thought of the blue eyed girl who had just left him.

"Father," Sylvia Hargreaves said when she and her father were seated at the tea table that evening, "I saw a stranger up on the timber limit when I was out riding this afternoon on Tie Camp trail."

"What was he doing?" the veteran lumber king asked.

"That was just what I asked him. He said he was sighting for the blazed line on some mineral claims, but what seemed strange to me afterward was that he had a lumber rule in his hand at the time."

"He had, eh?" Hargreaves seemed strangely perturbed, "Did he say anything further to you?"

"No, except that he was a Government mining man, out here to look up some mineral claims. What would he be doing there, father?"

"I don't know, but I'm glad you told me of it."

The following day Hargreaves, who had reason enough to fear Stephen Weir, sent two of his best and most trusted men to watch the stranger.

They found Stephen Weir on the timber limit, watched him at his work from a safe distance, and reported what they had seen to the evil tempered lumberman.

As Sylvia was passing through the old ramshackle building which housed the company offices that evening, looking for her father, she heard his voice in angry dispute coming through the partly open door.

Not wishing to intrude, she stopped, then felt every nerve in her body freeze at what her father was saying.

"Tom," it was her father, "we'll have to do away with this fellow Weir; we can't risk it; if he puts the Government on to our game we are ruined. With Weir out of the way we might never be discovered."

"All right, Hargreaves," replied a voice that Sylvia recognized as that of Tom Sutherlands, her father's foreman and partner, "alright, I'm with you, but I don't like it. It's certain to bring us bad luck sooner or later. But, what you say goes with me. How will we do it, and how soon?"

Then the voices were lowered.

Sylvia was frightened, shocked, horror stricken. Her father planning murder! Into what had she delivered this good looking stranger when she had told her father he was on the timber limit?

What was it her father feared, she wondered? She knew he was always suspicious of strangers when they were found on the timber limit, but she had supposed it was only one of his eccentric ways.

Sylvia had heard many hard things said of her father. That he was hard, relentless, a bitter enemy to those who opposed him she knew.

Wretched and miserable, she retired early to her room and her thoughts.

She knew that it was useless to tell her father what she had heard. It would only anger him, and make him the more determined to accomplish his purpose in some other way.

HOW could she save her father from having this crime on his hands? How could she save this stranger, whose appearance she had liked so well? Before Sylvia went to sleep she knew.

The following morning Sylvia rode her saddle pony up Tie Camp trail. Within half an hour she had found Stephen Weir.

"I was looking for you, Mr. Weir," was Sylvia's greeting.

"I'm glad of that," Stephen replied, looking at her in surprise.

"Mr. Weir, I want to ask you a question. What is it that you are doing that makes my father afraid of you?"

"What makes you think your father is afraid of me?"

"I'm sure he is, and I'm just as sure that you are in danger from that fear. Are you doing my father any harm?"

"Why no, I think not. What is it that worries you?"

Stephen helped Sylvia to dismount, tied her horse, and they seated themselves on a log.

"Now Miss Hargreaves, please tell me what is troubling you."

"Well, the evening of the first day that I saw you on the timber limit, I told my father of it, and I thought at the time he seemed strangely disturbed. Then afterward I overheard my father talking with his foreman, and what they said frightened me. Mr. Weir, do you know that you are in real danger here, perhaps in danger of your life?"

Stephen looked into the face of the speaker, then laughed. "I'm in danger from your father, you say? Now what harm could your father do me, and why would he do it?"

"He is planning to do you harm, Mr. Weir, and there must be some reason. You must know why he would do it, yourself. Won't you please tell me why?"

Stephen Weir looked serious for the first time, as he said, "I can't do that; but you say I am in danger of my life—very well, I thank you for the warning, but tell me, why did you wish to warn me?"

"Because it was I who first told Dad you were here, and aroused his suspicions against you without knowing it. Now you are in danger, and I feel that I am to blame for it."

"What do you want me to do?"

"Go away, leave here at once so that no harm may come to you. Will you?"

"That's impossible, I can't go away, my work here must be finished. Just the same, I'll keep a sharp lookout for trouble."

"Is there nothing that I can say that will induce you to leave before it is too late?"

"Absolutely nothing, I must stay here for at least two weeks more."

Sylvia, suffering from the defeat of her plans, mounted her horse and rode away.

Stephen pondered over what Sylvia had told him. So Hargreaves knew! Well, thanks to Sylvia he was forewarned. Hargreaves was a dangerous man. To what lengths would he go to cover up his evil-doing?

A week passed; Stephen, at his work, was always on the alert, but saw nothing, heard nothing unusual, and began to think that Sylvia's fears had been groundless.

Yet Hargreaves was waiting for him, biding his time.



STEPHEN rode back and forth to his work across Bear Mountain, following a dangerous cross trail that was scarcely safe, even in daylight.

Hargreaves and his men had selected a suitable spot for their plan, a place on the trail where there was a sheer drop on the lower side of four hundred feet, to jagged, ugly rocks.

Just such a place as a pony, missing its foothold, might dash itself and rider to death on the rocks below.

It was dusk as Stephen rode along here on a certain day.

He was humming quietly, happily to himself, when suddenly there came a W-H-I-S-S-H-H through the air, and Stephen lay stunned and helpless upon the ground.

Dark forms rushed toward him from the woods on the upper side of the trail, tugged at the rope that circled his arms below the shoulders, loosed it, and started to drag him toward the edge of the cliff.

"What was that?" It was the voice of Hargreaves, as he peered anxiously up the trail.

A horse and rider came into view in the dusk.

"My God, men, it's Sylvia," it was Hargreaves speaking again "into the woods, quick, before she sees us."

Hargreaves ran into the woods, cutting across country for the camp, his men following closely, marvelling at the fury into which the old man was working himself.

Sylvia rode up to where Stephen lay stunned and helpless upon the ground. Her horse shied badly, and, catching sight of what she took to be a body upon the ground, she quickly dismounted.

WALKING over to where Stephen lay, Sylvia kneeled, raised his head, then nearly swooned as she recognized him, and cried, "My God, it's Stephen Weir."

Stephen stirred in returning consciousness.

Sylvia drew her hand away from under Stephens head. It was covered with blood. She tore bandages from her undershirt, padded an ugly gash, and bound it up as best she could.

Stephen opened his eyes, raised himself on his elbow.

"Hello," he said, "what's up?"

"You have had a bad fall off your horse. I want to get you to your shack, where I can wash and dress your wound. Can you mount your horse?"

Stephen staggered to his feet.

"Yes, I can make it!"

Sylvia helped him as he shakily mounted into the saddle, then walked beside him, leading her own horse.

After what seemed an eternity they reached the old prospectors shack, where Stephen camped.

Scarcely a word had passed between them. Stephen seemed dazed.

Sylvia helped him as he staggered through the doorway. He reached the bed, then fell prone and helpless across it.

Quickly she lit a lamp, found water and dressed the wound in Stephens head, which was bleeding terribly.

There, that was better, the flow was stopped.

Now that it was over, and the horror of the thing closed in around her, Sylvia's strength left her; she swooned completely away.

Meanwhile Hargreaves had gone raging toward home. His fury frightened even the two hardened men who were following him. They veered off out of his reach as they neared the camp.

Hargreaves went into his empty house. He believed that Stephen had been unhurt in his fall from the horse; perhaps stunned for the moment only.

Perhaps the young fool was sitting in his cabin even now, laughing at the failure of his, Hargreaves plans. The thought infuriated him!

"I'll kill him myself!" he suddenly shouted in fury.

Like a demon he foamed as he took his shotgun from the wall, loaded it, started up the trail toward Stephen Weir's shack.

It was a dangerous trail at best. The old man knew this, but, blind with rage he rushed on.

Up he went. Stephens shack lay within three hundred yards. He had been right, Stephen Weir, was at home, there was a light in the shack.

Hargreaves started off again at a half run. Suddenly there was a crashing report on the still night air. Hargreaves lay in a huddled heap, soaking in his own blood.

Two men from his own camp returning from a deer hunt came toward him at the sound of the report.

They saw that their old fighting chief had accidentally discharged his own shotgun and torn a great hole in his side.

There was no time to lose if he were to be saved.

Picking him up, they hurried toward Stephens shack, guided by the light in the window.

They reached the door, laid their burden down, and knocked loudly—not a sound within; one of them turned the knob and opened the door.

The two rough lumbermen stood dumbfounded at the sight that confronted them.

One the bed lay Stephen Weir, with his head swathed in bandages; Sylvia

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OUR SETTLEMENT

Characters of Alberta Frontier

Simeon Tuck—Captain, Conversationalist, and Hen Specialist

EX "bull-whacker" of the American Army, poet, ferryman, specialist in respect to hens, pullets, et al, but above all a gossip of superlative type—such was Simeon Tuck. Simeon was operator of the Pembina river ferry, the only means of crossing the Alberta stream. He was an arbiter of destiny, and ergo, he maintained his dignity full well.

Tanned to a brick red from sixty years exposure to the elements, short statured and grizzled, Simeon was famed for the attributes mentioned, but above all for a new theory which he had evolved in respect to that most difficult science—the causing of chickens to produce eggs. As a result of his profound experimentation, Simeon proudly averred that his hens would lay in season and out, sunshine or shower, 90 in the shade or 60 below.

On a tacit acceptance of this ultimatum depended the length of the voyage, for did the luckless passenger dare to aver that Simeon's chickens belonged not to a classification distinctly apart from the type known as "barn yard" the journey would be prolonged until such time as Simeon had thoroughly convinced the unbeliever in respect to the error of his ways.

A new settler unused to Simeon's methods would possibly spend an hour or more in reaching the further shore, but those who were in a hurry and acquainted with the modus operandi would remain discreetly silent. Every avenue of possible conversation would be explored by Simeon; qualifications as captain of the ferry, what Sherman said to Lee when it became known that Simeon had won the battle, the condition of the Big Muskeg, the price of fur, what "California Bill" said when it took him eleven days to travel six miles with his bull team, and so forth. Knowing, however, that when the captain broached the subject of chickens that he had about reached the end of his tether, a graceful acquiescence as to the traveller's knowledge of Simeon's egg producing skill, would usually produce a sudden burst of speed.

The plot thickened, and to those familiar with the ferry on the Pembina the conclusion of the voyage could always be foretold; the end was definitely in sight when Simeon, with much chuckling and smirking would proudly produce a tabulated list of persons in the neighborhood, whose hens were not laying. This would be followed by the usual emphatic statement, that due to the virtues of his mysterious specific, his hens did, were, and would continue to lay eggs of fabulous richness, and with astonishing regularity. Those of experience would remain discreetly silent, and the ferry would be tied to the bank, as Simeon leant against the railings of his craft with an expression on his face which plainly said, "Behold in me the master hen mind of the ages!"

Gathering his horses together, the traveller would steady them up the steep slope to the bank above. This objective reached, the panting animals would be halted for a breather, the whole procedure being carefully watched and timed by Simeon, who, with arms akimbo poised himself for the parting sally. The teamster, his horses rested, and gathering up the reins preparatory to starting a second time, would be electrified by a bellow from the river, "HEY! FEED 'EM ON FISH HEADS!"

William Pooch and the Belle of the Sawmill

BY NATURE and inclination, William Pooch was destined to become a benedict; but a singular lack of speech, coupled with a most astonishing diffidence combined

By A. de H. Smith

to retain him in the ranks of bachelordom.

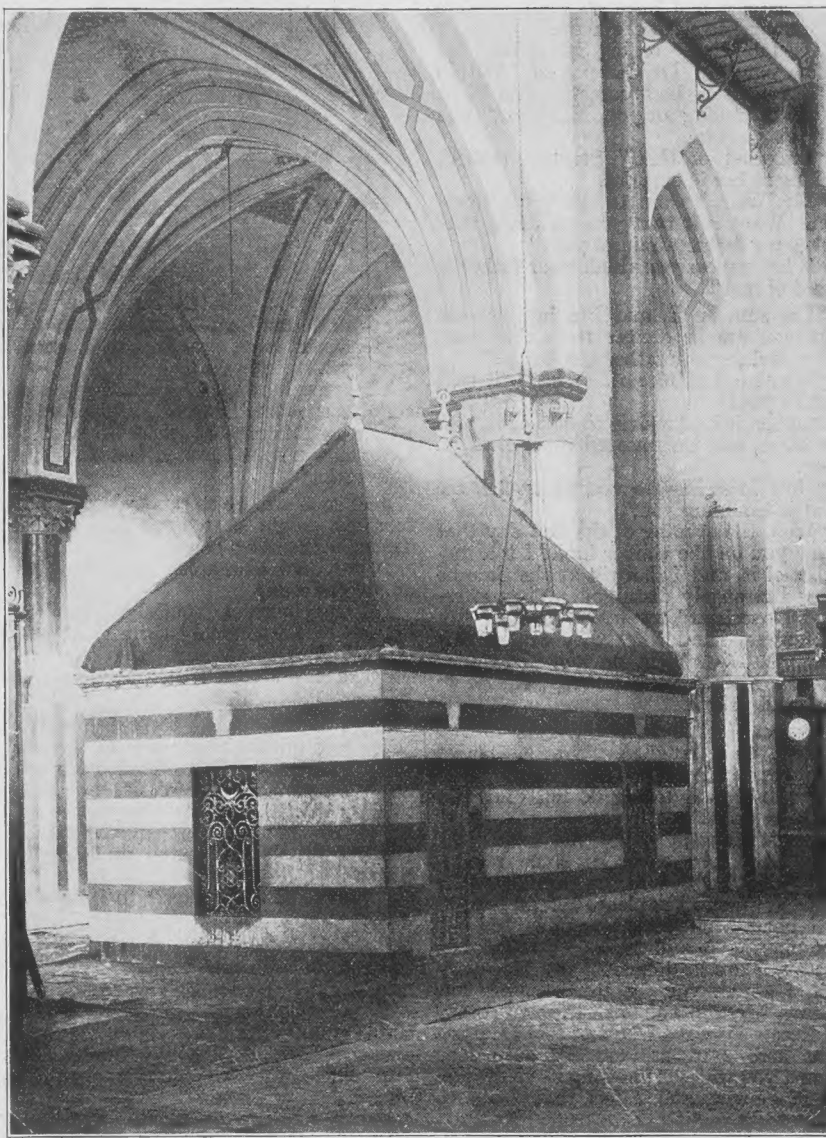
Having systematically arrived at a stage in his homesteading operations, when all that he lacked was a suitable helpmate, William set about the business in the whole-hearted manner which he applied to his every endeavor. A brand new "catalogue" suit arrived from Winnipeg, and although unacquainted with the terpsichorean art, Bill attended every dance within a radius of forty miles.

Aged possibly 38, slow moving and determined, he would solemnly blunder through the square dances to the exasperation of the males and the secret merriment of the females. To the whine of a solitary fiddle and the long drawn nasal chant of the "caller," "Crowie fly in and birdie fly out, swing the ladies round about," William stuck stoutly to the job in hand, and though he and his partner might never once do the right thing

Dances and parties, wherein his attractions were in the open market failed to achieve the desired result, so William decided to lay seige to the fair "schoolmarm," having the right of entrance to the scholastic institute as a member of the board of School Trustees.

The most praiseworthy scholar failed to outdo Bill in point of regularity and punctuality; lady teachers came and went with amazing rapidity, but still our hero remained a bachelor.

Though this matrimonial avenue was definitely closed, William was nothing daunted, and determined upon a bold assault on Hymen's gates via the pretty daughter of the local saw-miller. The lumber magnate, Cluny by name was possessed of the gift of tongues in like ratio to Pooch, but having a keen desire for lumber sales, was prepared to receive him with cordiality—as long as lumber formed the major proportion of the conversation.



WORLD'S OLDEST TOMB.

What is regarded to be the oldest tomb in the world is that known as the Cave of Machpelah, near Hebron, in Southern Palestine. It marks the resting place of the old bible patriarchs and their wives—Abraham and Sarah, Isaac and Rebecca and Jacob and Leah.

We read in the Bible how Abraham, on the death of Sarah, purchased from the sons of Heth a field and cave for the sum of 400 shekels of silver as a burial ground. That was 3,780 years ago, and is the first conveyance of property of which we have any knowledge.

The authenticity of the spot has never been questioned. The Jews kept it as a holy place throughout the ages. Christians inherited this veneration, and when the Mohammedans conquered Palestine they, in turn, regarded the site as sacred, and converted the castle-like church over the cave into a mosque and forbade Christians entering it.

It was only the other month that a Christian photographer was permitted to take a view of the tomb of Abraham shown in our illustration. The six places of sepulchre are marked by monumental tombs, coffin-like structures built up of plastered stone and marble and covered with carpets, each tomb resting in a separate chapel.

at the right time, every time a square dance was called, Bill took the floor.

During the sitting out intervals he relied upon a few stock phrases regarding the uncertainty of the Alberta climate and his opinions in this respect he recounted gravely, until the squeak of the violin caused him to burst into the limelight once more.

With methodical regularity, William mounted one of his slow going horses every evening, rode through the three miles of woodland separating his homestead from the mill, tied his steed to a tree, and entered the hallowed precincts. Following his usual custom he would brightly criticize the Alberta climate; then after a long silence, coupled with amorous

gazing at the lady of his choice, the following conversation would ensue:

William: "Guess I'll need some plank."

Mr. Cluny: "Huh"

(Interval of time, interlarded with fond looks in the direction of the corner.)

William: "Guess I'll come down for the plank in the morning."

Mr. Cluny: "Huh."

(More time.)

"Well, good-night"—"G'ni."—"Oh! good-night, Mr. Pooch."

The scheme worked smoothly. William began to feel that as the prospective son-in-law of a lumber-merchant he was a decided success. Unfortunately, however, he had expended his entire fortune on lumber; the agony could not be prolonged; so one evening he arrived prepared to throw his gauntlet into the arena.

Following the usual climatic report, and suitable silence, the conversation commenced.

William: "Don't need no more lumber."

Mr. Cluny: "Whatsat?"

William: "Don't need no more lumber."

Prolonged silence, but finally from Mr. Cluny:

"Whatcha think this is a sawmill or a summer-resort?"

William is a regular correspondent of the matrimonial bureau now, but still a staunch believer in the theory, that while there is life there is hope.

Antoine Lapierre, Bootlegger and Gentleman of France.

IF YOU would meet M'sieu Lapierre (and the visit is worth while) take the old pack trail running north by west from the Pembina river, cross the paddle at the Little Prairie, and on nearing the Athabasca you will find Antoine's cabin perched on the edge of Firewater Lake.

Though through his veins runs the gallant blood of Henry of Navarre, and though his brain is well stocked with the lore of Saint Cyr and the Polytechnique, Antoine was a whisky smuggler and a rank breaker of the law, yet withal a courtly French gentleman whose manner would pass muster in the most select of Parisian salons.

In the days that were, on many a winter morning I have headed my pony north over the trail leading to Antoine's cabin, sure always of a welcome and a mental feast after the mundane happenings of a week's homestead toil. To all outward appearance both Antoine and his cabin bore no resemblance to culture and the average traveller would depart with an impression, if any, of an ordinary homesteader, living in a rather fourth class shack, according to the classification of the Big Bush, which is a liberal one.

Antoine himself, aged 25, was rough clad and moccasined, and his face clothed with a week's beard differed not at all from a hundred other residents of the timber land. Outside, his shack was low, mud plastered and unattractive, but the interior differed somewhat to the usual run of such dwellings, and in addition to the usual appurtenances of cookery, a tumbledown bed and pile of odorous furs in the corner, the walls were lined with shelf after shelf of the finest literature. Here side by side were ranged Balzac, Kipling, Samuel Pepys, Darwin's "Descent of Man," Shakespeare's immortal tomes; histories of the world from the British, French and American viewpoint, and the comforting philosophy of Omar—strange company for the peltries, traps and other apparatus of their owner's chosen life.

Antoine had been an adventurer since schoolboy days. Coming from a good French family he had been destined to serve the Republic as an army officer, and to that end had entered the academy of Saint Cyr, but some perverse inbred spirit of mischief had caused him to cast aside the shackles of militarism to

Continued on page 12



The difference between *white-white* clothes and *grey-white* clothes often the difference between Fels-Naptha Soap and "just laundry soap." The Fels-Naptha blend of splendid soap and real naptha cleans clothes cleaner—that's the story.

The story the clothes-line tells



Real Naptha!
You can tell
by the smell

Two women. Two washes. Two soaps. Two results! The woman at your left tried to get her clothes clean. She did the best she could with the soap she had. But the clothes-line is impartial. It must tell the truth. And the truth is—*grey-white* clothes for this woman's labors!

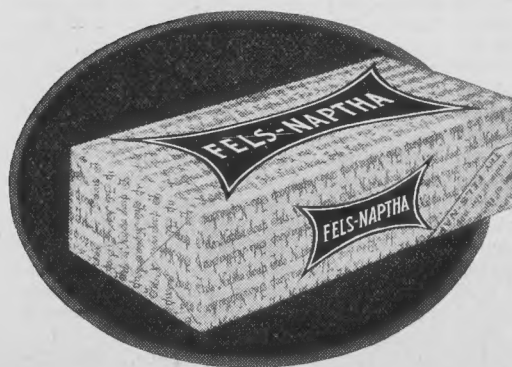
Her neighbor used Fels-Naptha Soap, in this way: She wet the clothes; then rubbed Fels-Naptha on them; rolled them; let them soak for a half-hour in lukewarm water; rubbed such extra-soiled places as wristbands; rinsed them. The clothes-line shows *white-white* clothes for this woman! And with less labor.

The difference in the clothes is the difference in the soaps. One is "just

laundry soap." Fels-Naptha is *more* than soap. It is *more* than soap and naptha. It is the exclusive Fels-Naptha blend of *splendid* soap and *real* naptha in a way that brings out the best in these two great cleaners—a way that has never been successfully imitated!

The real naptha in Fels-Naptha wades clean through each thread, breaking dirt's grip so the soapy water can flush it away. Having done its work, the naptha vanishes, leaving the clothes sweet and clean. Clothes are whiter because cleaner, and more *sanitary* for the same reason. Say "Fels-Naptha" to your store-man—and *mean* it! Directions for using are printed inside every wrapper.

The original and genuine
naptha soap, in the
red-and-green wrapper.



FREE If you haven't seen or used Fels-Naptha lately, send for free sample. Write "Fels-Naptha Soap, Philadelphia."

FELS-NAPTHA

THE GOLDEN BAR WITH THE CLEAN NAPTHA ODOR

A Touch Of Europe Among Us

By Ivy M. Steele



Fifty New Designs and Reduced Prices for PYREX

FIFTY new dishes have been added to Pyrex, of which there are over 100 styles, useful dishes for every meal, every day.

Among the new designs are the new wide-flange Pie Plates in every convenient size, from the dainty small pie for two, to the good old-fashioned family kind.

You will never know how good pies can be until you bake them in

PYREX

The Original Transparent Ovenware

Many women have started their Pyrex collection with the "Pyrex 5"—the essential dishes for every home, each dish being carefully selected for kitchen utility and table beauty.

But no matter how many Pyrex dishes you may have, you will find many others of equal importance in the **50 new designs**, which greatly extend the advantage of oven cooking and table serving. Ask your dealer to show them to you.

Pyrex will not break from oven heat.
Pyrex is a welcome gift at any season.

5 of the Essential Pyrex dishes for every home

This Trade
mark is a
guarantee
of genuine
Pyrex ware

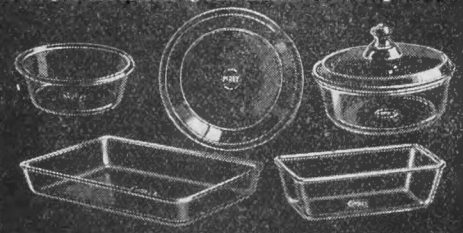


Pyrex Sales Division

CORNING GLASS WORKS

Originators and Patentees of Transparent
Ovenware

CORNING, N.Y.



I WONDER how many Canadians know anything of those strangers within our gates who live far from the cities on the plains of Saskatchewan or in the wooded sections of northern Alberta. I imagine very few, if we except the farmers, whose homes are among them and the teachers who spend five months or more in their districts.

There are a number of different peoples living in colonies or as individual families scattered here and there throughout the country. But this article will deal with but one nationality, the Russians, and only with their homes, the dress of the women, and some interesting work which they do.

If these people settle in a comparatively old district they probably buy land on which the majority of buildings they require have already been constructed. But if on the other hand, they come to a part of the country in which development has only just commenced they build houses for themselves quite different to the Canadian style of frame house. In North Eastern Alberta, along the line running from Edmonton to St. Paul de Metis, are to be found many homes resembling those in the old land.

They are built of logs and chinked with mud quite similarly to our pioneer log-houses, small, square or oblong; but instead of having board or shingle roofs they are thatched with straw, a bright yellow, which becomes dark with age. Then comes the plastering, a very interesting process.

One day I stopped at a Russian place, on my way from school, and found the woman of the home plastering the house, for the women usually do this work, besides performing many other tasks which we do not consider to be a woman's work. She was not plastering the walls on the inside as one might imagine but plastering the exterior. She had dug a small hole, near the house, in which sandy clay and grass were mixed with water to form a stiff paste. She knelt down beside the hole and mixed the mud well, then threw great handfuls into a pail and carrying this to the house proceeded to put it on with very simple tools, her hands, smoothing it carefully. The grass gives the wall a rough finish, and after being white-washed it presents a kind of stucco effect, and is really quite neat and attractive.

One does not often find the inside walls plastered nor does one often find a board floor, but rather the earth beaten hard from much tramping, and rare indeed is a carpet. The furniture is scarce: a bed, a table, a chair or two, or benches to serve for chairs and a stove, seldom more. For the children a bed is made on the floor of blankets and clothes. Sometimes the whole family of often a dozen or more sleep on the floor.

The prettiest thing about their homes is the bright tapestry which they hang on their rough walls, or throw over their beds or benches. All the preparation, which must be done in the making of this they do themselves. They keep their own sheep; with great shears they clip the wool and wash it carefully till it becomes pure white; they have their distaffs and card and do their own spinning. They use our common dyes, and it is interesting to see the yarns of different colors, some of them very bright, drying on reels in front of their homes. Then on hand-made looms they weave very carefully yards of beautiful tapestry about a yard wide and often done in wonderful patterns. The weaving they do in their spare time which is often quite spare since the women do a great deal of

the outside work. Of course they have not so much house work to do as many Canadian women since their houses are small and cleanliness is not a strong virtue with them. I once saw, at a fair, several long pieces of this tapestry, in which dark blue was the predominating color, and I thought what a beautiful carpet it would make. It slightly resembles the rag carpets our grandmothers used to make, but, of course, it is of a finer weave and of all wool yarn. As a wall hanging it is very pretty, hiding the logs, at the same time giving the room a bright, cozy appearance.

Besides this weaving the Russian women do other beautiful handwork. They very finely embroider articles of clothing. Blouses are made from a very heavy linen material, which they also weave, usually of a natural color, which wears for many years. They have long full sleeves held at the wrist with a band, and are otherwise quite straight and simple in style. The bright embroidery makes them elaborate. The body of the blouse is often not embroidered, but the sleeves are very heavily worked with different colored wools of fast dye. To insure the yarns being all wool the women used to unravel wool cashmere cloth and other fine stuffs. As the work is done in such close patterns it takes a long time to do it. I heard of one girl who took five years to embroider a blouse and I believe the work, as in this case, is often extended over several years. Of course this would necessarily occupy time not taken with other work and for some girls would not be so long. One will at once conclude that their styles do not often change. Such is the case. A blouse so long in the making would for us be just that many seasons out of fashion, with we Canadians no minor consideration. And very soon any garment which is not modern and up to date will not meet with the favor of the young Russian girls. Already many of them have developed a fondness for Eaton's ready-mades. They do not do so much embroidering as their mothers did as girls, and in a few years their beautiful work will no doubt die out from among them, as a result of the process of Canadianizing. Indeed they have a number of customs worth preserving against so many of ours which override them. Often in making Canadians of these people we try to have them conform to a model, discarding all of worth that they have brought us.

BESIDE these linen blouses they make sleeveless overblouses of black velvet, which are also embroidered and are very pretty. The more elaborate garments are worn only on special occasions, but the simpler ones are worn day and night, summer and winter. This does not mean that they allow them to get extremely dirty, as their supply permits them to change often.

Those who do not usually wear the embroidered costumes have plain blouses and full skirts of different colors, preferably bright, with little regard for their combination. One little girl whom I saw at a fair, had a red skirt, a yellow overblouse, and a green shawl on her head. A Russian woman always wears a shawl on her head when she is outside feeding and watering the stock around the barn and sheds, and working in the fields; or when she is away from home, in town, visiting or at fairs and picnics. The women with many colored head shawls look very picturesque at a fair or picnic where they are seen in groups. These women usually wear a shawl also while working about inside the house. But the

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A Pair of Red Mittens

By Edith G. Bayne

MR. Horace Higby caught the burly stranger by both shoulders and clung to him pathetically.

"Stick by me a bit longer, old chap," he pleaded. "D-don't leave me alone like this!"

"Say! Ain't it about time you was leaning on your own lunch? Whaddaya think I am—a hitching-post?" demanded the stranger.

"J-just once more—then I'll go around by myself! 'Ave a 'eart, sir!"

"Nuthin' doin'! I gotta date with a dame over there. You go it alone, now. Best way to teach a guy to swim is pitch him right into the water!"

"B-but this isn't water—it's hicc!" remonstrated Mr. Higby. "And dashed slippery hicc at that!"

"Aw, git a go-cart!" suggested a small boy, rudely. "Whoo-up!"—as Mr. Higby again sat down.

"He's worse than that fat lady over there," someone whizzing by remarked.

"Oh, well, we all had to learn, once," his partner returned.

Mr. Higby got to his feet with difficulty, to the accompaniment of much ribald merriment on the part of all the urchins hovering near. After a few moments as he continued to stand teetering there a kindly-disposed youth swung along and stopped.

"All you want is a little more confidence" he remarked, sympathetically.

"Oh, I've got 'eaps of confidence," said Mr. Higby, "It's my hankles!"

"Here! Let me give you a hand," the youth suggested magnanimously, and skating around to the rear of Mr. Higby he administered to him a tremendous push in the back.

Mr. Higby shot across the ice like a torpedo, and a dozen skaters successfully dodging him, he drove into the opposite fence with a bang that threatened the whole structure. Once more he sank to the ice, this time on his knees.

"Wotcher doin', guv'nor—pr'yin' for rine?" shouted somebody as he sped past.

The good hearted youth skimmed swiftly over to the aid of the fallen.

"Get up? Not me!" said Mr. Higby. "I'm a deal syfer sitting down!" Nevertheless, in the end he was persuaded to rise.

"Now watch me," directed the youth as he proceeded to execute some apparently easy figures. "It's all in practice, and keeping your head up."

Mr. Higby made several valient efforts to imitate him, both as to straight and fancy movements.

"Slide! You must slide a little more! Don't try to walk!"

"Slide a little more! Wot are you talking about?" cried Mr. Higby. "I'm sliding all over the place!" And as if to illustrate this he went over backward, his heels in the air. The youth registered despair and then skated away.

THE next individual to volunteer assistance was a bulky lady in a greysweater. The fact that she was a mere novice herself didn't deter her from offering her aid. She hobbled cautiously along, one hand on the fence and suggested that they "go round" together.

"I'm skating to reduce," she explained. "S-so am I," said Mr. Higby, as he rose.

"Oh, you're not much overweight!" "N-no but I might get that way. N-nothing like being fore 'anded, ma'am—miss."

They clicked along together for a yard or so then Mr. Higby, struck with remorse and the business end of a hockey stick, fell back.

"B-better let me go ma'am,—miss" he said, with a nervous glance around. "You will do better alone. I'm honly 'inderin' you."

"Oh, I'm doing fine. Unless you're tired?"

"Well, I-I think I'll rest a bit, but you go on!"

The fat lady went on. Mr. Higby could not help but admire her persistence. No-

thing seemed to daunt her. People seemed to like to tow her around. Why didn't they like to tow him? She fell about every ten yards but you couldn't stop her with a red lantern. In cases of collision head-on or rear-end it was the same—she acted as shock-absorber for the crowd. She never lost her temper as he was inclined to do. In fact she was a dead game sport and he began to try to emulate her. He struggled along for the better part of an hour, sitting down at frequent intervals and rather hurriedly. Towards the heel of the evening just as the band began to play "Ten Little Mittens and Ten Little Hoses" he was crawling, courageously around the upper end of the rink when a playful passerby caught him by the hand and swung him around with a "snap-the-whip." Mr. Higby crashed through a crowd of oncoming skaters, his arms flying about madly, like windmills in a storm. He endeavoured to dodge the next lot but failed and nine skaters including himself, went down in a heap. A large, hefty person was immediately on top of him. He vaguely sensed that it was the fat lady.

A shout of joy that rose to a chorus—this from all the small boys present!

"She hit him in the rotunda!" cried one.

"Naw, it was him hit her!" declared another.

Then a new voice smote Mr. Higby's ear. From the bank above the fence a woman spoke.

"Orace!" it cried. "Get up out o' that this minnit!"—and looking up he beheld his wife.

"Hemma!" he murmured. "I-I can't! I'm pinned 'ere!" Which was true. He smiled feebly up. "Ave patience, Hemma. They'll sort us out presently."

Mrs. Higby addressed herself to the fat lady.

"Hexcuse me," she said crisply, "but are you haware that that 'ere is my 'usband you're a-setting on?"

The fat lady groaned and sat up on her knees from which a gallant young man hoisted her to her feet. She tossed her head at Mrs. Higby.

"Georgie," said Mrs. Higby to her son, who had accompanied her. "Go and 'elp yer Par get up."

Georgie hauled his parent to his feet. Then his mother sent him off.

"Now 'Orace," she said coolly, "I want a full hexplanation."

"Of wot?" he asked innocently. "I might arsk wot you're a-doing 'ere!"

"I kyme on account o' finding the red mittens—ladies' red mittens—in your pocket larst night."

"Oho! You found 'em then!" Mr. Higby's face cleared. "I was wondering where they'd got to!"

"Yes, I found 'em," returned his wife, grimly. "And kindly hexplain wot this woman is to you!"

"Nothing Hemma! Give you my word! She ain't done a thing but fall on me—'ave you ma'am—miss?"

But the fat lady gave no answer. She had turned on her heel and hobbled off.

"As for them mittens," Mr. Higby went on, "I s'pose you thought I found 'em."

Mrs. Higby made no reply. She merely continued to gaze steadily at him, accusation in her eye.

"Or maybe you think I was 'olding 'ands with someone and kept them—the mittens I mean—for a lark? Well, you're wrong, Mrs. H.! I got 'em a present for you. Bought 'em and stuffed 'em in my pocket and forgot 'em. And now, let's go 'ome. I'm a bit fed up with skating and all!"

Naming A Trio

In a civil court of North Carolina a judge was hearing a lawsuit regarding some road construction matters in which three contractors—grandfather, father and son—were concerned. One of the engineers who testified was asked how he designated the three men of the same name. His reply made everyone, including the judge, laugh.

"I called them Grandpap, Pap and Papoose," he said.



Keeping a Child's Hair Beautiful

What a Mother Can Do To Keep Her Child's Hair Healthy—Fine, Soft and Silky—Bright, Fresh-Looking and Luxuriant

THE beauty of your child's hair depends upon the care you give it. Shampooing it properly is always the most important thing.

It is the shampooing which brings out the real life and lustre, natural wave and color, and makes the hair soft, fresh and luxuriant.

When your child's hair is dry, dull and heavy, lifeless, stiff and gummy, and the strands cling together, and it feels harsh and disagreeable to the touch, it is because the hair has not been shampooed properly.

When the hair has been shampooed properly, and is thoroughly clean, it will be glossy, smooth and bright, delightfully fresh-looking, soft and silky.

While children's hair must have frequent and regular washing to keep it beautiful, it cannot stand the harsh effect of ordinary soaps. The free alkali in ordinary soaps soon dries the scalp, makes the hair brittle and ruins it.

That is why discriminating mothers, everywhere, now use Mulsified coconut oil shampoo. This clear, pure, and entirely greaseless product cannot possibly injure, and it does not dry the scalp or make the hair brittle, no matter how often you use it.

If you want to see how really beautiful you can make your child's hair look, just follow this simple method:

A Simple, Easy Method

FIRST, put two or three teaspoonfuls of Mulsified in a cup or glass with a little warm water. Then wet the hair and scalp with clear warm water. Pour the Mulsified evenly over the hair and rub it thoroughly all over the scalp and throughout the entire length, down to the ends of the hair.

Two or three teaspoonfuls will make an abundance of rich, creamy lather. This should be rubbed in thoroughly and briskly with the finger tips, so as to loosen the dandruff and small particles of dust and dirt that stick to the scalp.

After rubbing in the rich, creamy Mulsified lather, rinse the hair and scalp thoroughly—always using clear, fresh, warm water.

Then use another application of Mulsified, again working up a lather and rubbing it in briskly as before.

Two waters are usually sufficient for washing the hair, but sometimes the third is necessary.

You can easily tell, for when the hair is perfectly clean, it will be soft and silky in the water, the strands will fall apart easily, each separate hair floating alone in the water, and the entire mass, even while wet, will feel loose, fluffy and light to the touch and be so clean it will fairly squeak when you pull it through your fingers.

Rinse the Hair Thoroughly

THIS is very important. After the final washing, the hair and scalp should be rinsed in at least two changes of good warm water and followed with a rinsing in cold water.

When you have rinsed the hair thoroughly, wring it as dry as you can; finish

by rubbing it with a towel, shaking it and fluffing it until it is dry. Then give it a good brushing.

After a Mulsified shampoo you will find the hair will dry quickly and evenly and have the appearance of being thicker and heavier than it is.

If you want your child to always be remembered for its beautiful, well-kept hair, make it a rule to set a certain day each week for a Mulsified coconut oil shampoo. This regular weekly shampooing will keep the scalp soft and the hair fine and silky, bright, fresh-looking and fluffy, wavy and easy to manage—and it will be noticed and admired by everyone.

You can get Mulsified at any drug store or toilet goods counter, anywhere in the world. A 4-ounce bottle should last for months. Beware of imitations—be sure you get Mulsified. Look for the name Watkins on the package.

Every child should have beautiful hair. Has yours? If not, read how you can help bring it about.

In later life your child will thank you, if you teach it now, habits that secure and preserve beautiful hair from childhood.

Teach Your Boy to Shampoo His Hair Regularly

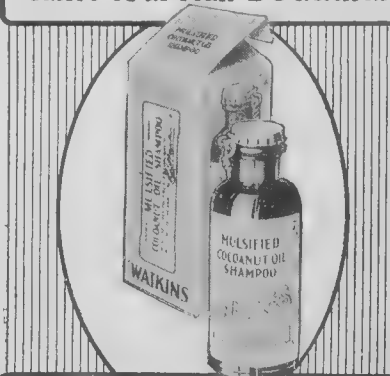
IT may be hard to get a boy to shampoo his hair regularly, but it's mighty important that he does so.

His hair and scalp should be kept perfectly clean to insure a healthy, vigorous scalp and a fine, thick, heavy head of hair.

Get your boy in the habit of shampooing his hair regularly once each week. A boy's hair being short, it will only take a few minutes' time. Simply moisten the hair with warm water, pour on a little Mulsified and rub it in vigorously with the tips of the fingers. This will stimulate the scalp, make an abundance of rich, creamy lather and cleanse the hair thoroughly. It takes only a few seconds to rinse the lather all out when he is through.

You will be surprised how this regular weekly shampooing with Mulsified will improve the appearance of his hair, and you will be teaching your boy a habit he will appreciate in after-life, for a luxuriant head of hair is something every man feels mighty proud of.

Makes Your Hair Beautiful



WATKINS
MULSIFIED
TRADE MARK
COCOANUT OIL SHAMPOO
MADE IN CANADA

STARTING OFF CLEAN



The White Spirit of Purity lives in FAIRY SOAP

MORE than mere "cleanliness" has become the rule of an increasing number of people to whom the soap-and-water habit is a natural part of life. People of discernment are learning the value of *white* cleanliness; they are choosing their soap for *whiteness*, the sign of *purity*—assurance of all that is best in soap and most essential to bath and toilet comfort.

For this reason, Fairy Soap, *the whitest soap in the world*, is making new converts to the *white cleanliness* habit everywhere, every day.

Fairy Soap smooths and soothes the skin. It lathers readily and abundantly in any water. It rinses off instantly and thoroughly. It leaves no annoying odor in its wake. It invigorates as well as cleanses. And, of course, it floats.

For the finer laundering, and for every particular cleansing use about the house, Fairy Soap is just as efficient and dependable as for toilet and bath. You cannot get a soap *whiter* than *whitest*, or *purer* than *pure*—Fairy.

THE N.K. FAIRBANK COMPANY

LIMITED, MONTREAL

MADE IN CANADA

FAIRY SOAP

PURE FLOATING WHITE



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The Ideal Bathtub for Baby

EDDY'S Indurated Fibreware Washtub is just the thing for baby's bath. Besides being light, easy to handle and unbreakable, it has a surface which cannot cause injury—no cracks, no joints, no nails or rivets. It is moulded in one piece and unlike wood, it cannot splinter or come apart. It is much superior to metal because it

cannot dent or rust. Metal tubs quickly absorb heat and are liable to scald baby's skin, even after cold water is added. In a like manner, metal if cold will strike chill to the skin and also cause the water to cool quickly. Eddy's Indurated Fibreware does not radiate heat or cold and is quite safe. For the same reason it keeps the water warm longer.

Ask Your Dealer to Show You One

The E. B. EDDY CO., Limited
HULL, Canada

Also Makers of the Famous Eddy Matches

B 50

PATSY HOOLIGAN

Cameron Kelley

"TWENTY-FIVE dollars for that saddle! Boys, I'm ashamed uh yuh. Why that saddle cost ninety dollars, and it ain't more'n nicely broke in. Fer the Lord sake, shut up, you bunch over there, or else bid!"

The voice of Flaggman, the local auctioneer, waxed hoarse, and his face took on an apoplectic hue. Though standing in a buggy, and thus elevated above his audience—the neighbors who from far and near had come to attend Burrows' auction sale, Flaggman was having troubles of his own in trying to make himself heard, for standing in a bunch by themselves, their ponies tethered along the road-allowance, were a score of cowboys who had ridden in from the ranges west of the Rosebud Coulee. Most of them wore chaps of fringed leather, but two or three were resplendent in bright-hued angora chaps, and the absent-minded attempt of one of them to scratch a match in the approved masculine style had well-nigh started a riot.

"Whyn't yuh make a bid on the saddle, Dean?" queried one of them, when he could make himself heard, "or did yuh go in so deep for them fur pants that yuh got to keep on borryin' one?"

Dean Kennedy grinned.

"I'll buy a saddle same as I bought these chaps," he said, "on last month's wages—not on next month's, as some uh my revered friends has a graceful habit of doin'. And when I get a saddle I'll break it myself. Anyhow, I never did like one uh them three-quarter rigs—"

Rose a roar of controversy which would have left a Board of Trade meeting gasping for breath, each endeavouring to expound the virtues of his favourite style of saddle. Flaggman tore his hair.

BUD DARLING, who usually won all arguments by virtue of having a louder voice than any other two men, finally brought the dispute to a momentary halt by proclaiming that "he'd rode a double-cinch saddle for seven year, and hadn't never been piled yet!"

"Bud," said Dean, "I never yet knowed a man to make a crack like that and get away with it. If yuh had the sense of an illegitimate goose, yuh'd know better than to brag about anything like that."

Jess Davis, who, smiling slightly, had listened to the conversation but taken no part in it, turned and walked through the barn. A newcomer among them, the tall, quiet young fellow was well liked by the others, though he had little to say, and never took part in their rather noisy Saturday expeditions to town.

For though the others did not know it, Jess carried an ache in his heart that time had utterly failed to heal. And to-day was the anniversary of a wedding which six years ago had wrecked all his hopes of happiness.

HE walked in the front door of the barn and out the back, where he might think his own thoughts, and fear no questioning look. But he was fated not to enjoy his solitude. As he reached the back door of the barn his ear was struck by the sound of violent sobbing.

There was nobody behind the barn, and Jess turned back to where the sound came from. He soon located a frantic bundle of misery in the shape of a small girl, who, seated on some loose hay in a dark corner, was rocking back and forward, sobbing wretchedly. Clapsed in her arms was a huge, raucously-purring cat.

"Why, Baby! what's the trouble, eh?" said Jess. "You'll make yourself sick if you cry like that. Come here and tell me all about it."

The child raised a tear-swollen face that touched an answering chord somewhere in his own troubled heart. Jess sat down on a bale of hay, and held out his arms to her, and without hesitation she climbed into them, holding the cat with one arm. She was very little, possibly five years old.

Digging both knuckles into her eyes, she quavered at last, "Jackie is going to die."

"Who is Jackie?" asked Jess.

"My buddy," answered the small maiden. "It takes such a lot of money to make him better, and we haven't got any. I thought if somebody would buy Patsy that would help. He's a good cat—"

The brave childish voice broke miserably, and she buried her face in the cat's soft fur and wailed.

Jess was puzzled. He thought the child was too little to have come far, and must belong to somebody outside.

"Where's your father?" he asked. "I haven't any father," she said, "he's dead."

"Where's that fellow Jess got to with my knife?" said Dean's voice outside. "Well I declare—settin' on a bale uh hay and firtin' right shameless. Excuse me if I appear to butt in," he began elaborately.

"Shut up, here's your knife," said Jess, producing the required article from his pocket, "and say, whose little girl is this, and who's looking after her?"

"Why, that's—er—What's-His-Name's kid, over on 15," said Dean. "He died this summer," he went on, lowering his voice, and speaking out of the corner of his mouth to Jess. "Been holdin' down the north-west corner uh fifteen, and then when he just lacks six months uh gettin' the patent to his homestead, he ups and dies, and leaves his wife with two kids to look after. Hard enough time she's been havin', too, I guess."

"Well, as near as I can make out," said Jess, "she's got a sick brother, and he needs a lot of money to get well, and she wants to sell her cat."

"Wants to auction the cat, eh?" said Dean. "Haw! Haw! Flaggman'll be delighted." Then seeing the child's woeful face, he grew sober again.

"Who did yuh come with, Kiddie?" queried he gently; "it's about six miles over to your place, ain't it?"

"Mamma let me go to school with Elva Porter this afternoon," said she, "and I rode home on Elva's pony as far as her place, and then walked over here. I guess mamma thinks I'm at Elva's. I was afraid she wouldn't let me come, so I didn't tell her."

"And your buddy's sick, is he?" Dean asked.

"Yes," she answered, "he's awfully sick. He's got something the matter with his back, and if he don't get better soon he's going to die. Mamma says if we had two hundred dollars he could go away, and some big doctors would make him well. She asked Mr. Burrow's to sell daddy's saddle with his things, so I thought maybe if I could sell Patsy—"

She hugged him, and kissed the top of his head fervently.

"Aw, don't do that," said Dean, "you're getting your mouth all over cat-hairs."

PATSY was certainly a beauty. He was as black as a crow, with four snowy white feet, a white face, and a white tip on the end of his grandly waving tail. His eyes were the green of jade and his nose was coral pink.

"His full name is Patsy Hooligan," said the little girl. "You'll tell the man that buys him that, won't you? He's an awful good cat, and he catches lots of mice and gophers, too."

The light of a great idea suddenly illuminated Dean's homely face.

"I bet he does!" he said heartily, "and I bet lots of people would pay a good price for him. I bet the fellow that got him wouldn't have to spend any time putting out gopher poison. You just give me that cat and we'll auction him off right now."

He stretched out a hand for the cat. "Mrrrrraaow! Hhhhhhhhh! Pht!" remarked Patsy Hooligan, and shot out a rapier-like paw which left three long red marks on Dean's hand.

"What the—say! I'll leave that brute for you to bring, I guess, Jess. Bring your lady friend and come on out. I'm goin' to talk to the boys."

WHEN they reached the outside, Flaggman, with a look of outrage, was listening to Dean, but as that persuasive individual talked on, the auctioneer's face gradually expanded in a smile. Jess lifted the child up in the buggy beside him, and Dean raced back to the boys.

"Run him up to two hundred dollars," he said, in a bellowing whisper, "that'll be about ten dollars apiece for us. We can stand that, I guess."

"Now, ladies 'n' gellaman," said Flaggman, "I respectfully call your attention to this large and valyable cat—"

The chorus of laughter and cat-calls which followed drowned his voice for the next few minutes. Finally he took advantage of a lull to shout, "No bid under fifty cents will be considered."

ONE or two bids were made in jest, and then the boys from the Rosebud started in, while the rest of the crowd stood back open-mouthed. But the explanation of this apparent madness quickly circulated among them, and when finally the cat was knocked down to Bud Darling at two hundred dollars, a rousing cheer went up.

"Look-a-here," said Flaggman, "I'm a-goin to help pay for that pussy myself." He dropped a five-dollar bill in his hat, and passed it among the crowd. When it came back to him, the Rosebud boys found that they had less than a hundred dollars to make up.

"Who gets the cat? Me, don't I?" asked Bud.

"Sure," said Dean, "he's yours; go get him."

The short but exceedingly painful interview which he had with Patsy convinced Bud that he did not want the cat at any price.

"See here, little girl," he said finally, "you just keep that kitty for me till I want him, will you? I haven't got a place for him just now."

The girl hugged her pet with dancing eyes.

"Who goes nearest section fifteen?" asked Dean, "somebody's got to take this little lady home, and pretty quick, too. Looks to me as if 'twas going to storm."

"Me, I guess," said Bud, "I go right past the south side of it. But how'm I gointo get that cat along?"

"Lay your coat across the bucking rolls," advised Dean, "and let the kid sit on it, and hold the cat."

"I'd feel a blame sight safer," said Bud, uneasily, "if I thought them ghostless claws was tied up. Would he let you wrap him in a coat, Baby?"

Patsy submitted placidly enough while the little girl trussed him up in the coat with safety-pins.

"Now lemme your coat, somebody, for her to set on," said Bud. "Jess, you go within three miles o' there anyhow. Come on along and we'll get there so's you can get your coat before it begins to rain."

Jess agreed. They gave their impatient ponies rein, and went racing off down the road-allowance. But Patsy did not appear to like this position, nor the speed at which he was travelling. He yowled in a blood-curdling manner and squirmed till the child was breathless in her endeavours to hold him.

"He's wiggling so!" she gasped. "I do believe he's coming undone!"

No sooner had she spoken than Patsy Hooligan, with a wild jerk, freed himself. En route to the ground his four murderously pronged feet lit on the shoulder of Bud's

Patsy had climbed a fence-pole, on the top of which he stood with his back in a venomous arch, hissing malevolently. Jess' attempt to look sympathetic ended in an ivory-studded failure.

"What're yuh settin' there for, grinnin' like a cut punkin?" Bud demanded wrathfully, "and that pinto uh mine headed straight for the Rocky Mountains?"

"He won't get any farther than the foot-hills, with that saddle under him," soothed Jess. "I'll go get him. Meantime, you might attend to roping that two hundred dollar cat."

"Yes, I might!" yelled Bud. "What'll I rope him with? Muh necktie, I suppose, or maybe muh shoelace. Anyhow, I'm not crazy about partin' with any more uh my complexion. Well, you gointo get that cayuse or not?"

Jess returned in a short time with Pinto who looked much subdued. He had stepped on a line and broken it off, and the jerk had cut his tongue on the bit. He had also stepped on a stirrup and burst the stirrup leather loose from the tree.

"Well, you slab-sided, cross-eyed, pigeon-toed, knocked-kneed, clubfooted son of a rooster!" said Bud to Pinto.

"Go easy on that low-brow stuff," said Jess, "remember there's a lady present. What're you going to do?"

"I guess I'll have to go into town somehow," said Bud, "and see if I can salvage this wreck. You better take the kid home."

Jess helped Bud to splice his line, tied the broken stirrup to the saddle, and Bud set off dourly for town, riding side-saddle.

In the meantime, Patsy had yielded to the blandishments of the little girl's wriggled fingers, and was again a willing captive.

"I don't believe it's going to rain, after all," said Jess, "so we needn't go so fast, and maybe he'll behave."

Travelling at a slower rate of speed, Patsy gave no trouble this time, and they jogged along.

"What is your name, Girlie?" Jess asked "Doris," she answered.

The name stabbed his sleeping sorrow awake. Doris! With poignant vividness he recalled the dark-eyed girl he had so worshipped in his boyhood days, back East.

"That's a pretty name," he said gently, "I used to know a girl named Doris."

When they reached Doris' home, he dismounted and went to the door with her. She threw open the door and raced inside.

"Mamma! Mamma!" she shouted, "I sold Patsy for two hundred dollars, and now Jackie can get well. Aren't you glad, mamma? And this man brought me home."

"Dorrie dear, what are you talking about?" said the voice which for six years



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Children revel in them—grains puffed to bubbles, 8 times normal size. As flimsy as snowflakes, as savory as nuts.

Perhaps every child would pick out a Puffed Grain if offered the choice of all cereal foods known.

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To mothers who know—millions of them—Puffed Grains are the ideal form of grain food.

They are whole grains, supplying whole-grain nutrition.

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Made from Prof. Anderson's process—the only process by which all cells are broken. Over 100 million steam explosions are caused in every kernel.

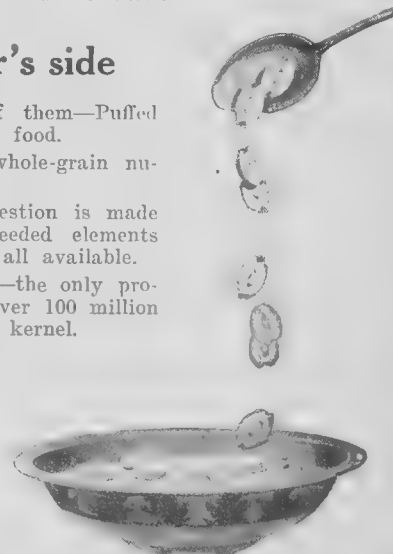
Let the children eat all they will.

Puffed Rice

Steam exploded grains

Puffed Wheat

Puffed to 8 times normal size.



Puffed Wheat in Milk
Toasted whole-wheat bubbles—the supreme supper dish.

The Quaker Oats Company

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Sole Makers

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A view of Herschel Island in summer.

unsuspecting pinto, who, believing in the depths of his equine heart, that Bud had offered the supreme insult of spurring him him on the shoulder, with a snort and a squeal accepted the challenge, put his head between his knees and bucked as enthusiastically as he knew how.

"Fer Gawd sake!" gasped Bud, in terror for the child's safety. To make matters worse, in a futile grab for the cat, he had dropped one line.

He got a firm hold of the back of the girl's dress with one hand, and holding to the horn of the saddle with the other, he leaned as far to one side as he could, and tossed her on the grass at the side of the road. But the saddle was not cinched tightly enough for this exploit, and round it went, and Bud landed with a grunt on one shoulder. The pony, frenzied by the awesome, unknown thing dangling under his legs, fled along the road-allowance, bucking and rearing and plunging.

FOLLOWED a short, tense silence. Bud sat on the ground, too breathless to speak. The little girl, also breathless, sat blinking back a few tears of fright.

Jess had heard only in his dreams, "where have you been? And why don't you ask the gentleman to come in?"

Jess stepped inside the door. There she stood, a little paler, a little sadder than of old, but to Jess just as sweet.

"Jess Davis!" she cried, "when did you come west?"

"I've been in the west for three years," said Jess, "but I just came to this part of it about four months ago. Now listen to what this little girl has to tell you."

As she listened, some of the brightness in Doris' eyes slipped down over her cheeks. "Look here," she said.

In a home-made crib lay poor, pale little Jackie, enjoying an hour's respite from pain in sleep. "I thought I was going to lose him," she whispered.

"You get him ready to go to Calgary right away," said Jess. I wouldn't waste a day. Some of us will look after the place while you're away."

Patsy poked his pink nose in the saucer on the door-step, and finding it empty, raised a yowl of protest: whereat Dorrie

Continued on page 16

GOLD DUST

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Plays With Housework

ATTIC to cellar—walls, woodwork, floors and stairways—how Gold Dust keeps them smiling! Big corners and little corners, cracks and crannies—they can't harbor dirt with Gold Dust around!

No rub-a-dub-dub, no endless scrubbing, no "elbow grease." Just a little Gold Dust and a pail of warm water—follow the simple directions on the package. Soft, smooth and velvety, Gold Dust cannot scratch or mar the finest surfaces. It dissolves the dirt and grease like magic.

All this happens, of course, if you get the *real* Gold Dust. You don't want to be disappointed, so look for the name Fairbank's and the Twins on every package.

THE N.K. FAIRBANK COMPANY

LIMITED, MONTREAL

MADE IN
CANADA

Let the Gold Dust



Twins do your work

THE ROYAL ROAD

Continued from page 5

TROWER was completely astounded. He had not been a prospector long enough to realize that almost every man returning from distant exploration brings with him a yarn of immense mineral wealth, and here was one, spending his whole life in search of gold, actually turning down a dead cert in the way of a gold field!

"You must be mad," muttered the boy, almost under his breath. "I tell you the stuff's there! I never saw such a showing in my life. The Great Dome ain't in it!"

"Perhaps not," the other replied. "But I've got a nice little place of my own to which I'm going. If you care to come along with me I'll be glad of your company."

Trower had overcome his first surprise a little. "Look here, Leggett," he said, "I don't ask you to take my word. I'm a newcomer comparatively, and there's no hiding it. But you know Corbit. He knows gold when he sees it if I don't. Do you reckon he'd cut out like this, and risk spending a few years in jug, if it wasn't worth while? Do you reckon a man like Corbit would take those risks unless there were a few thousand dollars behind it?"

Leggett admitted that he had not looked at it in that way. He lit a pipe, then he lit a fire to keep off the flies, and set himself thoughtfully on a log. After five minutes meditation he observed—"If there really is anything on that claim of yours, I'd hate to see Corbit rob you of it."

"Well, there *is* and he *will* if you don't jolly well get a move on and help me."

Another pause, and then—"What are the terms?"

It was Trower's turn to think now. "I don't just know, Leggett," he answered. "Two thirds are mine anyway, by our agreement. The other third should go to Corbit, but since he's done what he has I reckon that if you enabled me to get there—"

"All right," said Leggett rising. "The first thing is to register the claim. Anything might turn up between now and then. I reckon you're on the square, partner, so am I."

Somehow Trower felt it an honour to be called partner by this incongruous little man, and as he took Leggett's horny hand he was aware of a sense of confidence he had never felt in the presence of Corbit. Indeed he knew now that he had always hated Corbit; they would have fallen out long ago but that Trower refused to fall out, and had always managed to divert it by resorting to the practice of "pulling Corbit's leg."

So, without further delay, the two set out on their great journey, which they knew, was to be nothing less than a race, and since Leggett announced himself fit, while Trower was dead tired, Leggett took the paddle and the boy lolled among the packs, whittling out a paddle from a cedar stump.

That evening, after sleeping for several hours, Trower was compelled to confess—"Leggett, last night's exposure played me out. I've got a temperature and feel as weak as a kitten. I'm awfully sorry, but—"

"Never mind boy," replied Leggett. "I knew you was feeling queer. I'd feel queer myself after a night like that. I was just going to suggest we go on shore, where I'll dose you up stiff. You'll have to sleep to-night."

The way in which he said it relieved Trower's mind of the shame and responsibility he would have been feeling. Some men would have accepted the inevitable order with an oath and distinct signs of bad grace, but Leggett was all cheeriness and kindness. He mixed some magic dope which evidently consisted chiefly of ginger, whisky, and some sweet herb, and made Trower drink it down scalding hot.

Trower had but a dim recollection of what happened after that. He recalled waking several times during the night, to find himself lying warmly in the canoe, while Leggett went on paddling like a machine. So at daybreak the boy pulled himself together.

"Breakfast, old pard, breakfast!" he cried. "Bless me, you're a marvel, but I'm O.K. again now."

Leggett looked at him keenly. "You're not old son," he answered. "But all the same, we'll have breakfast."

Trower spent that day and the next in a state of semi-delirium, while Leggett paddled forty hours on end without rest save for meals. Truly the Goddess of Luck was playing them false, for it was doubtful whether they had as yet gained a mile on the licentious Corbit. They had now entered

the cedar forests, where, from the look of things, no rain had fallen for months, for small forest fires could be seen burning in every direction. Trower was very much better, though still rather weak, and when they again set off, Leggett having snatched five hours' sleep, Trower took a paddle. The exercise seemed to revive him, and ere long they were travelling in proper woodsman style, taking appalling risks by shooting rapids which ordinarily they would have portaged.

ANOTHER three days and they thought it likely they might at any moment overhaul Corbit, and Leggett kept his field glasses handy. Corbit might have chosen another route, but this was by far the shortest and if they overtook him—what would happen?

"I reckon it will mean a fight," Trower prophesied.

"It will mean a fight all right, my lad," replied Leggett. "We'll have to get them maps and the film off him. True we can manage without them, but he can't, and anyway we shall be a dern sight safer with them."

When night fell they went on with muffled paddles, hoping to surprise Corbit at his camp, though Leggett guessed rightly when he said—"I reckon he's too wise a bird to be caught roosting!" Later they learnt that they must actually have passed Corbit's camp shortly after midnight, and that Corbit saw them pass. The creek here was narrow, and considerably dammed up by the beavers and full of logs. They bumped repeatedly, and several times all but broke in the end of Leggett's little birchbark by ramming floating logs. Shortly after midnight it got so bad that they decided to sleep and wait till daybreak.

Scarcely were they settled, however, when one of the monstrous gales which are such a peril to woodsmen at those altitudes swept down the river. Trees began to crash to earth in all directions, and rousing Trower to the danger of their position, Leggett limped off up the mountain face, where, he said the timber was thinned. Once out of the forest, where dead and living trees propped each other up at every conceivable angle, the danger of being crushed was past, but Leggett began to sniff suspiciously.

"Geel!" he muttered. "Our luck's out. The dern forest fires have begun to move."

Already the air was acrid with smoke. They climbed to a knoll overlooking the valley, and there, to their surprise, they saw a big fire, which was rapidly increasing its area, creeping towards them from only three or four miles distant.

"That's queer," said Leggett, bawling to make himself heard above the gale. "How did that fire start? We must have passed the point at which it started less than an hour ago. I never saw any bush fires burning, did you?"

Trower shook his head. "Nor smelt them either," he stated. The same thought was in the mind of each of them, but neither voiced it.

"We'll have to get plumb back to the creek and take our chances," said Leggett. "But I tell you, I don't like it boy. This is a nasty place to be caught. Them cedar fumes choke you, and play the dickens with your eyes. The creek ain't wide enough to give a man a chance, but anyway—come on!"

"Half a minute," cried Trower. "Just look at that, Leggett! She's running back beyond the fork. Looks as though the wind's blowing two ways at the same time."

Leggett looked. True enough the fire was racing up the valley as well as down.

"It's a wind pocket," Leggett explained. "The wind's coming down the divide to meet the fire. She's creating a wind of her own. It's a kind of a backwash, you see. Anyone directly behind that fire will have to look out for themselves, won't they?" And somehow Leggett chuckled mirthfully. "Come on!" he added.

"Come on!" A little while later the two were in the creek, their shirts over their faces, hanging on to respective ends of the canoe by means of bits of rope knotted to the thwart. Already the air was full of sparks, and the roar of the fire was like that of an approaching train.

The next two hours were an absolute nightmare. On every side of them raged a white hot furnace, while the cedar fumes and the awful heat burnt their throats like liquid fire. The very canoe began to smoulder, and they had to wet the ropes to which they clung to prevent them charring through. Now and then they had to

Continued on page 72

Genuine



Aspirin

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Accept only an "unbroken package" of "Bayer Tablets of Aspirin," which contains directions and dose worked out by physicians during 21 years and proved safe by millions for

Colds	Headache	Rheumatism
Toothache	Neuralgia	Neuritis
Earache	Lumbago	Pain, Pain

Handy tin boxes of 12 tablets—Bottles of 24 and 100—All Druggists.

Aspirin is the trade mark (registered in Canada) of Bayer Manufacture of Mono-acetic acid ester of Salicylic acid. While it is well known that Aspirin means Bayer manufacture, to assist the public against imitations, the Tablets of Bayer Company will be stamped with their general trade mark, the "Bayer Cross."

OUR SETTLEMENT

Continued from page 8

be promptly retaken again and as a private soldier of the French Foreign Legion he served through two North African campaigns in Algeria. From this service he again departed and next found himself running rifles to Mexican insurgents from the American frontier.

In time this palled, and hearing of the astuteness of the Canadian Mounted Police, he determined to come to Alberta, and again engage in a battle of wits, to the satisfaction of a spirit which always urged him to accomplish the impossible. Hence Antoine was a whisky smuggler, who when he sold a bottle of firewater to an Indian counted it a victory for "la liberte" and far more desirable than the legitimate trading in furs, in which latter transaction his profits would have been considerable.

Thus the whole winter long he travelled his trap lines, attended to the needs of his Indian "customers" or lay in his tumble-down shack reading the "Rise and Fall of the Roman Empire."

With the coming of the dreadful days of 1914, Antoine packed his beloved books and stored them with a neighbor, and while the German guns were thundering at the forts of Liege he was on his way to Edmonton and France. He came through the Marne and Verdun, and now minus one leg he again lives hard by the trail which winds northward over the Swan hills.

The books still line the shelves, with many more, but the cabin, the trapping and the "moonshine" have been relegated to the limbo of discard, for in the large new house on the lakeside is Antoine's life "partner," a red-cheeked, black-eyed daughter of Midi, who keeps watch and ward over M'sieu Lapierre, his morals and worldly affairs, and the little clearing will never again ring to the alcoholic war-hoops of the Crees.

Duncan McFarlane, Thresherman of Plain Speech

DUNC typified the Ontario pioneer of a by-gone generation. Tall, broad-shouldered and white bearded, with a constitution impervious to all hardship, nerves of iron, and muscles of whipcord, the old man represented a fine product of clean days spent in the open, amongst the forests of the east. With an axe and cross-cut saw Dunc could make anything the heart desired from children's toy to a house or wagon, and it was his firm conviction that armed with a Hudson's Bay axe and a hank of haywire, a man "could go to H— and back." The forest and the frontier life to him were an open book. Thus, while the majority of the settlers were discussing ways and means, the old man had a cabin erected on the river bank and a garden spot spaded within easy reach.

When the settlers had cleared the brush from small areas, grain commenced to be raised. Then to meet a demand which existed, the writer purchased a small threshing machine of the sweep power variety, and over this contraption Dunc was appointed Chief Overlord. There being no other machine in a territory sixty miles long and forty broad, McFarlane and his associates had a season which lasted from early fall until well on towards the following spring. In the majority of instances the settler possessed nothing but oxen, and when four bovine teams were operating the sweep, the flow of language on the part of the "engineer" was both necessary and fluent.

We were on one occasion threshing at the farm of a retired Methodist minister, who in addition to his other duties posed for the time being as host and cook, it being the custom for the farmer to supply the crew to operate the machine, and feed all hands. Mr. Jackson was a thrifty personage, he was extremely anxious to get rid of the threshers, who had already been on the job

for two days, and when the gang arrived at his festive board no time was lost in feeding the hungry crew and getting them to work again.

The third day on arriving at the cabin for dinner we found that we had a visitor in the person of a Methodist minister, who was touring the country and had called on Brother Jackson. Reaching the table we promptly commenced gustatory operations but were suddenly interrupted by the owner of the farm who announced frigidly "Before we commence our meal let us thank the Almighty for the good food which we are about to enjoy. I will pronounce a grace!" Astonished silence fell on the grimy men, to be rudely broken by an enquiry from Dunc, who asked in a loud, clear voice "Why the H— didn't you pronounce it yesterday?" The query was unanswered. We never threshed for Mr. Jackson again.

Thomas Mint, Mail Carrier of Sorts

THE delivery of the mail in the early days of our settlement was a matter of much uncertainty, partly because of a trail which in summer was merely a succession of quaking bogs, and partly because of Thomas Mint's success as a raconteur. The mail arrived once a week from Edmonton by road, and coming no further than the Pembina river, a weekly jaunt by a local man was necessary to maintain communication with the "outside." Thomas, a Californian "old timer" of perhaps 50 summers was the person delegated to this important office and Thomas was as uncertain as the Alberta weather.

The trail which connected the Paddle river settlement with that at the Pembina was a roadway in name only; a twisting narrow passage running its snakewise course through dense jungles of poplar and willow. Many unbridged creeks it crossed; it meandered around the fringes of sloughs and muskegs, and climbed a series of sharp hills, with at the foot of each, a deep mudhole which taxed the muscles of the horses and the ingenuity of the driver to the utmost. On mail mornings, in his two-wheeled cart, drawn by two ponies, Tom would appear at the Paddle river post office. Having discussed the problems of the day with as many persons as were open to engage in argument, and having waited patiently until the last of the late comers had arrived on the scene, so that he could impart to them the latest gossip, he would finally proceed. The outgoing mail would disappear down the wooded trail, the horses wandering from side to side culling mouthfuls of grass, while the old man sat with his feet dangling over their tails, meanwhile singing in an intense cracked voice a well-known lay entitled "The Cow-boy's Lament or Juanita of New Mexico."

Assisted by the 84 or more verses respecting Juanita's adventures, Tom's horses would finally arrive at the Pembina, and if luck were with him he would exchange the outgoing mail for the incoming, but on a number of occasions he neglected this procedure and arrived home with precisely the same letters with which he had set out. Having talked the conversationalists at the Pembina to a standstill, Tom would finally head for home again, the cayuses slowly fording the streams, climbing over the stumps and plunging through the marshes and mudholes, while the driver, with the reins dragging on the ground almost, once more gave way to the famous melody of New Mexico.

Be the hour what it might, at every cabin where the remotest possibility of fruitful conversation existed here Thomas would halt, and here Thomas would remain until such time as the abilities of his opponent were exhausted. In the meantime the waiters at the Paddle river post office would swear fluently and demand government investigations.

Mounted couriers would be dispatched to discover if the old man



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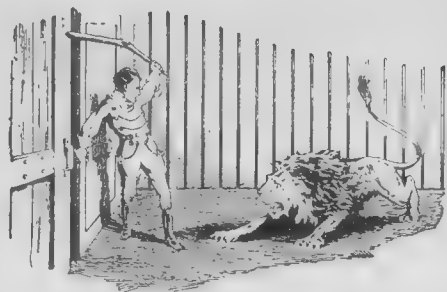
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Mr. Jenkins Took a Cracked Club To Tame Lions

The exhibition ended rather badly. It very nearly was a big day for the lions and a sad day for Mr. Jenkins—all for want of proper care in getting ready.

Many a man who has business to do and a living to make and a job to fill is as careless how he feeds his body as Mr. Jenkins was in picking out a club. And an improperly nourished body often fails under a hard test.

Some foods are too heavy, some are too starchy, many lack necessary elements and so starve the body—and many load the system down with fermentation and auto-intoxication.

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"There's a Reason"

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had lost his life in some of the treacherous sloughs, only to find the representative of His Majesty's mail service in close confab with some cunny "down the trail" or else meandering casually homewards chanting his southern ditty as his ponies picked their way through a thousand obstructions in the dark.

Prior to arriving at his destination, a short stretch of level prairie was met with, on the further end of which the post office was situated. On arriving here Tom would induce his ponies to produce a trot, presently arriving at the store with considerable vim, the noise of his wheels causing the building to belch forth a mob of angry settlers, anxious to be provided with reasons for his unwarranted delay. Though a slow traveler, Thomas was of quick-mind, and a suitable excuse was never wanting to explain his tardiness. Then picking up his mail sacks he would deposit them with the postmaster, and having selected the least irate member of the waiting band would immediately proceed to engage him in conversation.

When the last of the settlers had departed and the post master proceeded to lock the building, Thomas would reluctantly depart to his own residence some four miles distant, and his wagon wheels would be heard bumping over the stumps to the tune of the "Cow-boy's Lament."

Patsy Hooligan

Continued from page 13

fled frantically to the kitchen in search of milk.

Jess stood in the doorway awkwardly enough, but there was not a sore spot left in his heart. Looking to the north, he saw rolling far away from them clouds of the threatened storm.

"See, Doris," he said, after a silence, "the storm has gone round."

"Yes, Jess," she said, "I think we will have fair weather now."

A Touch Of Europe Among Us

Continued from page 10

children have not a great love for these shawls. A little Russian girl once rode to town with me. Her mother had given her a shawl, but although it was quite cool, she rode with her head uncovered, and I did

land, particularly those who have lived among Canadian people. Even those who live within the colonies of their own strive to imitate their teacher and adopt many of her mannerisms.

Again I must voice my regret that so many of their picturesque styles and interesting customs are being displaced by Canadian styles and customs, of which many are much more drab. Some of our fashions do not fit them naturally but the foreign peoples here seem rather to be aping us, than becoming an integral part of our civilization. Surely they can become good Canadian citizens without losing their identity as sons and daughters of the old land.

In the Bank

He cultivates politeness

And makes of it an art.

He says, "Nice day!" in that bright way

That simply wins your heart.

He's always glad to see you.

You read that in his smile,

Your visit there, you're soon aware,

Makes life well worth his while.

He asks about your mother

And all your kith and kin.

(We're speaking of the teller

That takes your money in).

He's stern and stiff and haughty,

He's always rushed for time,

He seems to think you're on the brink

Of some atrocious crime.

He views you with suspicion;

Your soul, his searching look

Goes through and through, as if he

knew

That you were some smooth crook.

And though you look quite honest

You don't resolve his doubt.

(We're speaking of the teller

That pays the money out).

And much the same thing happens

In every other game;

For you will find that human kind

Is pretty much the same.

They are pleasant; are the people

That you give money to;

But on their guard and boiled quite hard

Are those who pay to you.

And when we think it over,

As we hand out our pelf,

Or take it in, we notice,

We're much that way ourself.

The Needful Three

By

Grace G. Bostwick

Three things there be that make this life worth while—

This life of man so prone to secret guile:

Health, both of mind and body, that will stand

The sternest test, yet brook no weakness, and

The honor that is stainless even though

The petty act no human soul may know.

But of the three the greatest one, I say—

The "inner flame" that lights with love the way!

Climb a Tree

Look ahead! look ahead! as far as you can see!

You can never find the pass

With your eyes among the grass;

If the bushes hide and hinder—

Climb a tree!

Here you are, born and reared—this they call "your lot."

It would seem, to hear their talk,

You were on a cabbage stalk.

Shake a leg, my friend, and show them

That you're not!

You can move! you can rise! you're alive and free!

Get on somewhere every day,

And, when you can't see the way,

Don't run round in treadmill circles—

Climb a tree!

—Charlotte Gilman in *The Forerunner*



A Russian embroidered blouse is a part of this young lady's costume.

not notice that she wore the shawl while in town, although she was with Russian friends. She knew that Canadian girls do not wear them. She was very proud of the plain white hat her father bought for her to wear to school.

It is quite possible that the next generation will not wear the clothes or follow the customs of the old



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Strangers in a Strange House

Continued from page 7

Hargreaves, daughter of the wounded man who lay at their feet, was huddled on the floor in a pitifully unconscious heap. Not knowing, not understanding what had happened the lumbermen were puzzled.

BUT Sylvia Hargreaves had fainted, that much was clear. There was no time to lose. The largest of the two men, a big, heavy awkward fellow, but quick moving, grasped a basin of water and dashed it on Sylvia's face.

Sylvia stirred, opened her eyes, sat up. "Miss Hargreaves, please," it was the man who had thrown the water who was speaking, "your father has been badly hurt—accidentally shot; can you rouse yourself and help us?"

"Father hurt, and oh, Heaven help me, Stephen lying here perhaps dying, too. Where is Dad?"

"Right at the door Miss. Shall we bring him in? He's hurt bad. We must do something right quick."

"Yes, yes, I'm alright now," Sylvia replied between scared, choked sobs, "bring Dad in and lay him on the bed with Stephen."

Bravely she held herself in check as the men helped her to cut away the clothing around her father's wound. As best she could she staunched the flow of blood.

"Jim," she said to the smallest of the two men, whom she knew as a fireman in her father's mill, "you take my horse and ride to Breston for Dr. Anderson. Hurry don't spare Wildecap; and you, Harry, go down to the camp, get some of the men to help you, bring up a bed, mattress, bedding, everything that you can think of that will be needed here. Hurry for your lives; remember how anxious I shall be."

They departed on their errands, and she was left alone with the two badly wounded men.

A thousand questions began to press in upon and torment her. Would the Doctor be at home? How soon would he come? Would he be in time to save her father and Stephen?

The hands on an alarm clock on the shelf had pointed to eleven o'clock when her father had been carried in; it was now Midnight.

Twelve o'clock! What was that!

Surely a step on the rocky path outside!

A hand was on the doorknob; the door swung open, and Dr. Anderson stepped inside.

"Hello, Miss Hargreaves, seem to be rather busy here," was his cheery greeting.

Oh, I'm so glad you have come. Father's wound is terrible, and Stephen Weir is so badly hurt I am afraid he is dying."

"Alright, just help me all you can."

The sturdy Doctor was unpacking his instruments as he talked; soon he was hard at work, with his sleeves rolled up.

THERE came a rattle of feet on the path outside. Sylvia opened the door. About a dozen men were standing in front of the door or coming up the trail, carrying everything she had asked for in the way of supplies.

Soon another bed had been put up for Hargreaves, and a small cot arranged for Sylvia. The shack began to look like a hospital ward.

The men from the camp tramped off down the trail. In half an hour Dr. Anderson had finished his work, and hurried off to another case.

Sylvia was alone again.

Alone, except for the two men under her care.

Stephen was delirious part of the time, and she heard her name called very often in his wild talk. Her father moaned, called out in pain.

The Doctor came again at ten o'clock that morning.

He soon found that a small piece of bone, pressing inward, was causing most of the trouble with Stephen; operated, took it out, and pronounced him on the road to recovery.

As to Hargreaves, Dr. Anderson admitted, under Sylvia's questioning, that it was doubtful whether he would recover.

A week passed. A week in which Stephen made quick recovery; a week in which Sylvia and Stephen learned that they loved each other; a week in which Hargreaves, hovering between life and death, battled with the grim spectre and fought his way back to life.

One day Hargreaves, lying quietly in his bed, turned his head toward Stephen and regarded him thoughtfully.

"Stephen Weir," he said, breaking the silence which had persisted between them, "you and I have been strangers in a strange house, but it is clear to me that we cannot continue as strangers. Tell me, did you come to Pond Creek to seek me out and expose me?"

The old man had spoken in what seemed a new and gentle voice.

Stephen considered a moment, then decided; why not tell Hargreaves the truth, they could then stand in their true light to each other.

"Yes, I did come here to expose your fraudulent dealing with the Government."

"Do you know," continued Hargreaves, "That it was I who nearly destroyed you? That it was I who had you dragged from your horse, and that I intended to have both you and your horse thrown over the cliff? That when Sylvia came along and you escaped I came up here with a shotgun intending to kill you on sight; and that it was only through the merciful intervention of Providence that I fell and shot myself?"

"No, I can't say that I knew all that," Stephen smiled as the strangely changed old lumberman finished his confession of frustrated evil intentions, "but, I suspected part of it. After all, I was your enemy; I was sent here to expose your fraud; I expected no mercy from you."

"I've been a hard man all my life," Hargreaves went on as Stephen finished, "but, I've been very near death, perhaps I am near it yet—I want to say that I am very sorry that I used such desperate methods against you for you were only doing your duty."

"And I want to tell you the truth from my own lips. I HAVE defrauded the Government out of huge sums of money."

"I wonder if you could forgive me for my attempt against your life? And I wonder if you could do anything for me if I were willing to make restitution of the money I have stolen? It would leave me almost penniless now, but with a clear conscience, ready to either live or die, as it pleases Providence."

IT was a long speech for the grizzled old lumberman; Stephen pondered over the change that the nearness of death had wrought in the hard old heart.

"One part of your wish is easy," replied Stephen, "I can and do forgive you for your attempt against my life. As for the other I cannot say for sure, but I have powerful friends with the Government; I think perhaps a wire to the right friend there might stop any scandal if you are willing to make restitution, for after all you haven't really stolen any money, only turned in, for years, false records as to the amount of timber you have cut on Government property."

"You make me feel almost happy, Weir," Hargreaves said "Won't you send that wire now?"

"I certainly will, without further delay," Stephen replied.

Sylvia, who had been an interested listener to all that had passed between the two men, brought pencil and paper, and a wire was sent to town by one of the millhands.

"There, that's as good as settled," Stephen said, "and now comes something still more important to all three of us. Something that will change our lives more than your restitution of funds to the Government. Can you guess what it is?"

"No," said Hargreaves rather grimly, "I thought the worst was over; what is to come out now?"

"Just this—while you were lying unconscious the first week after the accident and I was making a quick recovery from my fall, Sylvia and I fell in love with each other. We don't want to delay our happiness, so we want to get married next month. Will you give us your blessing?"

THE old man's face hardened for a moment as he grappled with the hardest sacrifice of his life.

Sylvia came over to his bedside.

"Dad," she said tenderly, "I love Stephen, won't you to say yes, and make us both happy?"

A smile of renunciation came over Hargreaves' face as he gave up the greatest treasure of his life, his only child.

"If there can be any blessing from a wicked old man like me," he said, "you have it, right now."

Sylvia blushed and stood hesitantly for a moment, then stepped over and allowed herself to be drawn into the outstretched arms of Stephen, while old Hargreaves, with a happy smile, considerably turned his head away.



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Postum for Health

"There's a Reason"

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THE BOOMERANG

By Lilian D. Milner

WHEN Marion Hamilton was introduced to Harold Bolton, the author of "Love the Conqueror," at Mrs. Alfred Shearer's reception, her thin slightly freckled face had lighted up with an irradiating smile, and she had talked to him with an ease which had amazed her friend, Mrs. Howard who had accompanied her to the reception.

After the young novelist had left her, Marion experienced for the first time in her life the uncomfortable sensation of having talked too much. She wondered what the popular young author had thought of her.

She had not long to wait for as she was leaving the drawing-room a few minutes later with Mrs. Howard, the latter stopped to speak to a friend, and Marion, effacing herself behind a wide-spreading palm which formed an effective screen, heard Harold Bolton's low, penetrating voice say; "I'm sorry, Shearer, but I can't. I'm going for a snowshoe tramp with Miss Hamilton, that thin girl with grey-green eyes and light brown hair. She's a plain little thing, but bright and an interesting talker. I want to see a lot of her. She's so original! I'm looking for a new line of conversation and I think Miss Hamilton can supply it. She's a new type to me. I can use her in a story I'm working on now."

Marion Hamilton's thin, freckled face flushed crimson, and her grey eyes flashed with anger. So that was what Harold Bolton thought of her! She had read a magazine article a few days before in which the writer had said that the artistic imagination cared for noth-

ing again. Then she planned her course of action. She would refuse to see Harold Bolton when he called for her the following day. She would not give him an opportunity of using her as a character in his novels.

Then she changed her mind! She would go snowshoeing with him. She would let him see as much of her as he wished, and she would be as sparkling and sprightly in conversation as possible. She would make—she drew her lips up tightly at the thought—she would make Harold Bolton fall in love with her! After they had spent so much time in each other's company that their names were coupled together, she would have her revenge by humiliating him when he asked her to be his wife. "I'll make him care!" she whispered to herself defiantly. "I'll make him care!"

She studied her face in the mirror. She was plain, but she was not ugly in appearance. There was no outstanding irregularity of feature which would attract attention. She was simply plain, unobtrusively plain, but she was going to make the best of herself. She was going to—she repeated it again to the serious-eyed reflection in her mirror—she was going to make him care!

She was all sweetness when he called for her the following afternoon. She had wondered if she would find it hard to carry out her intention of being sparkling, but she found herself chatting to him with surprising ease, just as she had done the previous day. She knew that he regarded her as mentally attractive, and, with a self-confidence born of that thought, she was meeting



Portland Canal Pacific Coast—Canadian National Railway.

ing but itself. He had said that life to authors was merely a thing to be exploited in fiction; that they made use of all human experiences; that they existed only for fiction; lived fiction; were fiction.

She had thought the article cynical and untrue, and, talking it over with Mrs. Howard upon the day upon which her friend had promised her the introduction to Mr. Bolton, she had said that she was sure the author of "Love, the Conqueror" was not that kind of a man. Mrs. Howard had patted her cheek with a kindly, plump hand, and smiled indulgently as she said; "Keep your illusions child, as long as you can."

And now she new that the article was true, and when Harold Bolton had asked her to go snowshoeing with him the following afternoon it was not for a desire for her companionship, but because he wanted exploit her in fiction. She would— —"

MRS. Howard broke in upon her musings, and, listening to her friend's inconsequential chatter, as they drove along in the latter's car she had no opportunity of deciding what she would do until she was back in her bachelor apart-

ment. She smiled to herself as she remembered that Mrs. Howard had asked her tenderly, just a few days before: "Marion dear, when are you going to come out of your shell?"

She had come out of her shell, called out by the charm of a young author's personality. She would be lovable and she would make him care! She kept repeating it to herself, as she tramped along by Harold Bolton's side, and realized that the charm was working, for once, as she lifted her grey eyes to his in a mischievous glance, she caught a look from his brown ones which was almost a caress! She flushed awkwardly, and yet with a sense of triumph.

DURING the next few weeks they spent much time together and the charm continued to work. Once, when they were skating on the canal, she stumbled over a hummock in the ice, and as he caught her in time to prevent her from falling, she heard his smothered exclamation; "Darling!"

She was a faster skater than he, and it was with this knowledge that she challenged him one day to race to a certain point. She skimmed away like a bird down the canal and he start-

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ed after her. His skate strap snapped and as he finished mending it, fuming at the delay, a man called to him a friendly warning that there were deep holes under the bridge and the ice was unsafe.

He looked down the canal in alarm. His throat thickened and his heart seemed to stand still for Marion was not in sight! Had she—had she gone down? He started off towards the bridge in an agony of fear, and when he saw her standing in a little alcove, the revulsion of feeling was so great that he could have cried out in his relief.

"I saw what happened, and knew it was no use going on," explained Marion. "We'll have the race another day when you have new straps. Why, what's the matter?" she asked, as she saw that his face was stirred by some deep emotion.

"I was afraid you'd gone through!" he exclaimed, catching her hands in his. "A man told me there were holes under the bridge. The ice never freezes as solid there. When I couldn't see you, I thought—" His voice shook. He was still holding her hands, gripping them so tightly that she winced. "I don't know what I'd have done if anything had happened to you! Marion, I love you! You must know how much I love you. Can you tell me that you care for me just a little in return?"

His heart leapt at the glorious light which transfigured her face. He knew without her answering that she returned his love.

But the glow in Marion Hamilton's face was not that of responding love it was triumph! He cared! She had said that she would make him care and she had succeeded. The charm had worked!

"Darling!" he said gently; "Why don't you answer me?" "I was just thinking," she replied casually. "Do you always actually propose to woman before finishing a novel, Mr. Bolton?"

He drew back releasing her hands, and she went on; "It must be a great saving of energy not to have to imagine your love scenes!"

He winced at the sarcasm in her voice. "I don't—I don't understand!" he stammered.

"You don't?" Her voice was still contemptuous. "You didn't know when you told Jack Shearer at his mother's reception, a few weeks ago, that you were going to use me as a new type of character that I was within hearing,

flung herself on the lounge face downwards and her shoulders shook in wild sobbing.

She loved Harold Bolton! The knowledge came to her with a shock. He was not worthy of her love, she told herself sternly, and she must put him out of her heart. She would put him out of her heart, she vowed, but the charm did not work so well this time. In hurting him she had hurt herself, but she was not to realize the full force of the boomerang until a few weeks later.

She was at Mrs. Howard's for luncheon one day when someone asked young Mr. Shearer, who was also present; "Say, what's become of Harold Bolton, Jack? I haven't seen him for a dog's age! He must be working too steadily at his new novel. We ought to route him out and make him play a while."

Jack Shearer looked at the speaker gravely. "Haven't you heard about him?" he asked, "Bolton's been pretty bad hit. All I know is—well, I went out to his bungalow one night and found him making a bonfire of the manuscript of his new story."

MARION felt herself change color, and she gripped the edge of the table.

"It was almost finished, too," Jack Shearer went on. "He says he isn't going to write any more. He's ill, you know. Nervous breakdown, the doctor says, due to a shock of some kind. A rumour started up that the girl he was going to marry was killed suddenly. It's the first I heard of his being engaged to anyone, but then he was such a reticent beggar that no one knows much about his private affairs."

"You were pretty good friends, weren't you, Marion?" asked Mrs. Howard.

"Yes," answered Marion in a queer, husky voice, avoiding her friends gaze.

"I remember us having a talk one day about authors exploiting life in fiction," continued Mrs. Howard. "Harold Bolton is evidently an exception."

Marion said nothing. She was thinking that Mrs. Howard was speaking more truly than she knew. Harold Bolton had burned his book! He had been unable to go on with his work when he had learned what she thought of his proposed exploitation of her. He was sacrificing his art to his love; sacrificing it, too, without any hope of compensation. She had not meant that he should suffer like this. Even if he had used her as a character in his story, what did it matter after all? Her re-



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did you? Well, I was! I think I can leave the opinion I have of you to your own imagination! Thank you for a very entertaining time, Mr. Bolton. I've enjoyed it so much, but you'll quite understand that under the circumstances I prefer to go home alone!"

SHE inclined her head slightly, wished him a frigid "Good afternoon", and skimmed away. He had not spoken. He had been too stunned to speak, and when she looked back she saw him standing where she had left him, staring after her.

She laughed as she entered her flat a few minutes later, remembering the surprised, pained look on his face when she had turned on him. "I hurt him," she said to herself; "and I'm glad! I'm glad!" she repeated chokily; then she

sentiment had been peurile. She must go to him at once! She could not hope that he would ever love her again, but if only she could make him take up his work once more she would be satisfied.

A little later she slipped away and boarded a street-car which passed within a few minutes' walk of Harold Bolton's bungalow. She was on her way to him. She was going to tell him—well, she was not sure what she was going to tell him. "Dear God!" she was crying out under her breath; "tell me what to say! Let me make him understand!"

Just thirty minutes elapsed between her boarding the car, and leaving it, but it seemed like thirty hours. She knew the house, a grey stucco bungalow with a green shingled roof and low eaves. She could see someone reclining

Continued on page 72

How Mother Toled Her On

By Agnes Holden

THE open wood fire crackled and snapped, and sent out little sparks over the bright rag carpet that chilly evening as Mother read and re-read the letter Father had found in the box at the end of the lane. The letter had brought a cloud—a chill, that they felt far more than the chill outside the cosy sitting room.

"Ben was country born and reared, and he ought to have married a country girl and stayed in the country, then this might never have come to him," said Mother, almost rebelliously as she slipped the letter into the envelope.

"Well, Mother, it might have been worse. The doctor said if he'd let his work go and take a real rest out in the country this summer, he'd come out all right. It'll be good to have him back for awhile, and Nina is a bright little thing, if she has cityfied ways, different from ours. She was friendly enough, only her ways were odd to us, and maybe ours were queer to her."

"Maybe so," agreed Mother despondingly.

"We'll give them a hearty welcome and make them know we're glad to have them even for a few months. Nina is a sociable girl, and we'll have a chance to get better acquainted with our son's wife, and that'll be something, Mother," and Father tried hard to show a cheerfulness he did not quite feel; stroking Mother's hair as he went out to do his chores.

Mother Henderson put the letter on the clock shelf and went soberly about the supper. If only Ben had picked out a country girl like Will had, and settled down on the big farm as his brother had done. Father had built two homes on the farm in opposite corners, hoping that when Ben was through school he would want his corner farm as Will had done. But he had wanted more education and had gone to a business college in the city, then found a paying job and stuck to it; his parents all the while hoping he would tire of it and come back to them. But no, he married a smart little stenographer, a city girl, and their dreams all faded away. Ben had brought Nina for the last end of their wedding journey, and had enjoyed a few short days with them, then they found a cosy home in a city apartment and every thing promised to go along smoothly for them. But after a strenuous year Ben had broken down and was coming home to rest and get back his health.

MOTHER looked out the window toward the pretty white cottage that she had hoped to see Ben settled in—its whiteness showing up among the trees just beginning to leaf out, and sighed heavily. A starlwart Swede that was needed to help on the farm, lived in it with his mother, and cared for any extra hands that were needed at harvesting or threshing times. If only Ben were living there with some girl used to country ways—but there wasn't any use harping on that any more; she must make the best of it for Ben's sake; so it was with as cheery a smile as she could command that she welcomed the two her husband brought out in the old, easy going carriage. The boy was so white and spent that he went at once to sunny south room Mother had made ready for them. But when he had lain down, Nina came back to the sitting room, her face working so pitifully with the anxiety that she felt for her husband, and such a longing in her eyes for sympathy and comfort, that Mother's arms opened wide to her, and the poor girl crept into them and sobbed out her fears and worries on the warm, motherly breast where Ben's head had often been cuddled; Mother patting her tenderly the while, whispering "Little daughter," and all the feeling of resentment against the girl who

had tied Ben to the city, was swept away at the sight of the girl's love for the boy so dear to her as well as to his Mother, and as Nina sobbingly whispered "Mother," Mrs. Henderson knew that she would be "little daughter" in reality to her from that on, and be loved for herself as well as for Ben's sake.

With good wholesome country fare, and loving care, Ben picked up rapidly and a glad light crept back into Nina's eyes. Soon she was learning to do things country fashion and was a real help to Mother, while Ben began to find many light jobs about the shed and barn that he could do for father, and was happy in doing them.

ONE morning Nina came out into the large sunny kitchen and found Mother down on an old horse blanket feeding a wet, chilled lamb with a bottle. It was holding onto the nipple for dear life, and it did look so funny with its little long legs spread wide apart, its tail bobbing, and its mouth pulling and bunting at the bottle, that Nina burst out into such a ringing laugh that Ben came in from the grindstone to see "whattamatta?"

"Oho, Father's at his old tricks, better let me help on that, Mother."

"No, no," cried Nina, "let me help you, Mother. Has this other one had its bottle?"

"Not yet, just reach and get that bottle out of the bucket there." Nina picked the bottle out of the warm water, and soon another lamb was going through its wiggling stunt as its tummy was warmed and satisfied. Mother looked on in wonder—was this the city daughter down on her knees feeding a chilled lamb as though she had always been used to the like? And with the wonder a purpose—a plan formed in Mother's mind that "grew and grew" as the days went by; but all she said to Nina was—"You care for that lamb and you shall have it for your very own to keep and see when you come back to the farm, or you shall have the money, if sold, and it ought to bring a good price for it is of fine breed." Nina was delighted, and Ben named it Nannette on the spot, and Mother brooded over them both with a new light in her eyes.

Another time when Nina had finished the dishes and was out on the porch, Mother came from the hen house with a basket covered over with an old wool shirt of Father's. "Guess what I've got, something you never saw before and she pulled back the flannel and showed a nestfull of soft downy balls. "Oh oh! may I hold one, please!" and a warm, cuddly baby chick was dropped into her hands. Mother sat down beside her. "I'll give you a hen for yourself if you'd like to try raising poultry. I've another hen wants to set, and you can give her the eggs and do the whole thing yourself, and they'll all be yours."

Nina, holding the little peeper up to her cheek, quickly agreed. "I'd love to, if you'll show me just how to feed them to make them grow right. So Mother led her to the chicken house, to the patient yellow hen waiting for the eggs. But Nina, hardly daring to risk a pecking, Mother held the protesting Biddy, while Nina placed the eggs in the nicely hollowed nest of straw, then Mrs. Biddy settled herself proudly down on them with many a satisfied cluck. Nina's eyes shone; her cheeks rivalling Mother's geranium; while Mother mentally patted herself to see her plan working out so finely.

Father brought in a little runt of a pig to be coaxed along, and it was given to Nina, who, having done so well with her lamb, took hold readily, and soon "Buster's" sides were filling out, and he was a very satisfied "Piggy-wig." "My, I'm getting to be quite a farmer, ain't I, Ben?" she cried, while mother, in the

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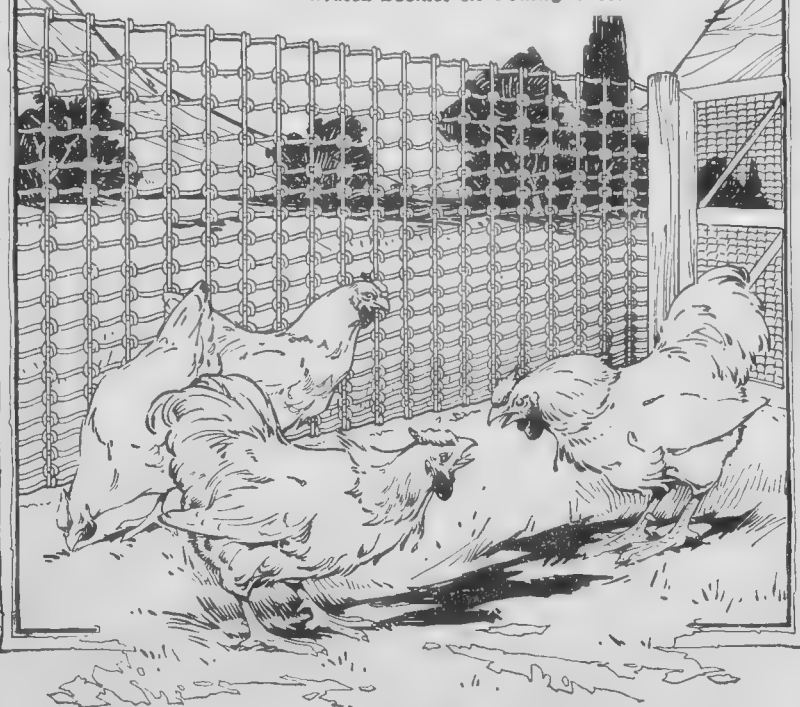
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pantry, nodded and chuckled to herself—Mothers are mysterious in their ways sometimes.

One day, when a slight drizzling rain had set in, Mother took a big tin box from the closet behind the stove and said, "I'm going to look over my seeds and be ready for planting as soon as the ground is right," and proceeded to lay out neat little packages all tied up and labelled. Nina picked them up and read the names over. Phlox, petunia, touch-me-nots, zinnia, verbena, poppy, and a lot more. "Did you grow all these?" she asked in wonder.

"Yes, the most of them. A neighbor gave me a few colors I didn't have. I'll plant the beds in the yard first, then a long row in the garden. Don't you want to try your hand at flower raising too? It will mean hard work, but it will take us both out of doors where we can hear the robins and wrens, and be a real let up from fussing over the cook stove and the dishpan. What say?" And she watched the sweet young face through her smiling, coaxing eyes.

"I'd like to try it. Won't I be learning lots of things, though! I'll soon know as much as Will's wife," Nina cried delightedly, while Mother smiled knowingly to herself. And now there was a new line of work and many happy hours spent together, the two growing nearer all the while in a common love for the beautiful growing things that rewarded their care, while Ben worked alongside in the kitchen garden, with a fine glow in his cheeks, and a keen appetite for Mother's cooking.

NINA was learning to cook like Mother too. She wanted to learn to cook the dishes Ben liked best, and that put new flesh on him and iron in his blood. Along with her fast growing lamb, her pig, her chickens, no longer downy babies, she had rows of jam and jelly glasses—the work of her own hand, and jars of fruit ready for the city shelves. She was so glad and proud to see Ben growing sunburnt and strong. "Oh, how much this summer has meant to us," she cried impulsively. I'll never forget it!"

She was so busy and happy the hours flew by. Her pets were now "laid by" as Ben styled it. Her flowers had bloomed wonderfully for her with such a riot of gorgeous colors as her eyes had never seen outside a greenhouse. Somehow, as the time drew near for them to think of packing up, she grew sober. It was

not so easy to leave these lovely growing things, her pets—Nannette, Buster, and the chicks, and go back to stuffy city rooms, high walls, busy, surging streets—away beyond the meadows, fields, and all the rest. But if Ben liked his work there best, it was not hers to hinder.

They had all spent a day in the woods picking up the big hickory nuts. It seemed to Nina she had never heard such sweet music as the wind made through the tall trees, and that made by the dropping, dropping of the nuts to the earth. She actually felt guilty as a choke came in her throat at the thought of leaving all this—in the evening they gathered on the side porch to watch the western sky in its beauty. Ben had taken his rod and gone to the creek to make a catch for breakfast. Father sat in his old rocker with Towser's head resting on his knee. "We'll miss little daughter," he said, twisting Towser's ears.

"Yes, indeed," Mother answered softly, and again the choke came into Nina's throat. Leave these dear people whom she had learned to love so? How hard it was going to be.

Just then Ben came around the corner with his pole and a string of shining beauties in one hand, while under his arm he carried a queer looking bundle, partly gunny sack, and partly a wooly brown head sticking out of a hole in the sack.

WHAT in the world have you got there? Fished it out of the creek, did you, along with the rest?"

"Right you are, dad, only he crawled up the bank where I sat, and let me know by his baby yelps, that he wanted to be taken care of. Ain't it a beauty? And dropping down, he slit the sack and out stepped a cunning brown pup, dripping with water.

"The poor thing," cried Mother. Some one's trying to go drown it, and it looks part collie, too."

"Collie and bulldog, I think; it would make a fine dog on a farm. Don't you wish," turning to Nina, "we could keep it ourselves? But of course we couldn't in the city (a half shamed sigh welled up) "Let's name it anyhow; we'll call it Moses, I "drew it out of the water." In spite of the laugh Nina caught a look in Ben's eyes that showed his feelings were akin to her own.

"Would you mind staying here, Ben?"

Continued on page 23

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The nearest doctor is five hundred miles away, and it is a two-hundred miles journey to the nearest white settler. Only once a year does the missionary obtain news from the outside world, and sometimes eighteen months elapse before a mail is received. Then it is a land of awful silence, where you can travel for hundreds of miles and not meet another fellow being. Worse still, perhaps, is the great extremes of climate.

The missionary's wife may be detected in our photograph nursing her first child which was born while the bed on which she lay was actually floating about in the room filled with muddy waters from one of the tremendous floods which periodically inundate the Roper River and cover the country for hundreds of miles. The mission homestead in this flood was completely hidden from sight. For three days and nights the young mother and her babe had to be carried in a motor launch to hills sixty miles distant during which period they were constantly drenched by heavy rains, and yet both are alive to-day, and well.

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Teacher put 30 squares on the blackboard and in 15 of the squares she put figures. Then she said to the class "These figures can be made to spell out three words. The three words will tell you who is going to be first this month. It's a hard puzzle but it can be done and there are wonderful prizes for the boys and girls who can solve it. Now what is the answer?"

HOW TO SOLVE IT

Each figure represents a letter. The number in each square indicates the position of that letter in the alphabet. For instance "A" would be represented by the figure 1, because it is the first letter of the alphabet. "B" would be indicated by the figure 2, because it is the second letter of the alphabet. "C" would be indicated by the figure 3, and so on. Look at the figure 20 in the first square. It represents "T" because "T" is the twentieth letter of the alphabet. Now get a pencil and paper, figure out what letter the number in each square stands for and when you have them all, arrange them in their proper rotation, so as to spell out the three words called for. It is not an easy puzzle, but with patience and diligence it can be done and if you can solve it correctly, you may win this real Gasoline Driven Motor Car, or one of the other fine prizes.

Copy your answer upon a plain sheet of paper as neatly as you can because neatness, spelling, your writing, punctuation and general appearance of your answer count in the final awarding of prizes, if more than one is correct. Put your name and address in the upper right hand corner of the paper. If you write a letter or wish to send anything else besides the answer to the puzzle put it upon a separate sheet of paper. We will write to you as soon as your answer is received and tell you if your solution is correct, and also send you a complete illustrated prize list of the grand prizes that you can win.



Young Gordon Glasgow of Welwyn Sask. won the Culver Racer, 1st prize in last year's contest. He decided to take its cash value \$250.00 instead and the money was promptly sent to him. His letter says "I wish to thank you for the cheque for \$250.00 received this week. I never expected to be so fortunate as to win a prize let alone so valuable a one. I am going to buy Victory Bonds with this money."

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\$25.00 Gold Wrist Watch, Ada M. Durant, R.R. No. 2, Williamsburg, Ont.

We will send you the names of many other prize winners too, so that you will be able to see that what these boys and girls have done you can do. Only boys and girls under seventeen years of age may send answers and enter this competition and each boy and girl will be required to perform a small service for us. The contest will close on July 31, 1922, at 5.30 p. m. Get busy and send your answers this very evening

MINNIE'S ROBBER

By Mrs. Nestor Noel

"I'll be glad when I get home with all these parcels," thought Minnie Walker as she trudged home from a long afternoon's shopping. "When one has to make one dollar do the work of ten, I can't say I enjoy this marketing business. Ah, here's my street at last."

She breathed a sigh of relief as she turned into it; but she paused astonished when she reached the tiny house which did duty for a home. "Robert can't be home already," she said half aloud. "Yet there's a light in the kitchen. I'll go in by that door."

She entered the house as quickly as she could. Hardly had she grown accustomed to the flare of the lamp, when she heard the words:—"Hands up," and she saw a wild-eyed man pointing a revolver straight at her. To say she was afraid was to put it mildly. She knew how desperate men were in these hard times. As a woman had remarked to her only recently, they were so hungry that they did not mind going to prison! Indeed, many of them welcomed it as they were thus sure of a meal! In olden days, when people tried to steal, they did not leave a lamp full on! Minnie Walker was no coward, even though she was afraid. She made up her mind to pretend a carelessness which she was far from feeling.

"You can hardly expect me to hold up my hands, laden as I am," she laughed. "I've just been aching to put down these things."

The man looked at her in astonishment, and Minnie went on. "If you will please to lower your revolver, I shall be obliged to you."

He laid it on the table, yet he still kept it pointed towards her.

"Are you hungry," she asked when she had rid herself of the parcels.

"Hungry!" he echoed, as his eyes fell greedily on some raw beef which had slipped from its wrappings.

"I see you are," she went on. "I was just going to cook some supper and I could treat you to a good, square meal. I know how it is. I have often been out of work myself."

"You're bluffing me," he said. "And you're moving towards the door."

"I was going to the cupboard," she said. "But, of course, if you're not hungry—" She sat down facing him, the table between them.

"Are you going to play fair," he asked his eyes still on the meat, which he felt he could almost have eaten raw.

"If you do," she answered him. "These are my terms. You unload that revolver and put it in that upper drawer. (She pointed to a chest of drawers on his side of the room). After that, I shall give you a good meal, on condition you leave my house as soon as you have had it, and you do not come here any more."

"It sounds all right," said the man. He arose, revolver in hand and laid it in the top drawer. She remained where she was.

"I said—unloaded," she went on.

"It was never loaded," laughed the man.

"I thought not," said Minnie. "Still, I should like you to open it and show me. You know 'Seeing is believing'."

THE man took the revolver, opened it, showing it to be empty, and returned it to the drawer.

"You might have believed me," he said, sulkily.

The woman did not answer. She was busy at her stove. Soon a delicious smell of steak and onions and fried potatoes filled the room. A few minutes later, the man smelt coffee. How long the woman seemed! Really, she was astonishingly quick.

"You can sample these," she said, suddenly, putting a plate with some cookies in front of him. He made short work of them.

"I see you've already got out the silver," she remarked as she began to lay the table. "You must have been disappointed. We have no real silver. Well, never mind," she went on, seeing, how uncomfortable he looked. "Still, I can't help wondering what made you choose our house. You can't be much of an expert, or you'd have known that we are the poorest people in this District."

"It had no light in it and looked almost deserted," he answered briefly. "This is the first time—oh stuff! You've heard all that rot before."

The woman placed a well-filled plate in front of him, then giving him some hot coffee, she pushed the sugar bowl towards him.

"Help yourself," she ordered. "We've no milk as I was out when the Milkman came. I'll have a bite, to keep you company."

For the next ten minutes there was no sound, save that of busy—very busy knives and forks, and the rattle of cups against saucers.

The first course nearly finished, Minnie reserved a portion and put it on the back of the stove to keep warm.

"Who's that for?" asked the man, suspiciously.

"My husband, of course," said Minnie. "Didn't you know I was married?"

The man looked at the plain ring on her finger. "Never thought of it," he said. "I'd better be going."

"Wait a minute," ordered the woman. "You're my visitor to-night. Robert won't hurt any one who has had a meal in my house. He isn't due yet, anyway." She glanced at the clock. The man shifted uneasily on his chair. He felt like rising, but now there was a pot of jam pushed before him, so he helped himself and went on with the meal.

"I suppose you're out of work," remarked the woman, kindly. "Maybe my husband could suggest a job. What can you do?"

"Anything," he answered, spreading on the jam as thick as a schoolboy would have done.

The woman smiled as she watched him. How hungry he was, poor fellow!

"What is your real work," she questioned "Clerking," he answered, shortly. "I don't look much like a clerk," he added, looking at his torn clothes.

"You talk as if you were educated," said the woman. "I believe you."

At this he glanced at her and smiled. It was the first time he had smiled for weeks.

"This Town is over-run with out-of-work clerks," declared Minnie. "I'm afraid you'll have to change your job."

"I don't mind what I do," said the man. "I'd have shovelled snow, if there had been any to shovel."

"It is the first Winter I have seen so little snow," remarked the woman. "You can't wait until the heavens oblige you that way."

At that moment, the handle of the door turned quickly and a tall, strong-looking man entered. He was dressed in the garb of a POLICEMAN!

"You've given me away," said the man at the table, rising quickly.

"Sit down," whispered the woman. "Don't give yourself away. He's my husband. I'm playing fair. Go on eating."

The man toyed with a piece of bread, but he did not eat. Instead, his eyes never left the stalwart form of the man in the doorway. Was he really cornered?

"Robert," said the woman. "This poor fellow is out of work, so I am giving him a meal."

"That's right, Minnie," answered Mr. Walker. He turned to the untidy-looking man at his table. "You're welcome, stranger," he said. Then he hung up his hat and coat and sat down to the supper which his wife had reserved for him.

"I'd better be going," said the visitor.

"No hurry," put in the woman. "Robert will see what he can do for you."

TO his own surprise, the man found himself giving a list of his qualifications to this guardian of the law. Was the woman really playing fair? Somehow he thought she was.

"It's hard times," remarked Mr. Walker as he arose from the table. "Yet I think I can land you in a job to-morrow; but not in that rig. Come with me." He led the way to an inner room and the man reluctantly followed, always fearing a trick. When he emerged, ten minutes later, Minnie saw that her husband had rigged him out in a suit of civilian clothes, in which he looked much more like a clerk

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THE WESTERN HOME MONTHLY, WINNIPEG

than he had done when she first saw him. She smiled at him, approvingly.

"I'll go round to the Salvation Army Barracks now," said the Policeman, "and we'll see if we can't find our friend a shelter for the night."

"You can come in to breakfast at eight to-morrow," said Minnie, as she held out her hand to her self-invited guest. Mr. Walker was getting into his coat, so she whispered:—"You see, I did play fair."

"I apologize," muttered the man, as he grasped the hand she held out to him. "I'll be here to-morrow." He went out into the night—with the Policeman!

As soon as he had gone, Minnie looked into the top drawer. "I must hide this," she said to herself. She had all a woman's horror of a revolver—loaded or otherwise! She took it up gingerly, holding it a safe distance. "I'd bury it," she went on. "Only the ground is frozen. Well, I'll put it here," she laid it in a far corner of the cupboard. "Robert won't find it, and maybe, sometime when he's not looking, I'll be able to give it back to its owner that is to say, if he does come to-morrow." She laughed. "Funny," she muttered. "Funny, he should choose a policeman's house, of all others! Luckily, I didn't give the game away. Robert would never understand. He's too good! But I—have been hungry—many times—and I know how it feels!"

The Man did return, just in time for breakfast and Minnie smiled at him as she looked up from the frying pan which was full of hot pancakes!

"Pancakes," exclaimed Robert as he entered a few minutes later. "You're in luck, visitor. It's not often, the wife gives me pancakes in these hard times! They're her Sunday treat."

The Man thought he would never swallow his first pancake, there was such a queer lump in his throat. Yes, these people were true blue, all through. He'd show that little woman he could be so too. Never, never would he enter a house to rob it again—no, even if he were dying of hunger!

"Good-bye," said the woman half an hour later. "Come around any Sunday. I wish you luck."

"I'll make good," promised the Man as he left her. His unloaded revolver was safely tucked away in one of the pockets of the warm coat which the Policeman had given him! Later on in the day, he took it to a Pawnbroker's—just to have a little ready money in his pocket. Besides, what

was the use of keeping it? He would never need it again! He was no longer homeless, workless and friendless in a big city. He had a friend. Wasn't his friend's name, Policeman Walker?

HOW MOTHER TOLED HER ON

Continued from page 21

It would be lovely to have these pets all the time. But you would rather go back to your office work, I suppose, and I'm willing if you'd rather."

"Do you mean you'd be willing to stay in the country and dig into things like you've done this summer?"

"Yes, I would, if you are willing to stay."

Jimminy crickets! Here I've been wishing you'd be content with our country way, but thought of course, you'd rather go back to the city. Mother," he yelled loudly to his Mother who was setting a saucer of milk before the eager puppy—"Mother, Nina is going to stay in the country, and we're going to live on the farm with you." And in his joy he whirled her round and round jeopardizing the sprawling pup, guzzling down the warm milk.

"Well, well, what a summer's work it has been," said Mother, with a twinkle in her eyes; "and such a happy, successful one too. Just think. Father, we're not going to miss little daughter after all; she and Ben will be ours for keeps."

"And we'll have the nicest house warming you'll just see what a dinner I'll get up for you all—for Moses, the latest, too," and she caught up the bewildered pup and made him do a jig on his short hind legs, while Mother's smile took them all in a contented, satisfied way. Her plan had worked beautifully!

A brass tablet dated 1572 in Beaconsfield (Bucks.) Parish Church, has led the organist of the church to set to music the quaint wording thereon.

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A WOMAN GOVERNOR.

Probably few people know that the Island of Badu, in the Torres Straits, has for its administrator a woman. A little woman with a wealth of silver hair that gives dignity to her person, Mrs. Zahel is possessed of nerve, energy and startling alertness. For many years this remarkable woman has lived alone in the island, acting as magistrate, governor, teacher and religious leader. By her commanding personality, her tactfulness, and her notable administrative ability, tempered by true womanly kindness, she has accomplished a work of which any woman might well be proud. The native community has been raised from a slough of immorality to a plane of high ideals, and is a model of usefulness, cleanliness, and intelligence.

When, after the passing of the Aboriginal Protection Act, nine years ago, the Queensland Government asked Mrs. Zahel to accept the post of administrator, she recognised at once the need of introducing many stern reforms. The most important of these was the ban put upon the importation of alcoholic drinks and spirits, and the keeping away of all undesirables by allowing no one to land without her consent. It is rare, indeed, that Mrs. Zahel finds it necessary to take advantage of this latter regulation.

It may be added that Mrs. Zahel is the widow of a solicitor, and her legal knowledge stood her in good stead in organising a native police force and a police court.

One remarkable achievement has been the fact that the island has been made self-supporting, all the natives being encouraged to work. The island has few industries, yet everybody on Badu is a worker, engaged either in pearl or tortoiseshell gathering, or in the case of women, in basket, mat, or lace making.

Our photograph shows Mrs. Zahel and her two native councillors examining a prisoner. He was arrested for attempting to smuggle liquor into the island.

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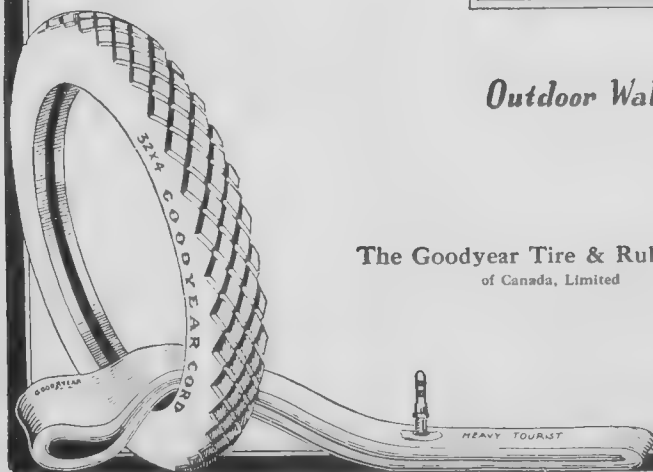
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Parables of Canadian Life The Spiral Tunnels

By F. W. Patterson

The Trans-Canada, the fastest and best equipped train, has just come through the two spiral tunnels between Field and Lake Louise in the Canadian Rockies. No one who has travelled by this route can forget these triumphs of engineering skill by which the steep ascent of the Kicking Horse is made less formidable than before. The tunnels describe two complete circles within the mountains. "From the East the track enters the first tunnel under Cathedral Mountain, 3,255 feet in length, and after turning a complete circle and passing under itself, emerges into daylight fifty-four feet lower." Similarly with the second tunnel under Mount Ogden. As one looks down from the highest level there can be seen beneath the three tracks by which one must descend; farther down, the canyon of the Kicking Horse, and, in the distance, the great peaks of the Rockies; a blend of natural grandeur and triumphant skill one can never forget.

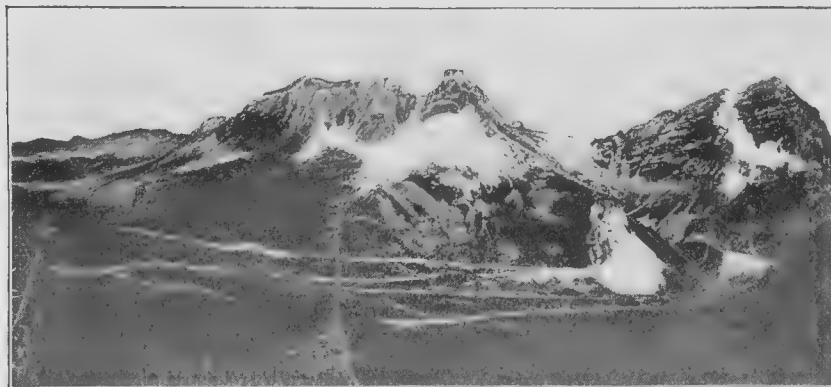
I had crossed the mountains many times before the tunnels were built and shall never forget the ascent as it was in those days. What an effort it was! What a straining and puffing as four

life was considerable. The cost in money was over three million dollars. But greater safety has been purchased for both passengers and trainmen, while ultimately, the money expended will be returned, owing to the reduced cost of operation.

As I thought about the tunnels I felt that they must have a message for me. I have come to look for books in the running brooks, sermons in stones and God in everything; to find, in the things about me, parables of the life within. What message have the tunnels for me? I have it. The tunnels have become

My Instructors in Strategy.

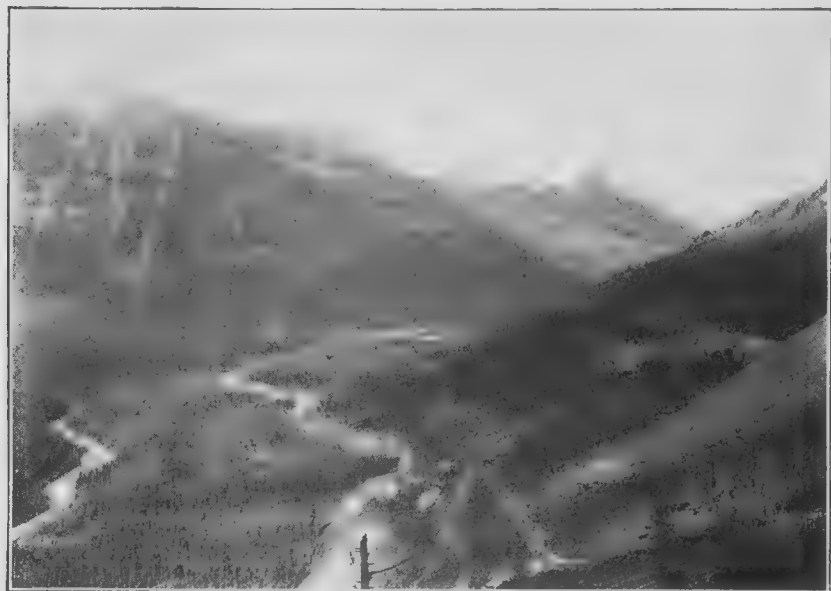
Their teaching enables me to overcome some obstacles that otherwise would be insurmountable. And their lesson? Obstacles differ from one another in their characters and in the kind of approach to which they yield. There are grades in the mountains where a direct attack is better and where an indirect approach would be a waste of both time and money. There are others where, as at Field, the direct attack is too costly and too dangerous, and an indirect ap-



Cathedral Mountain, Kicking Horse Pass.

great locomotives drew the express slowly up the grade toward the Great Divide! The distance from Field to Hector was only seven miles, yet a full hour was required for the journey. It was to overcome the difficulties of this ascent that the tunnels were built. The distance is greater than before, yet the time required for the journey is less. Two locomotives now do the work formerly done by four, do it more easily and

proach must be found. It is the same in life. There are some difficulties that yield most readily to the direct attack; there are others that can be overcome only by a flanking movement. The indirect route becomes the surest and safest way to one's destination. The more I think about it the clearer it becomes that wisdom consists largely in knowing when to approach our difficulties directly and when to approach



Mount Ogden, Kicking Horse Pass.

in less time. It is true that there have been losses. Old travellers will miss and will regret the loss of the unrivalled scenic grandeur of the Old Kicking Horse; yet even this is not without its compensations, for new grandeurs are now to be seen. Costly! Yes. Costly in men and money. We cannot tell how many lives it cost, but the cost in

them indirectly; when to make a frontal attack and when to attempt a flanking movement. In what circumstances the direct attack is desirable might make the subject of a separate study. But I am interested to-day in the obstacles that we have not faced squarely unless we have approached them indirectly; in those cases where failure to recognize

this fact has resulted in some of life's most colossal failures.

I must confess that I am alarmed when I contrast the rushed growth by which many of our modern boys and girls are ushered into manhood and womanhood with the more leisurely growth of the past. A generation ago children were allowed to develop naturally. Except in rare instances they were not rushed into the experiences of mature life. Their lives were allowed to unfold during earlier and later adolescence as God intended they should. In this way the foundations were laid for strong bodies, nervous stability and youth prolonged into age. To-day

Children Are Being Matured "Under Glass."

The period during which they need the greatest freedom from stimulant is packed with stimulant. It would almost seem that modern life is engaged in a great conspiracy to rob our children of their youth. We do not forget that more people are thinking of the needs of boys and girls than ever before. We do not forget the industrial oppression that robbed many of the children of an older generation of their childhood. We cannot forget Mrs. Browning's "The Cry of the Children."

'Do you hear the children weeping, O my brothers,
Ere the sorrow come with years?
They are leaning their young heads
against their mother's,—
But that cannot stop their tears.
The young lambs are bleating in the meadows;
The young birds are chirping in the nests;
The young fawns are playing with the shadows;
The young flowers are blowing toward the west—
But the young children, O my brother,
They are weeping bitterly!
They are weeping in the playtime of others,
In the country of the free.'

But while the present generation has largely abolished child labor and, in theory at least, has made the need of the child central, in actual practice, our modern life tends to destroy a normal adolescence. We need another Mrs. Browning to voice the cry of their need against the tyranny of this new social moloch.

Nor is this the utterance of hysteric alarm. The statement of the danger is warranted by the study of the facts. The fiction that is being read results in over-wrought and unstable emotions. Boys and girls from sixteen to eighteen are reading sex stories and magazines featuring the sex interest. It is not at all uncommon to find them reading even the *Cosmopolitan*. The "movies," never attended by so many as at present, place the sex impulses of children under glass and force their development. The entry of boys and girls into the whirl of social life is hastened and it is not at all uncommon to find children—they are nothing more—from the so-called best homes, dancing until the early hours of the morning. Nor is the study of adolescence by experts without its dangers. The problems of adolescence, intended for the study of adults, are discussed before and by adolescents themselves. It is only a few weeks ago that I heard girls of sixteen excusing their mental instability and nervous laughter on the ground that these things were normal for girls of their age. Undoubtedly they were; but it was wholly abnormal and unhealthy for girls of that age to be thinking of what was normal for them at their age. Consider the lilies, how they grow.

I am convinced that such forced growth can have only disastrous results.

The Cost Is Tremendous.

Growth which ripens quickest rots quickest. The forced growth is the fore-runner of an early age. We have not yet seen the full results of a generation reared under the glass of our present life. But if what we have seen of

mental weakness, of nervous disorder, of cynical and distorted outlook, of unhealthy knowledge of life's sordid side, of infant enjoyment of adult experience is any index of what the full fruit may be, God have mercy on us! In the order of nature, strength, beauty and endurance are in proportion to the time required for growth. There are insects that are born and mature in a day, but they die almost ere the day is spent. A mushroom growth means early decay. It is thus in life. When manhood and womanhood come normally through the unhurried ripening of the powers of body, mind and heart, they are strong, virile and enduring; youth is prolonged and the climacteric delayed. But when the experiences and emotions of maturity are forced on the years of childhood or of adolescence, the substance of life is burned out early and, instead of the rich and mellow ripeness of normal age, there remains only the rot of premature senile decay.

We admit that the solution is not easy. We cannot turn back the hands of the clock and restore the conditions under which families lived a generation ago. The developments of modern civilization have thrown up barriers to normal living as formidable in their way as mountain peaks to easy travel. But while we cannot return to the old conditions we must gain release from the artificiality and the forced-draught pace of much of our present existence. The only hope for the stability and sanity of the men and women of tomorrow lies in the recovery for our children of the opportunity to develop normally, and release from the hot-house conditions that force their growth? Here is a problem for some

great engineer of the soul. Fundamentally it is a religious problem; and its only solution lies with the religion of Jesus Christ.

In The Field of Education

the best results are secured not by the direct attack on ignorance, but by the method of indirection. For many years I regarded teaching as synonymous with direct instruction, and education with knowledge secured through such instruction. How young I was and how little I knew of education! Of course there is a place for instruction in the educational process but its place is secondary and not primary. Education at its highest and best is informal, the by-product of experience rather than something pumped into life from without. Nor do we need to go far to find the evidence of this. There is no period in the education of youth when the results secured can be compared with those secured during the first five or six years of life. In this period the child learns more, learns it better and with less effort and relates what it learns to its life more effectively than during any other six years of its life. Yet during this period it receives very little formal instruction. In the home the child enters into and shares the experience of its elders; the knowledge gained is the inevitable by-product. What is learned is not taught, it is caught. Nor is the value of this method confined to early childhood. In no period of life can knowledge be "plastered on or hammered in." What we see, what our eyes behold, what our hands handle, that we know. We learn, not from exposition but from incarnation. Knowledge comes only as we share the

experience to which the knowledge is related. Right atmosphere is therefore the first essential to real learning. Knowledge that is caught must be in the air that one breathes. The principle I have been trying to make clear has been well stated by a recent English writer in a book called "English for the English". The schools of England, he tells us (the same is true of the schools of this continent), are failing in the teaching of English because English is only taught formally, by the direct instruction of the teacher of English, and is not taught informally by the example of all teachers. The schools can teach English, Mr. Sampson tells us, only when the teacher of Algebra teaches English when teaching Algebra, when the teacher of History teaches English while teaching History, and similarly with teachers of all other subjects. And we might say with equal truth that though all the teachers in a school teach English directly or by example, they are handicapped unless the home, equally with the school, teaches good English. The fact is that good English is caught rather than taught. Failure to recognize the principle which Mr. Sampson applies to the teaching of English is responsible for many of the mistakes and failures in school and home and church.

Take, for example, the demand made by so many for formal religious instruction in state schools. Out of what does this demand grow but out of the failure to see that education in religion and in morals can be best secured by indirection. Morality and religion are regarded, not as qualities of life to be woven into its very fabric, but as subjects to be taught. Two striking illustrations

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Music in the Home

Famous Composers Who Imitated Animals in Music

MANY of the composers have sought to imitate animals in their music. Scandelli (1750) wrote a part song to imitate the cackling of a hen. Krieger (1667) wrote a fugue in which the subject is the imitation of the chromatic meow of a cat; Handel imitated the buzzing of flies in Israel and Egypt; Hayden imitated the crowing of the cock in the Seasons and the roaring of the lion in the Creation; Beethoven imitated the cuckoo, the nightingale and the quail in the Pastoral Symphony, while Mendelssohn imitated the braying of the ass in *Midsummer Night's Dream*.

Phonograph Provides Music for Marchers

During a recent civic demonstration in Columbus, Wis., when enthusiasm ran away with the pre-arranged plans, it was discovered that there was a shortage of bands, the number of marchers in the parade being greater than was expected.

To overcome the difficulty a phonograph was set up in the back seat of a beautifully decorated automobile float, with an immense horn trained on the marchers in the rear. Power was supplied from the storage battery of the car, and march records were played which sent thrills of responsive enthusiasm through the ranks of paraders.

How to Enjoy Your Music

The best way to arrive at a real enjoyment of music is to give one's self up to it and enjoy it as it passes without trying to understand it. While the experience of hearing is merely sensuous, as much as seeing a sunset or any scene, it nevertheless will call up within the mind sooner or later its own real image. Genius is the art of so combining tones that they both express something which genius felt at the moment and also are incisive enough to awaken similar moods and pleasures in those who hear aright. It is this which constitutes the essential mastery of such writers as Bach, Beethoven, Tschaikowsky and other great masters.

Music Brings Out Beauty Of Child's Character

Nothing is more essential to the bringing out of beauty in the character of the child than the art of music. It has its quieting effect upon the restless child, provided the practice period is not too long, and a temperament of patience may be developed in the impetuous child, through the steady, calm direction of its teacher, who should possess an unlimited amount of patience to begin with, as well as an imaginative mind, capable of portraying tonal pictures to the child mind, making it possible for the child to interpret its own music. This means more than teaching mere note reading and so forth. It means reaching down to the very soul of the child.

Teaching children is very much like toiling in a garden with flowers. The children differ in talent, patience, endurance, and responsiveness, as do the flowers in fragrance, color, and power to resist the forces of nature, and it is just as necessary for the music teacher to understand each individual child mind which comes under his or her direction, as it is for the gardener to be perfectly familiar with the cultivation of the flowers.

Music Aids Housework

Music hath charms to soothe the savage breast, lighten the pack and strengthen the limbs of the workers, and—latest discovery—can lessen the labors of the busy housewife.

This contribution to domestic art must be credited to a student of music in New York, who does her own housework and doesn't like it. By playing appropriate selections on her phonograph she has been able to exterminate 86 per

cent, buy actual measurement, of the boredom of housework.

A snappy fox trot accompanies the morning dusting. Dishes are washed to the melodies of a Haydn sonata, while sweeping floors calls for something very Wagnerian—chock full of fiery passages. Wash day and symphonies go hand in hand.

And when the floors have to be scrubbed, Chopin's "Funeral March" plays during the sad rites, with little sister winding up the machine and starting the needle all over again.

Are Musicians Born or Made?

IN the movie world mere boys and girls seem to have the faculty of expression demanded by the scenario work. We may say the gift to spin a good yarn requires no great literary equipment nor superior mental endowment. Putting words where they ought to go and making melodies is a good combination in comic opera work. To do the trick that makes literature is a gift we all acknowledge, but the world requires more than this of a great writer.

Are musicians born or made? If they are not born they cannot be made, but training will help many to succeed. Those who rely solely on talent will not succeed in doing any remarkable work. The ideal possession is training and talent. John Burroughs said that style is uncommunicable in literature. In music we may say style is influenced by environment and study of the great classics. Cesar Frank, for example, went to Bach. It is impossible to implant talent. To educate is to lead out. So we must lead the talented in right ways. This is how great musicians are developed.

Not To Be Bluffed

During one of the difficulties that Germany and France had over Morocco, the German ambassador to France called on M. Clemenceau, who was then premier, and, after various attempts to bully him, threatened to leave for Berlin that very day if France did not take the action that Germany desired. Leaving for Berlin, of course, meant a declaration of war.

M. Clemenceau at first did not seem to grasp the significance of what the German representative had said to him for he kept rummaging among a number of old papers on his desk. Finally, says a contributor to the Pall Mall Gazette, he produced a railway time-table and studied it carefully. Looking up at length, he replied quietly:

"Well, it must be this evening; I see you have missed the morning train already."

The ambassador stared, then changed his tone completely, and the affair was scored as a victory for French statesmanship.

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Things Musical

Dept. W.

329 Portage Ave. Winnipeg

Irish and Scottish Bagpipes

A Wandering Scottish piper feeling wonderfully happy and flavoring a bit of snuff, heather and "Mountain Dew" was traversing one day the lonely mountains of Ulster, when he was suddenly confronted by a starved Irish wolf. In his terror and distress, the poor man hurriedly emptied his wallet on the road, to try the effect of hospitality in appeasing the ferocity of the wolf. The whole stock of his provisions was very soon eaten up, and his only resource lay in the virtue which resided in his pipes, the music of which the shocked wolf no sooner heard than he took to the fastness of the hills with the greatest horror and precipitation.

"Ay, man, are these yer tricks?" said the poor piper pathetically glancing at his empty wallet. "Had I but kenn'd yer mind sooner I wad ha'e g'ien ye yer music before supper."

The Old Town-Pipers of Scotland

IT is certain that the institution of Scottish town-pipers, of whom, till a comparatively recent period there was one attached to each Border town of note, and whose office was often hereditary, was an institution of considerable antiquity, upon the Borders. These town-pipers on the testimony of Sir Walter Scott, seem to have been the last of the old Scottish minstrel, or bardie race. Living in times when men knew but little of books, and nothing at all of newspapers, these old mendicant pipers were the great depositaries of much valuable oral and poetical tradition. About springtime and particularly after harvest, it was the custom of these mendicant musicians to make a journey through a particular district of the country. The music they discoursed, and the funny stories they retailed, repaid their lodging, and, on leaving, they were not infrequently gratified with a donation of seed corn, or a small present of money. The town-pipers commonly received a livery and a modest salary from the community to which they belonged. In some burghs they were infest with a small allotment of land, called the "Piper's Croft". Auld Rab Hastie, the town piper of Jedburgh, perhaps the last of the order, died about 1820. His ancestors were supposed to have held office for about three centuries.

Introduction of the Fiddle to Scotland

ALTHOUGH the Highland population of Scotland possessed that smaller and softer form of their beloved pipes to which we have just referred and which seemed in some measure suited for soft melodies and lively dance music, still, the fiddle, wherever introduced, seems to have everywhere carried the day as an unrivalled terpsichorean accompaniment. The exact date of its introduction to Scotland cannot be fixed. The following may be judged as

An Early Glimpse Of the Fiddle In Scotland

JAMES, the grandfather of the beautiful and unfortunate Mary, Queen of Scots, was passionately fond of music, both vocal and instrumental, and the records of the Lord High Treasurer, who financed his Court, gave us, perhaps, the very first glimpse we can now have of regarding what we may style the initial use of the Fiddle in Scotland. The King retained about his Court a vast array of luters, pipers, harpers, fiddlers and trumpeters, to all of whom frequent entries are made in the Treasurer's books, both for ordinary pay and presents. In the same record we have brief note of "the twa fithelaries" (fiddlers) who "sang" the ballad or romance of Greysteil to the King, receiving in payment the value of "three gude sheep". The singing of the ballad would doubtless be helped out by the well-resined bows of the two retained minstrels. The first certain reference to the public use of the fiddle, however, so far as is known, dates back to a great historical episode in the middle of the 16th century.

The Oblique Method

I wanted to engage the next cook myself, confesses a writer in Punch.

"Why?" asked my wife.

"Chiefly," I said, "because I am the only person in the house who minds what is placed on the table. If the food is distasteful, I complain of it; you defend it; and we lose our tempers. Now it is perfectly clear that you cannot guard against certain culinary monstrosities when you engage a cook. I can. And coming from a man, it will impress her more."

"Why can't I do it?"

"Because you haven't," I said. "You have engaged scores of cooks in your time, and every one does a certain thing which infuriates me."

"Have it your own way," she said.

I meant to.

In course of time the prospective cook was ushered into my study. If I liked her, she was to stay.

"Good morning!" I said. "There's only one thing I want to discuss with you: apple tart. Can you cook apple tarts really well?"

She said it was her specialty, her forte.

"Yes, but can you do them as I like them, I wonder?"

How did I like them?

"Well, my idea of an apple tart is that there should be so much lemon in it that it tastes of lemon rather than apple."

"Mine, too," she said. "I always put a lot of lemon in."

"And," I went on, "wherever the tart doesn't taste of lemon, I like it to taste of cloves."

"I was just going to say the same. I always put in plenty of cloves."

"In short, the whole duty of a cook who is given an apple to cook is," I said, "to see that every scrap of the delicious flavor of the apple is smothered and killed."

She looked at me a little in perplexity.

"Isn't it?" I asked.

"Yes," she faltered.

"Well," I said, "I've recently been to see my doctor, and he says that there are two things I must never touch again, at least in an apple tart: lemon and cloves. Otherwise he can't answer for the consequences. Will you help me to avoid them, at home, at any rate? Will you?"

She was a good woman with a kind heart, and she promised.

She has kept her promise.

Apple tarts in our house are worth eating.

The Oath of the Young Citizen

THE Athenians had a beautiful initiation ceremony when their young men were admitted into citizenship. One of the features was the taking of the Ephebic oath. It ran something after this fashion:—

I will never disgrace these sacred arms, nor desert my companions in the ranks.

I will fight for temples and public property both alone and with many.

I will transmit my fatherland, not only not less, but greater and better than it was transmitted to me.

I will obey the magistrates who may at any time be in power. I will observe both the existing laws and those which the people may unanimously hereafter make, and if any person seek to annul the laws or to set them at naught, I will do my best to prevent him and will defend them alone and with many.

I will honor the religion of my fathers.

The suggestion is made that for us a somewhat similar oath might be administered. If not that, then a graduation ceremony might be held in every school and college at which young men and women would be formally admitted to the rights of citizenship. Our young people assume their responsibilities too lightly, and often are ignorant of their duties as citizens.

The New Warfare

AND so the battleship is not the strength of the navy, and the big gun is not the protection of the army nor the greatest weapon of offence. The next war will claim its toll of death in tens of thousands where thousands have fallen in the past. It will be brief because all the developments of science will be employed, quickly, surely and with precision. Whole cities will be obliterated in an hour, non-combatants will fall dead in their tracks, for poison gas is no respecter of persons.

And what of the sea? "The torpedo, unaimed, but with a mechanical device that steers it on its course to the steel armour of a warship will send a crew of 1500 officers and men to death in the seas. Those who struggle gamely for life will be smothered with gas." War will no longer witness deeds of bravery. There will be no close contact with bayonet and sabre.

It is since the armistice that the science of warfare has made the greatest strides. The methods of new warfare will be as far ahead of those employed in the great war, as they were in advance of the methods of the Indians who relied on tomahawk and scalping-knife.

It is easy to picture the results of chemical warfare. A fleet of aeroplanes with tons of mustard gas hover over a great city. In a moment death falls from the sky. Those not blinded are burned. No one can picture the disaster of one short hour. And so the pictures might be multiplied.

What then must we do under the circumstances? Just this. Call a halt in this cursed business. Let us support the Conference at Washington. Let us back up every effort that makes for disarmament. Then in our later days we can look back upon these times and wonder how human beings could be so foolish as to engage in war. Nature has endowed man with enlarged brain and given him time for development so that he might reflect and reason. Are we not sufficiently civilized to use reason rather than force? War is inhuman. Let us in the name of all that is human try to make an end of it.

Ye Olde Firme

Madame Albani

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CANADA'S RAILWAYS

THE annual report of the Minister of Railways, covering the operations of the railways owned by the Canadian people, during 1921 makes an interesting study for students of public ownership. In the first place it must be remembered that Canada had no option in the matter of embarking upon a policy of public ownership—the problem was dropped like a bundle at our feet and we were compelled to pick it up. We have therefore had to tackle it without that enthusiasm which would have accompanied a voluntary adoption of public ownership.

The position is that we have these railways; we are going to keep them, for quite a while no matter what happens and in the meantime we must do the best we can with them.

The operations for 1921 resulted in a total deficit of \$72,346,233—about \$8 for every man, woman and child in the Dominion. This deficit is made up as follows:

Canadian National and Grand Trunk Pacific.....\$56,673,934
Grand Trunk.....15,762,299

The deficit for 1920 was \$74,032,302, made up as follows:

Canadian National and Grand Trunk Pacific.....\$67,505,059
Grand Trunk.....6,527,243

It will be seen from these figures that the Grand Trunk had a serious set back which almost equalled the improvement made in the Canadian National and the G.T.P. Over \$8,000,000 of the 1921 loss of the Grand Trunk was sustained on its operations in the United States and it is safe to state that so long as the Canadian people pay deficits of this nature our United States friends will not get "het up" to any extent because a foreign country owns a railroad within the confines of the Union.

Railways Get Their Full Share of Business

AN encouraging feature of the National Railway problem is that the government owned roads are getting a full share of the railway business of the country. The government roads comprise approximately 52% of the railway mileage in Canada. In 1920 they handled 52.21% of the total railway business of the country and in 1921 they increased this percentage to 54.22%. These figures show that as business gets no fault can be found with the government roads. The mileage operated by the government, not including the Grand Trunk, totals 17,338 miles, only 173 miles having been turned over to the operating department by the construction department in 1921. This mileage is made up as follows:

Intercolonial.....1,670 miles.
P.E.I. Rlwy. and branch lines 791 miles.
Transcontinental.....2,007 miles.
Hudson's Bay Rlwy. 214 miles.
C. N. R. 9,900 miles.
G. T. P. 2,756 miles.

Total17,338 miles.

The national railroads are reported to be the only transcontinental system in America whose earnings in 1921 from the increased passenger and freight rates were not entirely offset by the loss in tonnage and passengers.

Operating Losses

THE actual loss on operation of the roads not including the Grand Trunk was \$16,092,901 in 1921 as compared with \$36,842,970 in 1920—an improvement of \$20,750,068 for last year. This improvement was effected by the following portions of the system approximately as stated hereunder:

C. N. R.\$10,000,000
Intercolonial 2,500,000
G. T. P. 6,000,000
Transcontinental..... 500,000

It cost these lines \$112.70 to secure and handle every \$100 of business it received and this sum split up as follows:

(the comparative figures for 1920 being given also):

	1920	1921
Wages.....	\$ 78.61	\$ 65.03
Fuel.....	18.79	16.88
Sundries.....	31.92	30.79
	\$129.32	\$112.70

Decreased business caused a very pronounced decrease in the number of employees, the reduction amounting to about 10,000 below 1920 during May, June and July, about 6,000 less in August, September and October and about 5,000 less in November and December. The average wage paid to employees was \$1,471.33 during 1921 as compared with \$1,633 in 1920 and \$713 in 1915. The 1921 wage is not a reliable figure for comparative purposes with years of full employment, as in 1921 decreased train service caused lessened mileage per man in the running trades and part time in shops with a permanent force rather than full time with a reduced force, materially decreased the average wage of the mechanical staff, while rigid curtailment of over-time was another factor. Notwithstanding this, as the Minister of Railways says "the fact remains that on reduced time the average wage last year was double what it was in 1915."

The coal purchased by the railways totalled 3,483,085 tons, of this, 2,505,389 tons were Canadian coals costing \$5.71 per ton and 977,696 tons were American coal costing \$6.47 per ton.

Much Canadian Money Invested

THE actual cash put into the National Railways by the Canadian people up to December 31, 1921, totals over \$333,000,000 made up as follows:

C. N. R.\$251,088,248
G. T. P. 82,480,303

These figures do not include accrued interest on monies advanced which now exceeds \$35,000,000 for the C. N. R. and \$14,700,000 for the G. T. P. In addition the government has loaned to the Grand Trunk \$73,702,000.

The government has asked parliament to vote \$97,220,000 for 1922 for the railways as compared with \$179,000,000 in 1921. The greater portion of the decrease is in the appropriations for capital expenditures. The railways, all of those owned by the government including the Grand Trunk, will be placed under the management of a board made up of expert railroad men and politics will be removed entirely from the administration. Will it be a success? We must 'Wait and See'.

A STILL HEAVIER TARIFF

APPARENTLY our United States cousins are not satisfied with the existing tariff which operates heavily against Canada. A new tariff has been introduced at Washington which carries the highest duties of any tariff bill in recent years and in addition gives the President the power to increase the rates by 50% under some circumstances. The Fordney Tariff is quite mild beside this new one and the following comparison of rates shows some places where the new tariff hits Canada:

	New Tariff	Fordney Tariff
Wheat.....per bush	30c	25c
Wheat Flour per cwt	78c	50c
Oats.....per cwt.	15c	10c
Wheat flour per cwt.	78c	50c
Barley.....per bush.	20c	15c
Cattle.....per lb.	1½ to 2c	1 to 1½c

Cattle hides are taken from the free list for the first time in many years. The rate on green hides is 2 cents and on dry, 4 cents.

The Agricultural Tariff Bloc in the Senate is mainly responsible for the proposed changes in the tariff.

THE GROWTH OF CANADIAN TRADE

THE steady growth of Canada as a factor in international commerce goes on from year to year, almost unnoticed. This growth means much to the West because the products of the West are always to the fore in our export trade. In 1900 our exports totalled \$177,000,000; in 1920 they were \$1,286,000,000. In twenty years our exports have increased almost ten times. This in itself is a very satisfactory achievement but when Canada's export-trade is compared with that of other countries, still further cause for gratification is found. At present, Canada with a population of 9,000,000, is exceeded on a per capita basis in exports only by the United States and Great Britain and in imports by the United States, France and Italy. More than half of our total trade is done with the United States. Canada sells more to the United States than any other country, and buys more from the United States than any other country—except Great Britain. An unsatisfactory feature of the situation is that Canadian purchases from the United States are equal annually to \$95, per head of our population while U.S. purchases from us are equal to only \$5 per head of their population. Last year our sales to the United States totalled \$326,000,000, being \$200,000,000 less than their sales to us. The effect of the U.S. Emergency Tariff is shown in the 1921 trade figures. United States sales to us decreased from \$921,000,000 to \$555,000,000 while our sales to them decreased from \$555,000,000 to \$326,000,000. It will be seen that the effect of the U.S. tariff on international trade is by no means one-sided.

A Moderate Vacation

A young draftsman for Louisiana cottongin company saw one of the colored laborers off duty one morning. When he found the old negro back again in the factory that afternoon he accosted him in a tone of mock authority: "Say, Mose, didn't I see you off this morning?"

The old man never questioned the authority of the youngster to call him down, but meekly replied, "Yes, boss, Ah jest had to go to a funeral dis mawning, but don't yo' know, boss, Ah only been off three days sence Ah been a-workin' heah?"

"Three days? That is a lot of time to lose. How long have you been here?" demanded the draftsman of six month's service with the firm.

"Well, boss, Ah been a-workin' in dis shop fer a little ober thirty years."

The draftsman hastened back to his blue prints.

THE PET OF THE MOUNTIES

By Charlotte Gordon

THE verse of childhood days about Mary and her little lamb and "everywhere that May went the lamb was sure to go" has always made a strong appeal to lovers of animal pets. When the pet is a great dark mountain sheep instead of a little lamb, a new interest is aroused in a very unique specimen of pet. Such is the pet of the Mounties in Banff, Alberta. The fine dark mountain sheep, "Smooky" has become a pet of the Royal Canadian Mounted Police barracks. Situated among the pines, on the bank of the Bow, adjoining the Zoo, the barracks, a bungalow type of place, in its colorful setting, presents a most artistic appearance. At any time "Smooky" can be seen, meekly and patiently waiting at the steps for his beloved "Mounties" to appear and eagerly greets them. It would seem fitting to call the old nurse rhyme, "ba, ba black sheep, have you any wool?" for "Smooky" is a wholesome specimen with a thick black coat of wool.

A little, wild, mountain sheep brought to the Zoo by the Parks committee, "Smooky", allowed to wander around at will has grown up quite tame and soon became the pet of the mounted police. He has become the special care



"Smooky" the pet of the Mounties at Banff, Alta.

of the mounted men this year, his first experience of civilization and is regarded as the special property of the barracks. They feed, train and care for their pet who will not harm any one unless touched but quickly resents any familiarity from strangers by "butting".

The Rocky mountain sheep were formerly found in the whole of the Rocky mountain system from New Mexico to the Arctic circle but are now more numerous from Montana north. They are gregarious, fond of the highest pastures and much hunted, not merely for sport but because the flesh is excellent and the horns make handsome trophies.

A great game lover stated that "there is no other wild animal on the American continent which challenges admiration equal to that bestowed upon the mountain sheep. In its anatomy, strength is combined with agility to an extent which is marvellous. Its home is in the loftiest rim rock of the high mountain plateau or the most rugged and forbidding Badlands of the middle altitudes. In summer its favorite pastures are the treeless slopes above the timber line and in winter it paws through the snow of the mountain meadows to reach the tallest spears of grass. All the year around the wild animal is well fed and well clothed. It is called the chamois of the western mountains, scaling the rugged cliffs and precipices with the same agility and confidence that marks the famous inhabitants of the Alps.

The Crookedest River in America.

Nevada can perhaps boast of the crookedest river on the continent. This is the Humboldt River. Although it is only eight miles long it is so very crooked that at thirty-three different places its curves are within one hundred feet of each other. The Southern Pacific Railway crosses it twenty-eight times.

Anne, Vanessa and Doreen Had Been School Friends Together, and when they married they made a compact.

**"That Every Month—
For Twenty Years—
Each One—
Should Put Aside—
Ten Dollars—
To be spent—
At the End of that Time—
On Her Dearest Desire."**

Anne's Story

(Doreen's Story appears next month. Watch for it.)

Anne (poor darling)

Died of the Flu
When the Twins—
Dicky and Dot—
Were three years old.
And she had only saved
Three hundred and sixty dollars
In cold cash
For her precious babies!

**But every year
She had paid the whole
Of her savings
Into
A Twenty-Year
Endowment Policy.**

At once, the Insurance Company
Paid the full amount
Of Anne's Policy
(\$2,500.00) "In Trust"
To the Father
Of Dicky and Dot.
And he
(Being a Wise Man)
Invested the money
At Six Per cent.

And in a year
The interest (\$180.00)
Paid the premiums
On new Twenty-Year Endowment
Policies
Of Two Thousand Dollars each
Upon the Twins.
(At a cost of \$88.00 per year,
per child.)

When they were 23
(The investment having matured)
Each Twin had a clear
Twelve hundred and fifty dollars
In the Bank.

Dicky took his
And bought a Young Partnership
In a Good Business.

Dot
Went into Partnership also
Buying a trousseau
And House Furnishings.

And when They were 24
Their Policies matured,
Giving each Twin
Two thousand dollars
(Plus Interest and Profits—)
Money
That to all intents and purposes
Had not cost Anybody
ANYTHING!

Dicky, instead of drawing
The full amount of his Policy,
Left a Paid-Up Insurance
Of Two Thousand Dollars,
Standing to his credit
In Favour
Of his Wife and Child.

(Dicky
Because of the Inheritance
Left him by his mother
Had been able
To marry young.)

And bought a little Car
With the Interest and Profits.

While Dot—whose Husband
Was WELL-OFF—
Spent hers on the
One Thing she wanted most.

Well—she called it
A Present
From her "dear little mother"—
And of course its name
Was—Anne!

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Has this story any meaning for you?

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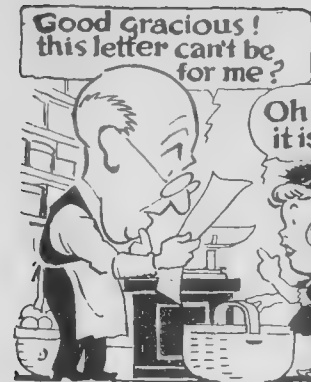
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WHAT DID BETTY BUY?

COPY OF BETTY'S LETTER

Dear Mr. Simpson
You know Clara Green, don't you? WELL SHE WANTED TO BE A NURSE. What do you think of that? OF COURSE SHE WAS SIMPLY TRYING TO APE A SISTER OF MINE. However she left for Toronto taking her maid Topsy to carry her luggage. When they got to the station the train was pulling out, THEY RAN SO FAST TOSPY RUPTURED A BLOOD VESSEL IN HER LEG. However Clara got on the train alright. Then what do you think happened? SHE TUMBLED AND FELL PEL-MEL ON HER BAGGAGE. Isn't that funny? I BET SHE WANTED TO BAN A NASTY ENGINEER FOR JERKING THE TRAIN SO. She soon got herself in order and reached her seat safely. SHE TOOK OUT A BOOK BY CHARLES LAMB READ A PAGE AND FELL ASLEEP. On arriving in Toronto she woke with a start, and hurried off. Her baggage was heavy and

looked a burden. A NICE CHAP PLEADED TO HELP HER. She refused to let him as he was a stranger. But after walking two blocks she was tired out THEN SHE THOUGHT HERSELF A SIMPLE MONSTER FOR REFUSING HIS HELP. She finally reached the Training School and registered. But she didn't like it a bit. She felt very blue. IN FACT AT HER DINNER SHE ATE A VERY LITTLE. She fought with her room mate. IN A FIT OF JEALOUSY OR ANGER SHE LEFT. However before going home she bought a new dress at Smith's store. When she tried it on it didn't fit. SO SHE TOOK IT TO SMITH'S ALTERATION ROOM FOR CHANGES. Even then it didn't fit, and she wouldn't keep it. SO APPLYING FOR REFUND SHE GOT HER MONEY BACK. Then she took the next train for home. Isn't that an interesting story? Betty Beatty.

PUZZLE FIND ABOVE THE NAMES OF 12 ARTICLES SOLD IN A GROCERY STORE

John Simpson was amazed when he read the above letter, which Betty Beatty had handed him. "Our order is in that letter," said Betty. "I've hidden the name of each article I've come to buy in each of the underlined sentences. Puzzle it out and I'll tell you the quantities." "Well," said Mr. Simpson "I can't find the name of a single article in my store, that is mentioned in your note." "Of course you can't," said Betty. But here's the clue. In each underlined sentence I've hidden one name. It is only the name of a grocery, fruit or vegetable, and there is just one thing in each sentence. The letters aren't jumbled and all you have to do is to find the right letter to start on. For instance, if you start on the letter "B" in the fifth word of the first under-

lined sentence you will quickly see B-E-A-N. That's the name of one of the things I want. There are twelve items altogether, and the name of each one is hidden in one of the underlined sentences. So now what do I want? Find the names and you get the order." John Simpson puzzled the letter out and got the order. Can you do as well? If you can mail your answers at once. Over \$2500.00 in prizes and rewards is being given. Remember there are no trade mark names or products of any particular manufacturer. In many cases, as in the first underlined sentence, the single name as "Bean" and not the plural "Beans" is used. Be very careful, therefore, if you find the names to spell them exactly as they appear in the sentence.

WIN! \$2500.00 in Prizes

THE PRIZES

- 1st. Prize- Ford, Sedan, Value \$990.00
2nd. Prize- Ford Touring, Value \$565.00
3rd. Prize - \$200.00 14th. Prize - \$5.00
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5th. Prize - \$50.00 16th. Prize - \$4.00
6th. Prize - \$25.00 17th. Prize - \$4.00
7th. Prize - \$15.00 18th. Prize - \$3.00
8th. Prize - \$10.00 19th. Prize - \$3.00
9th. Prize - \$8.00 20th. Prize - \$2.00
10th. Prize - \$7.00 21st. Prize - \$2.00
11th. Prize - \$5.00 22nd. Prize - \$2.00
12th. Prize - \$5.00 23rd. Prize - \$2.00
13th. Prize - \$5.00 24th. Prize - \$2.00
25th. Prize \$2.00
And 50 extra cash prizes of \$1.00 each



Value \$565.00

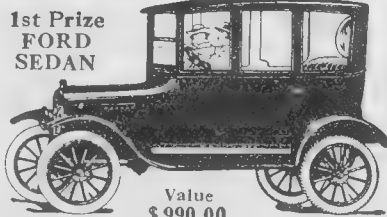
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Three independent judges, having no connection of any kind with this firm, will judge the answers at the close of the Contest, and award the prizes. Contestants must agree to abide by their decisions.

In sending your solution use one side of the paper only, and put your name and address (stating whether Miss, Mrs., Mr. or Master) in the upper left hand corner. If you wish to write anything but your answers use a separate sheet of paper.

The answers gaining 240 points will win first prize. You get 110 points if you find all the words correctly (10 points for each correct answer, excepting 1 which is given) and 20 points will be given for general neatness, punctuation and spelling, 10 points for handwriting and 100 points for fulfilling a simple condition of the Contest. This condition is only that you assist in this big advertising campaign by showing a copy of Everywoman's World, Canada's greatest Magazine (which we will send you post paid) to just four friends or neighbors, who will appreciate this really worth while Canadian publication and want it to come to them every month. You will easily fulfill this simple condition in a few minutes of your spare time. The Contest will close at 6 p.m. June 30th, 1922, immediately after which the judges will start to judge the answers and award the prizes.

DON'T DELAY - Send your answer today. This announcement may not appear in this paper again. Address The Contest Manager, Department, Continental Publishing Co. Limited, 33, Toronto Ont.

About The Farm

Conducted by Allan Campbell

PROFIT IN ONIONS

One of the advantages of onion culture is that of large profit from small area. This vegetable is certainly a very useful one and there are a large number of savory dishes that are largely dependent on the onion to act as a main-spring of flavor. The onion is one of the vegetables that are to the front in regard to health-giving properties, and taken all round, it may be considered as an essential in every vegetable garden.

If preference can be given when sowing onions, they should be sown in rich sandy loam. In order to supply a large amount of plant food which is advisable when growing this vegetable, the soil should be made rich beforehand by the application of barnyard manure. From forty to sixty tons of rotted manure per acre is considered about the right quantity for best results; this should be applied and plowed under in the autumn.

When sowing the seed, the surface soil should be pulverized and levelled beforehand. As the onions need a long season, the seed should be sown as early as it is possible to get the land into condition.

It is very necessary to procure good seed, as a poor stand of onions is very disappointing, and it is urged that a test be made by the usual method of damp pieces of blotting paper in plates to ascertain the germinating power of the seeds. When poor seed is sown the result is a crop that has thick-necks in the majority which is an undesirable condition.

The seed should be sown half an inch deep in rows twelve to fourteen inches apart; from four to six pounds per acre being required. Onions are sown much more satisfactorily with the seed drill than by hand, as the seed is sown more evenly and the soil being pressed down by the roller of the machine is left in better condition for the germination of the seed.

As soon as the plants have grown sufficiently to show the rows, cultivation should be undertaken and the surface soil kept loose. Of course the straighter the rows are put in the easier will be the cultivation. As soon as the plants are from three to four inches high they should be thinned from one to two inches apart. After thinning, the soil should be at once cultivated by shallow cultivation, and the surface kept loose during the growing season to destroy weeds and promote the rapid development of the onions.

Onions are ripe enough to pull when the tops have died down about one half. As soon as the onions are ripe they should be pulled; a few rows being thrown together and turned occasionally until they are dry enough and firm. As soon as they are dry, they should be stored in a cool, well ventilated place where they will not be exposed to much frost.

Among some of the best varieties of onions are the following: Danvers Yellow Globe, Giant Pritzetaker, Australian Brown, Southport Yellow Globe, Large Red Wethersfield, Early White Barletta, Southport White Globe, Ailsa Craig, Extra Early Red Flat.

Onion sets which are used for obtaining early green onions, are small immature onions dried off in the summer. In order to raise onion sets the seed should be sown very thickly, preferably in poor, warm and sandy soil, the object being to prevent the onions from developing much, and to induce them to dry off in the summer before they are mature. If the seed is sown thickly enough the sets may be raised on good soil.

To ensure the sets being the right size, at least two hundred seeds should be used to the foot. The seeds should be sown very early in the spring in rows about twelve inches apart.

Onions are subject to occasional attack from the Onion Maggot, but this

insect may be controlled by the use of Hellebore in the quantity of 2 ounces to a gallon of water. This should be poured about the roots at intervals of about a week from the time the young plants appear until the onions are well developed. Another very successful remedy is made up as follows: one-fifth ounce of commercial sodium arsenate dissolved in a gallon of boiling water to which is added one pint of cheap molasses. This is sprinkled over the plantation once a week during the early part of the season. A whisk can be used for the sprinkling of small areas. The female flies feed on it and are killed. Thus the eggs from which the maggots are hatched are not produced.

Various Methods of Raising Potatoes

The potato being one of the main staples of both the professional and amateur gardener, it would be perhaps in order that we give space for a short discussion on the various methods that have been tried along the line of cultivation and the results obtained therefrom.

The date of planting has been a theme of discussion and a debatable point since the early days, and of course, locality will be a factor in the case, so the results given herein must be considered as applying to the Brandon district.

Observations have been taken on plantings that were made each year on the following dates: May 1, May 14, May 28, June 4. The Early Bovee variety was used for this particular test. The average yield of marketable potatoes for four years is as follows:

Average of 4 years			
Date	Bush.	lbs.	per acre
May 1	259	50	..
May 14	261	18	..
May 28	223	11	..
June 4	206	44	..

It will be seen by the above that the May 14 planting has in four years given a very good account and this would lead us to the conclusion that the plantings in many parts of Manitoba could be pushed a little earlier than is usually done.

In regard to the merits of three cultivations during the summer as compared with six, the following table will throw some light on the point in question:

Average yield of marketable potatoes for four years

No. of Cultivations	Bush.	lbs.	Per acre
6 Cultivations	312	50	..
3 Cultivations	247	24	..

The greater yield has occurred each year from the greater number of cultivations and the result would indicate that the additional cultivation was more than paid for in increased yield.

Another perennial question among potato growers is that of the value of the various sizes of seeds or sets and the following tests on which observations have been taken, will be of interest.

Average Yield of Marketable Potatoes for Four Years

Seed	Bus.	lbs.	Per acre
Small whole seed	208	11	..
Medium to large seed:—			
Cut to one eye	195	50	..
Cut to two eyes	198	45	..
Cut to three or more eyes	220	22	..

Investigations have been undertaken to determine the best distance apart for rows of potatoes and the best distances for sets in the row. The following table shows the results obtained from planting two and a half feet and three feet as distances between the rows and twelve inches and sixteen inches as spaces between plants in the row.

Average Yield of Marketable Potatoes for four years

Spacing	Bush.	lbs. per acre
2½ ft.x12 ins.	232	56 "
3 ft.x12 ins.	210	59 "
2½ ft.x16 ins.	195	12 "
3ft.x16 ins.	193	22 "

The above tables were obtained from the records of the Experimental Farm, Brandon.

Some Facts About the Silo

At the present time there is, with the increasing adoption of the practice of mixed farming, a growing demand for information on silos and silage crops. To the farmer who intends to go in for dairying the silo becomes an essential part of his equipment. A silo means practically "canned summer pasture" and such being the case the cattle are not permitted to "slip a cog" owing to the impossibility of raising a green crop in the winter. Silage increases the milk and beef producing capabilities of the cattle and the gains in these directions will soon pay for the cost of the silo.

When the erection of a silo has been decided upon, one of the first considerations is that of the size it should be built in order to meet not only present conditions but the conditions of the future. Considering the silo will last a good many years the farmer should take into consideration the size his herd will have attained within a given number of years. It is by far more economical to build a silo larger than the present needs justify but when this precaution is not taken one becomes in time faced by the problem of having to build an extra silo or having to cut down in the quantity of ensilage fed to the herd.

To ascertain the amount of silage required to feed a herd for a given period, one should take into consideration that a good daily average ration for a cow is from 35 to 40 pounds of ensilage and by reference to the following table one will see the size of silo required to accommodate the feed:

Depth in feet	15 Tons
20	58
21	62
22	67
23	71
24	76
25	80
26	85
27	90
28	94
29	99
30	105

It is very important to build a silo as high as possible as the higher it is the greater the pressure will be on the ensilage, pressing it into a smaller compass, hence increasing the storage capacity to a greater extent than would be the case if a lower and broader silo were built.

The cheapest kind of silo and one that has given good satisfaction is the stave silo. This is constructed of staves resting on a cement foundation. The cement part may be made to form a pit and the cement wall of the pit may come up about two or three feet from the ground level. The silo should be constructed perfectly round so that the mass of ensilage will be perfectly airtight under even pressure.

The silo should be built close up to the barn and in a protected position if possible. It should be braced firmly to the side of the barn so that the wind will not cause too much strain on it. At times the silage at the sides of the silo will become frozen; this may be thrown into the warm barn and allowed to thaw out and then may be fed to the stock with safety.

The staves of the silo may be of pine or spruce and be from one and a half to three inches thick by from five to nine inches wide. The smaller the silo, the less must be the width of stave. The best is probably 6x2 inches, dressed on the inside and having a slight bevel to allow for the turn. See that

the lumber has no faulty places and loose knots. As it will not be possible to get staves over 20 feet in length, where a silo is built say 25 or 30 feet in height it will be necessary to make up each stave from two or more pieces. These should be exactly the same size and the ends should be carefully squared. Where these two lengths meet should be one of the places where a hoop should be.

Round hoops are the easiest handled and they are fastened to the silo by means of staples. These hoops can be had in 2, 3 or 4 sections and should be joined by nuts that will permit of the tightening of the hoops.

The hoops should be nearer together at the bottom and further apart towards the top. The first hoop should not be over four inches from the foundation; the second about eighteen inches from the first, and the third two feet higher, and so on.

A series of doors should run up the side of the silo and a structure built over this with a ladder running the full length so that the emptying of the silo may be accomplished with ease. These small doors should not be hinged but cut on a bevel on the inside and kept tight by the weight of the ensilage. As the ensilage is lowered by use, each door may be taken off and dropped down into the barn so that there will be no pitching up except at the intervals between the doors.

The best length to cut corn, etc. for silage is three-quarters of an inch. The silo should be filled to the roof through a small window made for that purpose right at the top, allowed to settle and filled again. This filling should be continued as often as possible as it is very necessary to have the mass as compact as possible.

When emptying the silo, care should be taken to see that the surface is left as even as possible. If the sides are raised above the middle, in severe weather the frost will strike through these raised sides very quickly, the ensilage will adhere to the sides of the silo and there will be trouble until matters are straightened out properly.

Inside Diameter in Feet						
16	17	18	19	20	21	
Tons	Tons	Tons	Tons	Tons	Tons	Tons
66	75	84	94	104	115	
71	80	90	100	111	123	
76	86	96	107	119	131	
81	92	103	115	127	140	
86	97	109	122	135	149	
89	103	116	129	143	158	
97	109	123	137	151	167	
102	115	129	144	160	176	
108	122	136	152	168	186	
113	128	143	160	177	195	
119	134	151	168	186	205	

In conclusion it may be said that the stave silo has given good satisfaction as it combines simplicity with cheapness of construction and where the silo is in use it is found that cattle may be kept in a much more thrifty condition during the winter months where formerly there was a setback.

The use of ensilage makes roughage much more appreciated by the cattle as cut straw will become impregnated with the flavor of the former when mixed with it and be eaten with considerable relish.

Notes on Durum Wheat

When one speaks of Durum wheat it is not the name of a distinct variety that is mentioned as there are several varieties coming under this general name which differ considerably from each other. Kubanka is the name of two or perhaps more varieties of this wheat, makes good bread but the general run of these varieties have the objection of hard kernels and yellow flour. The hardness of the kernels of Durum wheat present a difficulty in regard to milling especially if this wheat becomes mixed with the softer kinds being marketed.

The rust resisting qualities of this wheat make it a desirable kind to grow, but on the other hand one must consider the fact that the public is strongly prejudiced in favor of white flour.



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The Young Man and His Problem

St. John's Technical High School
Winnipeg

Work.

THE following lines on Work are perhaps particularly appropriate to this time and environment:

Work!
Thank God for the might of it,
The ardor, the urge, the delight of it—
Work that springs from the heart's desire
Setting the brain and the soul on fire—
Oh, what is so good as the heat of it,
And what is so glad as the beat of it,
And what is so kind as the stern command,
Challenging brain and heart and hand?
—Work: A Song of Triumph: Angela Morgan

For Uncertain Days.

IN these days of uncertainty, we have reason to be grateful to those writers who fling out the banner and who, in words of faith and force, present the ruling issues. It is hard to read these lines from England's poet, Alfred Noyes, without experiencing in some degree the desire to achieve more greatly:

"There is a song of England that thrills the beating blood
With burning cries and yearning
Tides of hidden aspiration hardly known or understood
Aspirations of the creature
Tow'ards the unity of Nature;
Sudden chivalries revealing whence the longing is renewed
In the men that live for England, live and love and die for England;
By the light of their desire
They shall blindly blunder higher,
To a wider, grander Kingdom, and a deeper, nobler Good."

Red Corpuscles of Language.

A writer unknown to us by name, says, "Words are the red corpuscles in the blood of language, and upon language depends social integrity. See the mighty importance of words! Is it less than sacrilegious to mistreat them? Words being the red corpuscles of language, it follows that the smaller one's vocabulary is, the more anaemic will be his brain's children. I like the writer who will occasionally drive me to the dictionary."

The last expression is attractive. If you are not reading books and magazines that occasionally drive you to the dictionary, the chances are that you are getting too much milk and not enough meat in your literary diet.

With this thought in mind, please take the trouble to read carefully the paragraph that follows and, if necessary, refer to the dictionary for further enlightenment.

Our Changing Speech.

"EVERY language, like every living organism," says Dr. Fernald, "is undergoing a constant process of change, so long as it is alive. The perspectives of years, generations, and centuries vary. The vicissitudes of prosperity and adversity, of war and peace, the advance or decline of agriculture, manufacture and various arts, the freedom or restriction of travel, insensibly cause adoption of new words, the dropping of some once in favour, and the extension or restriction of meaning of those still favoured. It is only in the dead languages that rules and meanings are absolute and changeless. The English language, at the forefront of every great movement of the world's progress, must have rational privilege of variation with movement of time and events."

A Famous Letter

ONE of the most noted of American letter writers was Abraham Lincoln, and the letter of his that follows is displayed in facsimile in a great English university as an example of pure and effective English.

Washington, D.C.,
November 21, 1864.

Dear Madam,

I have been shown in the files of the War Department a statement of the Adjutant-General of Massachusetts that you are the mother of five sons who have died gloriously on the field of battle. I feel how weak and fruitless any words must be, any words of mine which should attempt to beguile you from the grief of a loss so overwhelming. But I cannot refrain from tendering to you the thanks of the Republic that they died to save. I pray that our Heavenly Father may assuage the anguish of your bereavement and leave you only the cherished memory of the loved and lost, and the solemn pride that must be yours to have laid so costly a sacrifice upon the altar of freedom.

Yours very sincerely and respectfully,
Abraham Lincoln.

On Old Age.

CICERO, a Roman orator and writer who lived 143 B.C., has this to say on old age. To those who have no resource in themselves for living well, every age is burdensome.

Great actions are not achieved by exertions of strength, or speed, or by quick movement of bodies, but by talent and mature judgment.

We must fight against disease. Regard must be paid to health. Moderate exercise must be adopted. So much of meat and drink must be taken. Senile folly, which is commonly called dotage, belongs to weak old men, but not to all.

For, as I like a young man in whom there is something of the old, so I like an old man in whom there is some thing of the young.

One who always lives in these pursuits and labors for the welfare of the state does not perceive when old age steals upon him. Thus, gradually and unconsciously, life declines into old age, nor is the thread suddenly broken.

If old men are peevish and fretful, and passionate and unmanageable, or even covetous, these are the faults of their character and environment, not of their old age.

Carelessness.

"I am not much of a mathematician," says Carelessness, "but I can add to your troubles, I can subtract from your earnings, I can multiply your aches and pains, I can take interest from your work and discount your chances for safety. Besides this, I can divide your thoughts between business and pleasure and be a potent factor in your failures. Even if I am with you only a small fraction of the time, I can lessen your chances for success. I am a figure to be reckoned with. Cancel me from your habits and it will add to your total happiness."

Preparation

WHY should I prepare for some special position when I can step into any one of a dozen good places?

This was the logic—two or three years ago—of thousands of young people, and parents too, whose intentions were good, but whose foresight was faulty.

They have had their answer in the past lean year of unemployment, and they are not likely soon again to be blinded by the lure of temporary high wages without a future.

"I will study and prepare myself," said Lincoln, when he was a young man, "and some day my chance will come."

A Man and His Plan.

WHEN Benjamin Franklin arose in the morning, it was his habit to ask himself this question.

What good shall I do this day?

Briefly, his programme during the day was:

Rise, wash, and address Powerful Goodness. Contribute day's business and take the resolution of the day; prosecute the present study, and breakfast.

Work.

Read or overlook my accounts, and dine.

Work.

Put things in their places. Supper.

Music, or diversion, or conversation.

Examination of the day.

Question: What good have I done this day?

Sleep.

With All Thy Might

PRODUCE! Produce! Were it but the most pitiful infinitesimal fraction of a product—produce it in God's name! 'Tis the utmost thou hast in thee. Out with it, then! Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with all thy might. Work while it is called To-day, for the Night cometh, wherein no man can work.—Carlyle.

The Aristocracy of Books.

IT is open to labor and to merit, but to nothing else. No wealth will bribe, no name overawe, no artifice deceive, the guardian of those Elysian gates. In the deep sense, no vile or vulgar person ever enters there. At the portieres of that silent Faubourg St. Germain, there is but one brief question, Do you deserve to enter? Pass. Do you ask to be the companion of nobles? Make yourself noble, and you shall be. Do you long for the conversation of the wise? Learn to understand it, and you shall hear it. But on other terms?—No. If you will not rise to us, we cannot stoop to you.—Ruskin.

The Nine Vices of a Knight.

THERE are those who in this present age lament the passing of good manners. It may be interesting therefore to examine what, in the year 1586, were considered the nine vices of which a knight may be capable or conduct "unworthy of an officer and a gentleman." According to Ferne, in his book, *Blazon of Gentry*, the vices are:

1. To reuoque his own challenge.
2. To slea his prysoner (humblye yielding) with his owne handes (except in time of danger); for so great was the compassion, mercy and curtesie in old times to be seene in all Gentlemen, farre aboue the vnnooble state of men (which be alwayes vnciuilli, cruel, vnmmercifull

and inexorable) that therevpon in our vulgare speache we call it a man of mereye, compassion and curtesie, a gentle person.

3. To voyd from his soueraignes banner in the field.
4. To tell his soueraigne false tales.
5. Full of lecherie in his body.
6. Full of drunklew, or subject to Bacchus.
7. Full of slouth in his warres.
8. Full of boast in his manhood.
9. Full of cowardize to his enimie.

Effective Expression.

"EFFECTIVE EXPRESSION" is the appropriate name of a new book on the art of learning to write and use good English, from the press of the Gregg Publishing Company, Chicago. I am indebted to this book for some of the paragraphs used on this page, and its contents are such that I expect to make frequent use of it.

The author, Charles E. Rhodes, uses quotations from no less than one hundred and seventeen different writers of note, to illustrate the principles of writing that he sets forth. This richness of illustration adds very much to the value of the book and makes it almost impossible for any of his suggestions to be misunderstood.

His definition of composition is an admirable one. "Composition," he says, "is the process whereby the raw material of thoughts and emotions is made into the finished product of effective expression." Such a definition gives a new point of view from which the young writer can study his work and, as the author suggests, makes him look upon composition writing as a challenge to all his powers of brain and heart.

The first chapter is aptly entitled *Getting Ready to Write*, and the last is styled *The Finished Product—Literature*. Included in the 532 pages, there is a valuable chapter on *Argumentation* which should be of special interest to those of our readers who wish to know more of the art of debating effectively.

Another chapter of value is that on *Oral Composition*, included because, as the author remarks, we speak, perhaps, a hundred times as often as we write. In this chapter will be found some practical hints on voice training.

The list price of "Effective Expression," is \$1.60, a figure which at once admits the book to the family of desirable investments.

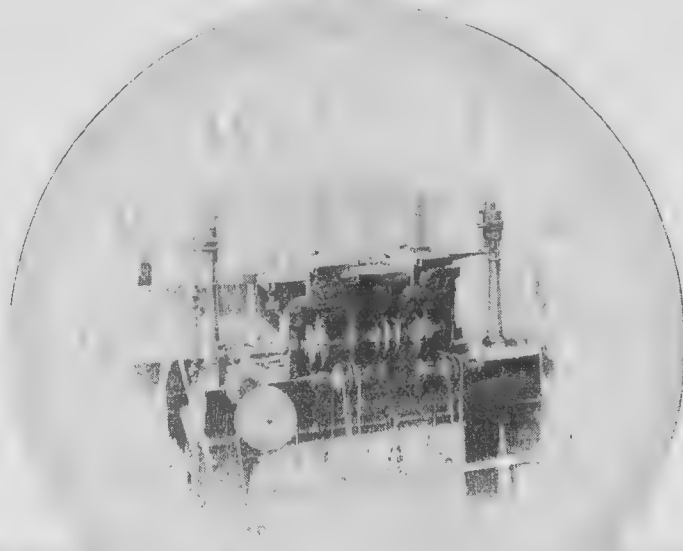
To Change the Months

NO member of the Dominion Parliament has ever undertaken to introduce a bill to reform the calendar, as has been done by a member of the Congress of the United States at the present session. The bill now before the House at Washington proposes to abolish the present twelve months, and in their place to establish thirteen months of 28 days each, with an extra "New Year's Day" and an occasional leap year, with an extra day. The calendar of practically the whole world—certainly of all the leading nations—has been borrowed from the ancient Romans, which like the calendar proposed by the bill now before the Congress of the United States had thirteen months, but differed from it in certain respects. Before the time of Julius Caesar the Roman calendar was in the care of the pontiffs, or high priests of the Roman religion, who sometimes abused it to serve political ends; by giving a greater or less number of days to the "intercalary" month, which was inserted in alternate years (other months being shortened), they were able to prolong a magistracy, or to hasten the elections. The great argument in favor of the proposed new year of thirteen months of 28 days each is that each month would contain exactly four weeks, and that year after year the same day of each week would fall on the same day of each month. But it is not as easy a job to change the calendar as the gentleman at Washington appears to imagine.

A Sense with Great Possibilities

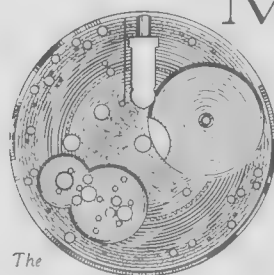
WE get our knowledge of the world outside us by our senses. One of the most important of our senses is the sense of smell. But as civilization has advanced, mankind has not cultivated this sense as the other senses have been cultivated. Consider the marvellous scent of the dog. What an increase of our powers it would be, if we humans possessed such a power of scent. For one thing, it would enable us to solve many problems of chemistry which trouble chemists greatly! As it is, our sense of smell serves us, as it has served all past generations, in safeguarding us against food unfit to be eaten; and in this connection it is to be noted that not one person in a thousand is aware that what we call our palate is almost altogether the nose. Not only is it to our sense of smell that the savory odor of food and the fragrance of flowers appeal, but it is almost wholly by our sense of smell that we appreciate the flavor of food in actually eating it. Scientists now say that some of the mysteries of communication, such as what is known as thought transference, might be solved if the sense of smell were developed sufficiently.

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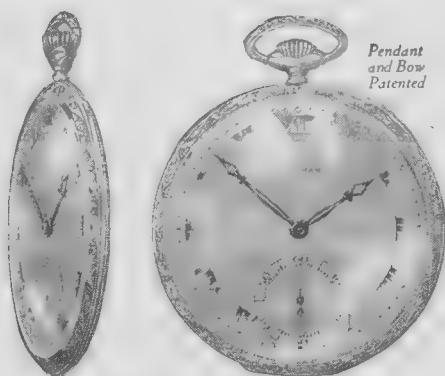
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THE WORLD'S WATCH OVER TIME

A CANADIAN INDUSTRY

What Is a Canadian?

THAT a distinctive Canadian racial type is being developed was the theme of a speech made recently by Professor Wrong, of the University of Toronto. Commenting on that speech, the Hamilton Herald says: "But is Professor Wrong's 'Canadian Type' merely an Ontarian type? The people of this Province are as distinct from the people of Quebec as ever they were". Right here The Western Home Monthly rises to say that all the Canadians are not in either Quebec or Ontario. There are three Provinces east of Quebec, and four Provinces west of Ontario. The Canadians dwelling in the different sections of our continent-wide country have their distinct characteristics; and this is decidedly not less true of the people of the Prairie Provinces and of British Columbia than it is of the people of Ontario, the people of Quebec and the people of the Maritime Provinces. But we are all Canadians. There appear to be some people who imagine that because of the differences of environment in the different sections of our country, to say nothing of the differences of European racial stock represented on Canadian soil, there can be no such thing as a distinctively Canadian racial and national type, are unmindful of the lessons of history. For several generations to come there may be several Canadian types; yet they will all be distinctively Canadian, and will be constantly tending towards a uniformity, however long the time may be before that uniformity becomes absolute. There was a time in England, after the Norman Conquest, when those who were of Norman blood scorned to speak of themselves as English; in time their descendants came to be proud to proclaim themselves English.

Politicians and the Truth.

"SHOULD Politicians Tell the Truth?" is the startling title of an article in the Nineteenth Century and After, that leader among the English reviews, which in the course of its history has contained so many articles memorable in the political, scientific, theological and literary annals of the past two score years. The article is prefaced by these words of Lady Astor, M.P., the first woman-member of the House of Commons: "Oratory is a sort of self-intoxicant; I have seen men led away by it, and crowds swayed by it, and I have known that in their hearts the speakers did not mean a word they said." The article cites a few notable episodes in British political history during the past half-century, illustrating the truth of this utterance. The last citation is from Winston Churchill's Life of his father, Lord Randolph Churchill. In the middle of one of his strenuous election campaigns, Lord Randolph wrote a letter to his wife, in which he said: "The meeting tonight was splendid; the place was packed to the doors; I told them about 'taxing the foreigner', and it went down like butter—but the Lord only knows how it is going to be done—I don't!" Truth compels The Philosopher to say that if we search far enough back in the political annals of our own country we can find instances of public men not being truthful and sincere in their speeches. But it can be said with entire truthfulness that there has been less and less of that sort of thing in our country. Canadian citizenship has proven itself to be informed and to be guided by principle and by a sense of responsibility; and it is public opinion and the level of public conscience which determines the character of the public life of the country.

As to "Want of Confidence" Votes.

BY a majority of one, the Legislature of Nova Scotia has decided that the defeat of a Government measure is not hereafter necessarily to be regarded as a vote of want of confidence in the Government which introduced the measure. A Government having one of its measures defeated will not be under any necessity of resigning; only a direct want of confidence vote—that is to say, the adoption by a majority of the members of a resolution explicitly declaring that the Government has ceased to have the confidence of the House will make it necessary for a Government to resign. There are men learned in constitutional lore who say that such a thing is all wrong; but to the ordinary Canadian citizen it looks like sound common sense, just as the practice first introduced by Disraeli, of resigning when the Conservative party was defeated in a general election has been followed by every Prime Minister in Great Britain and in every other self-governing British nation ever since. When the Government of Sir Wilfred Laurier was defeated in the general election of 1911, Sir Wilfred and his fellow-Ministers resigned, and Sir Robert Borden became Prime Minister and formed his Cabinet and called Parliament together. In like manner Rt. Hon. Arthur Meighen resigned after the general elections last December, and the present Prime Minister, Hon. Mr. Mackenzie King formed his Government and summoned Parliament. Before Disraeli led the way in this innovation, the practice invariably was for the defeated Government to wait until it was defeated in the House before resigning. A like method of common sense such as Disraeli applied to the defeat of a Government in a general election should apply to the question of want of confidence. If a Government measure is defeated, and its defeat means that the Government has ceased to have the confidence and support of a majority of the House, an explicit declaration of want of confidence can immediately be adopted. In the final analysis there is not as much difference in this regard as there has appeared to be on the surface, between the British and the French methods. Sir Robert Borden once announced in the House at Ottawa that if a certain resolution were adopted the Government would resign. The resolution was not adopted. In like manner before the vote is

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taken on a proposed measure or a resolution in the French House, the Premier announces whether or not the Government regards it as a Cabinet matter or not. The whole thing comes to this: Does a majority of the members desire the resignation of the Government, and have the members constituting that majority made up their minds that the Government should remain no longer in power?

Good Nature and Individualism.

AMONG the characteristics which an English visitor to this country before the world war ascribed to us Canadians generally were good-nature and individualism. Some of the evils which he found in political and business were, he declared, due mainly to the fact that, in his opinion, too many Canadians were too good-natured and too easy-going, while at the same time, curiously enough, he found us too individualistically absorbed in our private interests and too reluctant to undertake things in combination with our neighbors, or through governmental agencies. It is not unlikely that if that same observer were to revisit Canada, he would find it necessary to remodel his judgment in these two regards. We Canadians, like other people, are still necessarily individualists in a large measure, but by no means in as large a measure as we were ten years ago. Up to a certain point it is moral and commendable—and it is necessary—for each person to look after his own interests and the interests of those dependent upon him. Self-interest in this sense, is not synonymous with selfishness. Adam Smith's assertion that it is usually by pursuing our own interests with due consideration for the interests of others—or by "enlightened self-interest," to use the term introduced by a later philosopher, Spencer—that we contribute most to the common well-being, is still true of the ordinary man in ordinary circumstances. Self-interest and devotion to the common good are not inconsistent, but complementary—just as true Canadian patriotism and a sincere desire for world peace and world progress are consistent and complementary. But we realize now more than was realized in the past that as Canadian citizens and as members of our communities we have spiritual as well as material problems to solve, and that they can best be solved by working together. It is a deep-seated habit to put our individual before our common interests, a habit that had been transmitted from generation to generation, and is not easy to reform in ourselves. But as we reform it, as our sense of social solidarity deepens and our appreciation of our common interests quickens, measures for the general betterment will seem obvious and easy that now seem impracticable.

Audible Northern Lights.

SOME TIME ago The Philosopher recorded on this page that the late Dr. W. R. Sutherland, who was one of the best known physicians in Winnipeg, told him that more than once when he was driving in his cutter on a winter night he had heard a soft, crackling, swishing sound from the northern lights. He said that he had had that experience only when driving across a ridge not far from Stony Mountain, and only when there was an exceptionally brilliant display of those mysterious, shifting "ghost fires" (as the Indians used to call them) in the sky. In an issue of the London Times just to hand The Philosopher now reads that the English explorer G. M. Gathorne-Hardy, in an address before the Royal Geographical Society, has declared that when in Labrador in 1920 he heard a similar sound from the northern lights. He describes it as "a faint, crisp, rustling noise." He says that although he is well aware that the weight of scientific opinion is against the idea that the Aurora Borealis is ever audible, he is positive he heard that sound. The explanation has usually been that the sound was produced by not the northern lights, but by the rubbing together of minute spears of frost formed near the ears, in the beard or hair, or elsewhere. Mr. Gathorne-Hardy, however, states that he rubbed away any such frost formations, and still heard the sound. Captain H. P. Dawson, who has spent several winters in the Arctic regions, joins him in testifying that the northern lights are sometimes audible. "The sound when I heard it," says Captain Dawson, "was like the swishing of a ship, or the noise produced by a sharp squall of wind in the upper rigging of a ship." It would be interesting to know if any readers of The Western Home Monthly have ever heard the northern lights emitting a sound.

Financial Topsy-Turvydom.

THE topsy-turvydom in the exchange values between the currencies in the European countries where the inflation is extreme and the currencies of the countries whose currencies are not so inflated is hard for us Canadians to realize. The value of a Canadian dollar in Austrian kronen or in Russian rubles has become simply fabulous, and the figure is constantly rising. The writer of a recent letter in the London Times relates that while travelling from Zurich in Switzerland, to Vienna he had a meal at mid-day in the dining-car

before the train had passed out of Switzerland. He paid for it with a ten-franc note of Swiss money, and received two Swiss francs in change, the meal costing eight francs. That evening, after the train had passed into Austria he had another meal practically the same. It was served by the same waiter in the same car. The Englishman gave him the two Swiss francs in payment, and received in change 1,700 Austrian kronen. The price of the meal was 500 kronen; and the Swiss franc was worth 1,000 kronen that day. When the Englishman arrived in Vienna he went to one of the best hotels, where the charge was 700 kronen a day for his room; and the remaining 1,000 kronen paid for three meals at that hotel. In short, the price of the meal he had on the train before it passed out of Switzerland was eight francs, worth \$1.50 in Canadian money; and those eight francs were sufficient to pay for a room in one of the best hotels in Vienna for four days and for his meals for those four days. In some of the countries of continental Europe the governments are actually losing money on the printing of their paper currencies. The cost of printing a one-kroner bill in Austria, for example considerably exceeds its purchasing value. The same is true of the ruble in Russia; for that reason the Russian government is now printing notes worth 10,000 rubles. In Vienna one of the largest breweries has named its bottled beer "Kronen Bier," and uses a one-kroner note as a label on the bottle; it would cost more than one kronen to get a label printed. There are oddities and touches of humour in the folds of the widespread distress and tragedy which the world war has brought upon central Europe. One English newspaper correspondent spent several weeks in five different capitals, living in the best hotels, and returned to London with more pounds sterling than he had when he started out. He spent thousands of francs, marks, kronen and leis, did no business, did not speculate, did no work, but simply changed his money five or six times. The exchange fluctuations were a source of revenue to him.

The Trouble in India.

NOT a few thinkers are beginning to ask whether the trouble in India is not due fundamentally and essentially to the fact that there are unbridgeable differences between people of European stock and Asiatics, and that Western ideas and methods will not actually take root in the East. There are deep differences between Europe and Asia, in ideas, beliefs, desires and aspirations. There can be no question that British rule in India has been immensely beneficial to the people of India. The Hindoo agitator, Gandhi, does not deny that; the doctrine he preaches is that British rule and what he calls "the material civilization of Europe" is not good for the souls of the people of India. The methods he has adopted are mainly those of passive resistance. The unrest in India is one of the most important developments in the world today. One of the things that adds greatly to its gravity is that Mohammedanism is involved in it. Every fifth Hindoo is a Mohammedan. That is to say, the trouble in India is connected with the world problems presented by Turkey and Palestine and Asia Minor and Egypt. It is strange that the justice and efficiency of British rule in India has not sufficed to bridge the chasm that Kipling had in mind when he wrote "For East is East, and West is West, and never the two shall meet". Whatever is going to happen in India has been a long time coming, and has been foreseen by wise men who knew India and the minds of the Indian people and the unchangeable differences there are between their minds and the minds of people of European racial origin.

Murderous Disregard of Law.

A FACT which is not at all surprising stands out from the statistics of the horrible record of lynching in the United States. It is that other forms of murder are frequent where lynching is common. No less than 78 per cent of all the lynchings from 1885 to 1920 took place in ten southern States; Georgia, 528; Mississippi, 401; Texas, 304; Louisiana, 289; Alabama, 260; Arkansas, 219; Tennessee, 198; Florida, 180; Kentucky, 167; South Carolina, 121—a total of 2,666. The lynchings in the other eighty-eight States for the same period, 1885 to 1920, numbered 737, making an aggregate of 3,403. And now for the figures of the other forms of murder. In 1920 the murders in cities of the ten southern States in which the records of lynchings are the largest were on the basis of 100,000 population as follows; Memphis, Tenn., 63.4; Savannah, Ga., 44; Atlanta, Ga., 49; Charleston, S.C., 36.5; New Orleans, 16.9; Nashville, Tenn., 16; In northern cities the numbers of murders per 100,000 of population were: New York City, 5.9; Hartford, Conn., 4.3; Buffalo, N.Y., 4.1; Newark, N.J., 3.4; Providence, R.I., 2.9; Rochester, N.Y., 1.3. There were 63 lynchings in 1921, as against 65 in 1920, and 83 in 1919, and an annual average of 94 between 1885 and 1920. A bill has passed the House at Washington, of which one of the sections provides that any county in which a lynching takes place is to forfeit \$10,000 to the family of the victim, or if there is no family to the United States treasury. The reason why a federal law of this kind against lynching is necessary is that the State authorities in the States in which lynchings are numerous are apparently incapable of dealing with the crime, however sincere and courageously determined some individual officials have shown themselves to be. The enforcement of all laws rests upon public opinion and public conscience; and it is nothing short of appalling to realize—which few of us do—how far civilization is from being, as a whole, what it ought to be by now.



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WHAT THE WORLD IS SAYING



A Smithless Parliament

There is not a solitary Smith in the new Dominion House.—Ottawa Citizen.

One Way of Stating It.

Ireland's problem is to get fusion out of confusion.—London Advertiser.

One More Joke About Henry

Henry Ford aspires to the Presidency of the United States. Evidently wants to go up on high.—Toronto Star.

ot the Only Fishy Oil Well

An oil well in California is reported to be spouting fish. Must be a cod liver oil well.—Calgary Herald.

Super-politics

President Harding has installed a radio outfit in the White House. The next thing in politics will be wire-less-pulling.—Des Moines Register.

Milwaukee's Most Successful Son

Musing upon the city of Lord Shaughnessy's nativity a contributor to the New York World refers to him as the peer that made Milwaukee famous.—Stratford Beacon.

What's in a Name?

The mayor and the movie magnates of Hollywood, California, have sent out a statement to the country denying that their city is a "sink of iniquity." Why not change the name to "Hollywood," and shut up?—Springfield Republican.

Following a Bad Model

The new king of Egypt has a moustache that turns up at the ends. He might be worth watching.—Edmonton Bulletin.

The Turk Is Still in Europe

The old idea of putting the Turk out of Europe remains an old idea. Nothing new ever happens about it.—Duluth Herald.

Progress in Elimination

The three stages: 1900, fireless cookers; 1922, wire-less phones; 1950, mireless politics.—Kansas City Star.

A Solid Structure.

One of the concrete results of the Washington Conference is the cementing of Anglo-American friendship.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Not All Head Work

It takes physical as well as mental exertion to get out one or two columns of local news in a town of this size.—Wetaskiwin Times.

The Best Way We Can

Balfour has been the third Commoner to be given the Garter in two hundred years. As for the rest of us we have to keep 'em up the best way we can.—Saskatoon Star.

A Would-be Bomber Bombed

A New York man was killed by the explosion of a bomb he was making. Occasionally there is something cheering in the news.—Chicago Tribune

The Great Problem

The town of North Bay, Ont., has been able to reduce its tax rate. How about sending down a committee to see how they do it?—Vancouver Sun.

Wind Power

A new device has just been patented for harnessing wind power. It should be applied to the Toronto and Ottawa legislatures and thus lessen the sessional charges.—Toronto Mail and Empire.

Divorces

One hundred and eight applications for divorce have been filed already at Ottawa. We cannot throw bricks at the people of the United States.—Toronto Globe.

A Rumour About a Wolf

Timber wolves are reported to be causing havoc around Kenora. One of them is said to have tackled an oil stock salesman and hasn't been seen since.—Lethbridge Herald.

A Hard One to Knock Out

Jim Jeffries has turned evangelist, and is going into the ring in an attempt to knock out the devil. He is taking on a tough and persistent customer.—Edmonton Journal.

Landless People—Unpeopled Land

Europe wants land for the people and Canada wants people for the land. If you haven't got one kind of problem you have another.—St. Thomas Times-Journal

An Observant Professor

A Chicago professor says that all red-headed girls are bowlegged. These are questions that do not have to be taken to any professor for solution nowadays.—Hamilton Herald.

Birth Certificates for Eggs

A writer in the Trade Bulletin suggests that eggs should be marked with the country of origin. It would also be a good thing if the year of birth was included in the super-scription.—Toronto Telegram.

Enough to Handle, As things Are

Lord Beaverbrook thinks Canada might manage the West Indies. No sir-ee, we've got more lemons—in the way of population, politicians, and prohibition—than the market up here can assimilate.—Guelph Herald.

Hard to Keep Tab on Everything

The news indicates that a little 2x4 war has been going on between Greece and Turkey. How little we know what is really happening in the the world!—Vancouver Province.

Railroading in Russia

A train in Russia was 21 days late recently. This was an express train. One is given to wondering about the freight trains that must have taken to the switches to give it the right of way.—Quebec Chronicle.

The World's Successful Women

Lady Rhondda is described by the newspapers as one of the world's successful women. Shucks! There are thousands of them in the world that the world never hears about.—Halifax Chronicle.

The People and The Polls

Only half the people entitled to vote went to the polls at the last presidential election in the United States. One of the problems of democracy is to get people to be real democrats.—Providence Journal.

Romance

A Scottish soldier became acquainted with a girl conductor in Glasgow six years ago as a result of a quarrel with her about a fare; was married to her in Kansas last week. This only goes to show that romance may lurk anywhere—even in a quarrel in a street car about a fare.—Boston Herald.

Bovine Acrobats

Monkey glands are now being grafted into cows by the Pennsylvania State Bureau of Animal Industry. So, if you see a Holstein hanging by her tail to the limb of a tree you'll know what's happened.—Philadelphia Bulletin.

A New Tax in Berlin

It was thought that subjects for taxation were about exhausted, but Berlin has discovered a new one. Citizens of that city who are out after a certain hour have to pay a "night" tax.—New York Globe.

The Commandments and Congress.

It is a good thing that the Ten Commandments do not have to be ratified by the American Congress. If they did there would be a rough and uncharted course ahead of them. If they finally did make it there would either be eight or fourteen of them. They couldn't possibly stand at the original ten.—Washington Herald.

The Right to the National Resources

The claims of the western provinces are entitled to every consideration. There is a point of constitutional right involved; it is not merely a demand upon the Dominion for valuable resources. If Canada is aspiring to nationhood each part should have equal status.—Financial Post.

The People Pay

The present situation in Canada may be useful in driving it into the heads of the people that in the long run they have to put up every cent that governments spend. It has taken a long time to get the facts so clear.—Calgary Albertan.

Politicians at High Altitude

He who stands at the head of a government may feel, as Mr. Lloyd George insists, that the mountain peak of fame is a chill and desolate place. Nevertheless, it generally takes something in the nature of a landslide to induce him to return to the peaceful and sequestered valleys below.—New York Tribune.

The Country With Too Much Gold

The United States has too much gold and not enough markets. The ability to make and sell goods is what makes a nation prosperous. The trouble is that the gold isn't helping the United States to sell its products abroad.—Peterboro Examiner.

Education in Germany

The National Students' Advisory Board formally advises all German high school pupils not to go to college, but to learn a trade instead. It pleads "Our

nation lacks bread for its many workers, while the academic professions are overcrowded. Thousands of college men are already forced to earn their living by manual labor."—Brooklyn Eagle.

Sometimes Elections are Expensive

At the last general election one successful candidate in Montreal spent, according to his sworn statement, no less than \$40,000 in election expenses. An unsuccessful candidate in the same place is said to have expended upward of \$60,000. One reason why a few of us do not aspire to the House of Commons.—Hamilton Spectator.

Where Wheat Flour Isn't Used

A cargo of white flour sent from the United States to Albania had to be given away because the Albanians would not buy it. They do not use wheat flour, but corn meal which they prepare in much the same manner as did the American Indians. It's a queer world.—Vancouver World.

A Call from the North

If Edmonton and her press will forget about being on the verge of the north and consistently preach that the choicest of Alberta's climate, the year round, and productive soil, lies four hundreds of miles north and northwest of the capital, she will be doing herself and the country generally a good turn.—Peace River Standard.

Profanity in Deeds, not Words

A representative from a western state proposes a law to imprison people guilty of profanity. What will it profit a woman if the husband who daren't say it comes home mad, but inarticulate, kicks the cat, rips down the curtains and throws the china into the alley.—Minneapolis Journal.

The Lords and the Ladies

Another milestone on the road to sex equality has been passed. Lady Rhondda's claim to a writ of summons to the House of Lords as a peeress in her own right has succeeded in the House of Lords. There are twenty-four peeresses of the Realm in their own right, many of whom will no doubt exercise their right to take part in the proceedings of the House of Lords, now that Lady Rhondda has established the claim. The number of peeresses in their own right, always small, fluctuates considerably. The titles descend to their sons.—Manchester Guardian.

The Latest from Bulgaria and China

While Bulgaria is convulsed by the proposal to take three letters out of the alphabet used in that country, it is announced that China is to adopt an alphabet of 39 letters, instead of the endless array of symbols heretofore used in writing and printing Chinese. We don't know whether the Bulgarian proposal spells progress or not, but the Chinese change is decidedly one for the better. We do not expect, however, that it will make Chinese laundry bills any more legible.—Buffalo Express.

The Wrangler's Bill of Fare

The Island of Wrangel, which is one of the several Arctic islands annexed to Canada by the Manitoba-born explorer Stefansson may require to be wrangled over diplomatically for a while before its Canadian status is finally established. It is a large island. The natives of Wrangel have a diet of great variety. In order of importance the items on the daily menu may be set down as follows: Fish, cooked fish, raw fish, seal, walrus, bear, seagull, whale, moss, frozen fish, smoked fish, and fish oil.—Ottawa Journal.

A "Road of Remembrance"

There will be general approval therefore of the plans which the Montreal Women's club have in view to make a thoroughfare to be known as the "Road of Remembrance," and along which will be replaced some five hundred trees, each tree to be a memorial to one who was killed in the war, the name of whom will be inscribed on a brass tablet which will be affixed to the tree, together with particulars of that soldier's death.—Woodstock Sentinel-Review.

Women are People, Too

It is not so long ago since the idea of woman in politics was anathema to a good many of the male sex. Women have become a force in world affairs, and men are beginning to more and more realize this. By studying public matters intelligently women have taken their rightful place, and that without creating any hostility from the male sex.—Montreal Gazette.

The Need of Immigration

There is more talk today about immigration in Canada than there has been for years. There is pretty general consent that those who come in or who are brought in must be persons who will assist in the development of our vacant lands. The wealth of the country will thus be increased. Just at present the cities and towns have about all the people they can hold.—Brantford Expositor.



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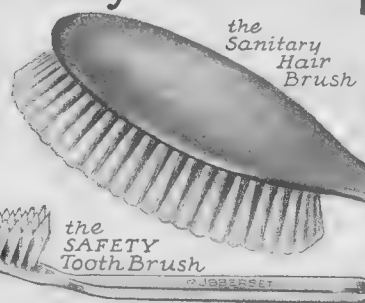
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Immigration and Colonization

By W. Frank

AT this time of discontent, confusion of interests and ideals, international and factional misunderstandings and disputes, forced and voluntary idleness, too strenuous labour, superfluous fortunes, famine and starvation, the average world citizen is a big question mark. It is a very difficult matter for legislators to decide on a line of action, and, having decided, to pursue a definite policy, in the face of the volume of adverse criticism and abuse by which the mediator is bound to be met, whatever his course.

One of the most important objectives—positions of vantage—to be attained along the road of progress is that of an efficacious immigration construction, reviewing, as it does, vast regions of alterant vibration, and vistas of regeneration. The promotion of a policy of immigration should be approached warily, with determination and resolution.

Various are the opinions entertained throughout the country with respect to this question. Many people advocate closing the gates against immigration until the work of reconstruction has been satisfactorily completed—until we are again a fully employed and prosperous people. Others favor the opposite extreme of unrestricted immigration, to cheapen labor, consume our surplus products, enhance land values, augment agitation, and hasten the day of reckoning, when the government is to be demolished, the system smashed, and rebuilt under a new name,—but remaining the same system. The middle course, of carefully discriminated immigration, to utilize our vacant land, develop our natural resources, contribute (by production and consumption) towards the payment of our national debt, and accelerate our too long repressed march of progress, is the way of attainment.

TODAY is Canada's great opportunity.

Europe is over-crowded. Europe is "broke," and hungry, and weary of turmoil and strife and disappointment. Canada is under-settled,—rich in resources hopeful, ambitious;—the disheartened European's opportunity. Distracted Europe is Canada's opportunity. To be courageously initiative in evolving a constructive system of immigration, colonization, education, co-operation,—these four antecedents being effectively linked together to create an ideal social and economic system, which, while precursory and expanding to the diffusion of wealth and happiness to all classes within our own borders, will demonstrate to the world the true meaning of Democracy, and be of inestimable service to mankind. No other country has advantages and opportunities equal to Canada's for, not only reconstruction, but regeneration,—ultra-reconstruction. Although we have not escaped injurious infection economically and industrially by the exhalations from purulent war, our wounds are not necessarily fatal; our institutions are not seriously threatened; our currency is not greatly depleted; our morals are not corrupted; our confidence in future good—our credulity in the promises of youth—is unshaken. Corresponding with the magnitude of our opportunities are our responsibilities. Canada is the land of promise for the oppressed people of other lands, and is under divine obligation to fulfil her destiny. Old standards and traditions are dying, and, in the older lands, floundering and bleeding, the death struggle is creating a viscous, noxious medley. In this young, clean, vigorous, expansive country, we are free from diplomatic entanglements, unfettered by traditions, and but lightly held by the old standards of material wealth, birth, and social superiority, which are fast becoming precluded and superseded by one of equality and brotherhood—the standard of a square deal.

This standard it is of paramount importance for Canada to adopt previous to the promulgation of an immigration policy. We must attend to the requirements of our present population; evolve an adequate colonization scheme, founded on the advantageous utilization of our vast areas of potential agricultural wealth; then extend a welcome to, and actuate confluence of, desirable settlers from other lands.

THE promotion of this new balancing system—equity standard—requires perspicacity, honesty of purpose, and valor in execution. All humanity and

future generations are dependent on our procedure today, as we are dependent on the actions of our forefathers, as well as on all peoples of our own time. The howl for retrenchment from our taxpayers (notably income taxpayers) has a tendency to stay the hand of any government that would have the temerity to advance any sort of progressive or constructive program. The state, as the individual, that is not progressive, is retrogressive. There is no possibility of "standing-at-ease." The retrenchment slogan is a fallacy. Retrenchment is impossible—incompatible with life. Co-operation, education, unity, courage, mean progress and strength—life, more abundantly. Individualism, pride, sluggishness, antagonism, fear, mean, via retrenchment, disruption—national death.

But, posterity ought not to be saddled with the enormous debt contracted by this generation. Let those who reaped an unnatural harvest from the calamitous conflict whereby so many of our bread-winners were mowed down, bear the brunt of taxation. And let those who would enjoy austere luxuries and high living pay for the privilege. Directly and indirectly 90% of our population depends absolutely on agricultural production for their existence. Surely the composite community must assume a part of the farmers' unbearable burden. For the amount of capital invested and the amount of risk incurred, the farmers average annual returns are smaller than those of any other industry, and the average Western Canadian farmer is today in an unenviable condition. The loan companies, the banks, and the implement dealers are the real owners of the farms, and it is to them that the profits of production are paid. The source of all wealth—and all work, is the land. When we get the land, and all natural resources, out of the hands of money lenders and speculators, and return it to the farmers, under conditions whereby he can prosper while producing when we make farm life attractive to young men and women, who are deserting the farms at an alarming rate;—then we will have made incalculable advancement towards the standard of a square deal.

AUSPICIOUS Agriculture is the only foundation upon which a progressive policy can rest, and, that foundation established, all other industries whose inception follow prosperous agriculture, will thrive. No others are needed.

The philosophy of this problem of profitable production,—the exploitation of inanimate nature instead of human villains must be learned and applied or we go not forward—but backward. Governments in the past have not recognized or been much interested in this vital truth because the slumbering electorate has been content to allow our majority rule to be a majority of dollars rule. Governments, rather, have facilitated and encouraged—members have even participated in—land speculation, at the expense of settlers. Some returned soldiers paid \$15 per acre for land that had been purchased from the government (and not always paid for) for \$6. But the new era has dawned. It is evident that our federal, and most of our provincial governments are presently truly representative, and, it is hoped, contain statesmen wise enough to understand and broad enough to weigh the evidence; firm enough to follow their own judgment and strong enough to pursue a progressive program.

Realizing, then, that in order to proceed (with recession the only alternative) it is essential that our basic industry receives, not subsidization or patronage, but protection, we are on our way towards the fulfilment of our divine destiny.

WE now come to the consideration of a colonization scheme, and, in this connection, it is not necessary or advisable to require the settlement of unemployed or disadvantageous tracts at great distances from a railroad, until we have first utilized the more convenient land, of which there are thousands of acres in the prairie provinces. Suppose all the wild land which has been sold to speculators who have neglected to live up to their agreements, and have forfeited legal claim to retain the land be repossessed by the various governments, and divided into colonies, under the co-operative management of the federal, provincial and municipal governments; a co-operative association inaugurated involving a rural credit system, community buying and selling, a consolidated school offer-

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ing advanced work, a community creamery or butter factory, a beef ring as is in vogue in some parts of Saskatchewan and Alberta and an institution assuming something of the nature of Nellie McClung's suggested community bakery and laundry. Professors of the different branches of agriculture, horticulture, natural history, animal husbandry, etc., should be available to lecture in the school a couple of times each week. A carefully selected library would be advisable, and literary societies, entertainments and festivities should be encouraged.

Each farm could be sold to the settler at a price not exceeding that at which these lands were previously sold to the speculators, on annual payments to cover a term of, say, twenty years, at a low rate of interest, and, in order to facilitate diversified farming, and an adequate system of crop rotation, should consist of not less than 320 acres. Stock raising should be encouraged, and, also, the use of horse power, rather than the reeking iron monsters that have steered so many western farmers into bankruptcy. A community threshing outfit, or more than one if required, might be practicable.

Provision ought also to be made for farm hands, whereby families could have their own dwellings, gardens and stock. The hours of farm labour ought to be regulated, and the duties of each employee defined. The long hours and irregularity of duties are the main obstacles causing labourers to refuse to work in the country, and young men and women to desert the farmstead. There is no reason why farming cannot be adjusted to a system as well as any other industry, and be exposed as the most attractive occupation.

In this colonization scheme at least two resident organizers or officials are needful. An engineer, to submit plans and advice for the location and construction of farm buildings, and a competent superintendent to advise the settlers and supervise all local departments of the system.

THE suggested rural credit scheme is an essential without which no system of colonization should be considered. Our chartered banks may be very commendable institutions, but, if they have benefited occasional farmers, they have been the direct source of ruin for many more. A farmer cannot afford to negotiate a loan from the bank for investment in stock, because it is impossible to realize on his investment in less than two years, whereas the bank will advance only temporary loans, requiring, in default of payment, renewal and compounded interest three or four times a year. And if the farmers need is really urgent he is not eligible for credit at all. He requires access to a loan system resembling a reversed endowment insurance policy, enabling him to procure needful funds at a low rate of interest for a term of years, payable yearly by adding a percentage of the principal to the interest.

Canadians as well as immigrants should be encouraged to participate in this colonization scheme. After the settlement of all convenient land has been effected, the more remote areas would become available and the building of additional railways would then be a paying proposition. Who knows but, in course of time, the completion of the Hudson's Bay Railway, that gigantic "white elephant," might be warrantable? There is abundance of land, since it is estimated that there are 30,000,000 acres of arable land held out of cultivation, and it is not necessary, desirable, or right to interfere with the Indian Reserves. We may surely allow the much abused Indians to retain in peace the meagre concessions we have granted them in exchange for wresting from them the entire continent and slaughtering thousands of their brothers. Thousands others have since succumbed to tuberculosis, unknown until the advent of the white man, resulting from attempts to imitate our mode of life. To abandon his ancestral customs and attempt to settle down to a domestic existence, and sleep in a walled house, means death to the Indian. Let's live and let live.

THIS essay is entitled "Immigration and Colonization," but the order of discussion is reversed,—a colony cannot exist previous to immigration, but the immigrants should not be invited until arrangements have been made for their accommodation. Now that we have visaged the general outline of a colonization scheme, whom shall we invite?

This is a much debated question, the pros and cons of which need not be here enumerated. Discrimination with respect

to nationality is needful to some extent, not because certain nations have a monopoly of the rights to liberty and happiness, but because the standards, traditions, inherent natures and capacities of the natives of many parts of the world are so widely divergent from ours, and are so unalterably fixed, that assimilation is impossible and because certain race mixtures produce the reprobate results. For these reasons we must exclude Asiatics. Consideration of caste and environment are of transcendent importance. Idlers and parasites, professional agitators, law breakers, moral delinquents, would be no better here than at home, while our colony (and our country will be much better without them. We want industrious, intelligent, clean living immigrants, with a preponderance of ruralists, irrespective of creed, social status or pecuniary proclivities, although, in this respect, we should aim to secure as many immigrants with means as possible. To advance funds promiscuously to immigrants who will require on arrival immediate employment or further financial aid would be, at this stressful time, a much too expensive procedure, while to require all who would come to possess a specified sum of money would debar many persons worthy of assistance. A fair plan, it would appear, would be to admit all worthy settlers who are experienced in some branch of agriculture, or some other line of industry with which he could be assured ready connection on his arrival, whether they require state aid or not, but requiring all others to pay for their passage and be in a position to provide for themselves for one year after debarkation.

As soon as Canada is manifestly on the road of progress, United States immigration will take care of itself, and we will need only to guard against undesirables from that quarter. Of course, British and United States citizens are preferable to other aspirants, but we must not impose obstacles, but, facilitate and welcome, to our fair, young, virile land, all worthy whites. We must succor with the hand of fellowship, and encourage with the voice of liberty, all oppressed and anxious brothers. We must welcome them to the

land of opportunity, and altogether we will advance to disclose the land of sufficiency and felicity—The Land of the Square Deal.

NEW SOURCE OF WOOL SUPPLY IN CANADA'S BUFFALO

By W. McD. Tait

If all the sheep in all the world should die there would still be left the possibility of a limited supply of wool.

It has been known for many decades that the wool of buffalo, when used as filling for comforters or as robes, produced great warmth. But it is a matter of quite recent discovery that this wool, when carded and spun, makes excellent yarn, and when woven into cloth and blankets retains its warmth producing qualities. It is claimed, in fact, that there is more warmth in buffalo wool than any other kind of wool, and anyone who has lived in Northern Canada and used buffalo overcoats, knows that no fur so successfully withstands the rigors of winter. These pioneers of the Northern outposts also claim that one buffalo robe was warmer than four ordinary blankets.

It was, however, left to Colonel Chas. Goodnight of Goodnight, Texas, and Bill Cochrane, a range-rider in buffalo Park, Wainwright, Alberta, to demonstrate in a practical way that wool of buffalo has commercial value removed from the pelt.

Colonel Goodnight collected a quantity of wool from time to time and this was sent to the woollen mills where blankets were made. Bill Cochrane picked wool from scrub brush and out of wallows and sent it to his mother in Scotland who carded and spun it and sent back good home-made socks. The blankets made for Col. Goodnight were seven feet long by six feet wide and weighed only 4 lbs. 5 ozs., but were very warm. The socks made in Scotland were softer and finer than those made

from the finest ordinary yarn and they would not wear out.

The question of how to obtain the wool from the living buffalo has not been definitely decided. They cannot be sheared the same as sheep because of their great strength and fighting ability. A squeezer such as is sometimes used in the West for branding horses would seem to be a satisfactory contrivance for holding them. In it there would be no danger to the buffalo or the shearers, and the loose wool could be pulled off and what remained sheared off.

There are many pounds of valuable wool going to waste every year and there is no doubt but what it could be collected and made into yarn and fabrics that would demand very fancy prices.

In Canada there are about 5,000 head of buffalo in captivity. If each buffalo sheared even 20 pounds of wool the total of 100,000 pounds would be well worth all the effort involved in getting it off the animals' backs.

Buffalo wool is fine and fluffy and somewhat difficult to handle. On hind quarters it averages two-and-a-half inches, but on fore quarters its length averages five-and-a-half inches. The difficulty of handling is readily overcome by mixing in a small amount of Karakule wool which does not affect the color and puts just enough fibre into it to hold it up for spinning.

The Department of the Interior is now experimenting with buffalo wool and if a process can be devised whereby the wool can be handled satisfactorily, arrangements will be made to shear the 4,500 head in the Buffalo Park at Wainwright, Alberta.

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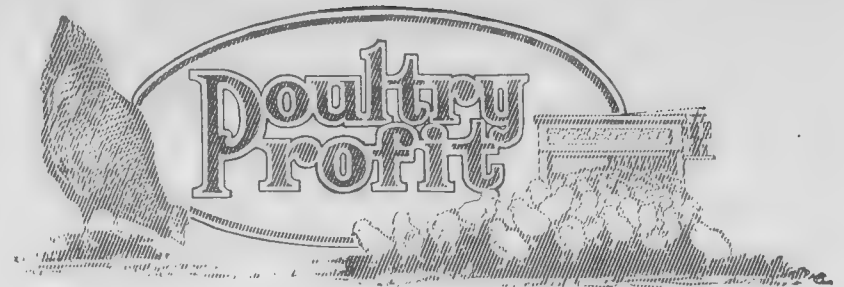
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REARING THE YOUNG STOCK

By Helen E. Vialoux

THE hatching process is a comparatively easy matter to the rearing of the season's chicks, poults, ducks or goslings. Successful brooding of the young stock takes skill and management on the part of the poultry keeper. As a rule a woman makes a good raiser of poultry, as she will take more pains in the detail of the business—good seeding and the proper warmth and comfort are two essentials to promote a steady growth in a young flock of chicks and to keep down the death rate. The loss of five percent, in a brood is considered very small indeed especially in a flock of machine hatched chicks which are more liable to bowel trouble than the hen hatched variety.

Coops and brooders must be made ready before the chicks come whether they are hatched on the farm or imported from across the line. The plan of setting two or three hens the same time as the incubator is a good one as a large hen can mother 20 to 25 chicks successfully providing she is furnished with a clean roomy coop and fine chaff is used to keep the damp from the young brood underneath the hen. I much prefer a coop without any bottom for chicks, but, if spring rains are numerous a board bottom may be slipped under the coop for a few days putting a layer of chaff over the same. An enterprising poultrywoman out in British Columbia goes in for capons and used them to mother chicks finding that a large capon can look after 60 chicks and take as good care of them as a hen. The hens in the meantime, soon return to egg producing when relieved of their maternal responsibilities. The capon is an unsexed male bird that does not even "crow!" and grows to a large size, looking somewhat stupid and apathetic. However it seems to take on the maternal instincts, and delights in brooding chicks. This item was culled from a reliable eastern publication.

COOPS and brooders must be disinfected if not whitewashed. Place the broods comfortably in their quarters, close the entrance and leave them 24 to 36 hours before any feeding is necessary. Brooders are much improved of late years, and easier to keep at a steady temperature. 90 degrees is right at first and a thermometer should be used during the first week in a brooder. Nowadays a good brooder can be bought for \$5.00 but a handy man can make one with little trouble.

All young stock require the same, 5 feeds a day at first for a couple of weeks, just a very little. Remember chicks feed on stale bread and hard boiled eggs have been tested out from the incubator, but otherwise they are rather expensive to feed except in the case of young turkeys, when the boiled egg chopped up shell and all seems a necessity for 3 or 4 days—3 parts of stale bread and one part of egg is the right formula. Charcoal and grit are needed by all young poultry. Fine crackers, wheat, small wheat or screenings or pinhead oat meal all make excellent food, giving each in turn. Turkeys need onion tops or cress, etc. added to their ration. Bran given in a box is always useful. Chicks will pick up a lot of dry mash after a week or so and a small shallow pan containing a mixture of fine chopped wheat barley and oats

makes an excellent dry mash adding the charcoal, grit and bran to it. Butter milk makes the best drink for both turks and chicks but skim milk is also good only do not change from sweet to sour as that will bring on bowel trouble. Ducklings need to have grit or sand supplied to them in their mash which should be dampened. Shorts or corn meal are both fine ingredients for a mash suitable for goslings or ducklings. If milk cannot be obtained any of the young stock will thrive on clean water given at least twice per day, but milk has been proved a great help in making a rapid growth in poultry. In the east butter milk or skim milk is largely used in the form of a powder mixed with water like "klim" the standby of the camper in lake resorts. Everyone who raises chicks or poults must guard against the flock being chilled on cold wet days and also keep a sharp eye out for vermin at all times.

THOSE who intend to buy baby chicks should be prepared to give the young birds every care on their arrival. These chicks may be kept in small colony houses or outdoor brooders for a few weeks until about the middle of June.

When the little chicks get a free run, an orchard makes an ideal spot for them as they get ideal conditions such as space, shade, grass and insects. Always see that there is shade provided at any rate, as the sun at the hottest part of the season is always very trying to poultry. Where chicks are hatched at home, do not overlook the important fact that they should not be fed during the first twenty four or thirty hours; for, before they leave the shell they take sufficient sustenance from the egg to last them for the above period. All they need is warmth and rest.

The chicks should be confined to the brooder for the first few days, and as they become used to their quarters they may be given more and more liberty and finally free range. Should the ground be unfit for them to go upon for a few days, a sod may be given them to pick at until they are allowed the run of the ground.

About this time prospective poultry keepers will be asking the old question, "Which is the best breed?" One answer to this question, which is very broad, is that the breeds having small combs are the best suited for cold climates, and the large combs for warmer climates.

ANOTHER consideration is that of market demands which may require any given one that fills any of the following requirements: eggs, broilers, breeding. On the average, a good general purpose type that will lay a fair number of eggs and a good percentage of them in the early winter and will be a good table bird, is to be preferred. Among the best of this latter class may be mentioned, Barred Plymouth Rock, White Wyndotte, Rhode Island Red, Anconas and White Leghorns are good egg laying breeds but the latter breed of cockerels makes the more attractive broilers as their bodies if not plucked clean of feathers do not have the speckled appearance that the former would have under the same circumstances. However, after all, it is their egg-laying propensities on which they should be judged, whereas, with the general purpose type such as the White Wyandotte, their usefulness for table purposes is a consideration.

A few simple rules in regard to keeping the hens fit such as the practice of

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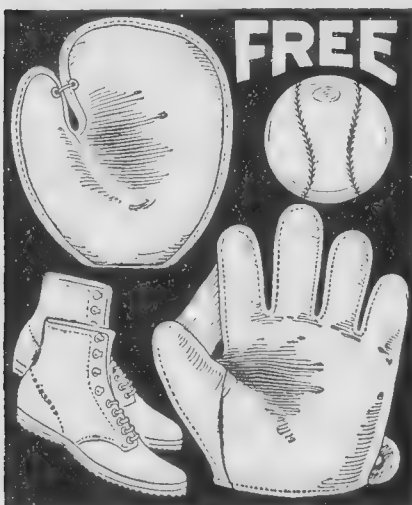
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having hoppers of charcoal always on hand, plenty of clean water, and houses and roosts kept free of vermin will pay large returns for the work involved. Fresh air and sunlight in the houses are essentials.

THE market for poultry and eggs has never been overstocked. At certain seasons of the year Canada is obliged to import car loads of eggs from the United States to make up the shortage in the home supply. When a surplus exists a ready market is found in Great Britain. Thanks to an improved grading system enforced by the Dominion Live Stock Branch, the standard of Canadian eggs for export has been improved, and the best prices can be secured in England. For these reasons it seems advisable that farmers give greater attention to their flocks of poultry, select the best laying birds and house and feed them for egg production. Men on smaller farms who aim to get the greatest returns by extensive operations cannot do better than specialize in egg production. In the Eastern and Maritime provinces, there is already an excellent system of co-operation in marketing eggs so that a fair price is secured all the year round. Egg circles have been successfully operated for some years in P. E. I. and other Eastern points. Winter eggs always get their price, we know, and in winter strictly new laid eggs retail at 90c. to \$1.00, but farmers complained greatly of the low prices paid for eggs during the summer of 1921, when a few cents per dozen only could be obtained for them in the country. Systematic egg circles throughout the farm districts operating all the year round will do more to boost the poultry industry in the west than anything else. In the meantime farm poultry should be graded, well housed, and the idlers culled out from the laying flock. Feeding for winter egg production is not a difficult proposition. All the grains needed can be grown on the home farm, and poultry will eat up rough grains as well as frosted wheat to good advantage. Many excellent bulletins along these lines are issued by the Publications Branch Extension Service, Winnipeg. A postcard to George Batho, Provincial Government, Parliament Buildings, Winnipeg, asking for these pamphlets will place them in any person's hands, free of charge.

Here is an opportunity for our various farm organizations to do splendid work out in the farm districts where there are poor markets for eggs and poultry. The W. I., W. F. W., or Grain Growers could organize and get egg circles operating in country districts and when the egg business is on a firm basis, the marketing of poultry by large consignments will come about, as another advance in successful poultry farming in our western provinces. Last season the States as well as Canada was flooded with Chinese eggs which might be characterized as "cheap and nasty," and of very small size. Large consignments were shipped to England and France where they were bought by the pastry shops and bakeries. It appears these chilled eggs held in storage so long contain a certain poison and numerous cases of illness after eating French Pastry with a cream filling have been traced to the use of Chinese eggs. The health authorities have issued orders that these chilled eggs may only be used in the making of biscuits which are cooked at an intense heat which kills the poisonous germs in the stale eggs. Surely after this, Chinese eggs will be given a wide berth in Canada at least, and the wholesome products of our Canadian hen used by our manufacturers.

Whilst the use of electric light increases the egg yield materially, in some cases about fifty percent, the extra light in common with other good things can act as a detriment to a laying flock when it is turned on most of the night. Fowls often grow thin and moulting in midwinter when they are given no rest. Again common sense is needed to determine how much night roosting time should be allowed a normal hen. After the flock has enjoyed the 10 o'clock feed, in litter, switch off the light until 6 a. m.; when the fowls are ready for breakfast.

WITH reference to the time of hatching out the chicks we are advised on good authority not to be too impatient

after the 21st day has passed as fair hatches have been known to come off as late as the 24th day. On the other hand some hatches come off on the 19th or 20th day. In warm weather eggs may hatch earlier than in cold weather. Fresh eggs hatch quicker than stale eggs.

It is very important to make a careful study of the cleanliness of the sitting house for it is the business of the hens confined to the house to hatch eggs and it is the business of the poultryman to see that they do not suffer through dirt and vermin. The house should be cleaned out at least once a week. The water should be kept fresh. After each hatch the nest should be cleaned out and a fresh sod put in, also fresh litter.

Make careful plans to keep the house free from mites as these pests will soon make the sitters so miserable that their usefulness will be seriously curtailed.

If mites do establish themselves in a house it should be thoroughly swept out including walls, ceiling and windows. After this has been accomplished use a garden hose or a stiff brush and hot water and see that everything in the cracks and crevices is washed out then allow the house to dry, following up by using a good disinfectant forcing it by means of a spray or a brush right into the cracks or crevices. In bad cases it becomes advisable to use boiling hot water followed by coal oil. Even after this rigorous treatment it is advisable to give a thorough inspection after three or four days and if the presence of mites is still suspected, the treatment should be repeated.

TO THE YOUNG BACHELOR FARMER

M. M. McConnell

When your wheat has gone all rusty,
And the clouds won't give you rain;
When your best clothes are all musty,
And your bills give you a pain,
Do not worry, things will straighten,
Just become an optimist,
Look around, and try to brighten,
The life of some lone pessimist.

When your life seems, oh! so lonesome,
Friends are gone who were so dear,
When your daily round is wearisome,
And the world seems out of gear,
Square your shoulders, keep on smiling,
Though your troubles come in crowds,
For there's sure a silver lining,
To those black disheartening clouds.

When the friend, in whom you trusted,
Has skipped off with all your dough,
When your credit's gone and busted,
And supplies are getting low,
Just be thankful that you're single
That you are not sick and old,
Though your pockets do not jingle,
Health is better, far, than gold.

When your friends about you gossip,
And your enemies you shun,
When life seems not worth a toss-up;
Seems devoid of any fun,
Don't begin a sad repining,
Though your life seems all awry,
For there's sure a silver lining,
To the clouds in your life's sky.

500,000,000 for Religion

The Census Bureau reports that the principal religious bodies in the United States receive contributions aggregating about \$500,000,000 from their members every year. This is at the rate of about a third as much as the people of the United States spent a year for admission to the moving picture theatres when the latest survey of that industry was made.

There were about 105,000,000 inhabitants of the United States in 1920, and of these 40,000,000 are credited with allegiance to various religious organizations. The \$500,000,000 contributed to religious causes figures out at a little less than .5 a year a head for the population, and at \$12.50 a head a year for those holding membership in religious bodies. The per capita expenditure for moving pictures figures out at about \$13.70 a year.

The people get their religious instruction at a pretty low cost. The ministrations for which they expend \$500,000,000 a year are worth a great deal more than that.

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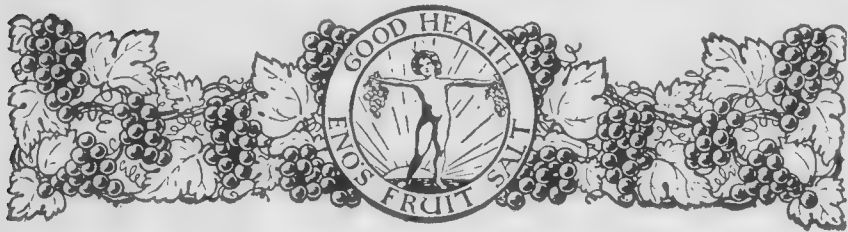
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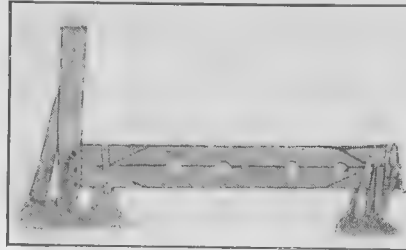


OLD PUNISHMENTS

By H. H. Pittman.

Amongst the many quaint institutions of mediaeval England, the "stocks" and the "pillory" take a prominent position. The "stocks" were used as a punishment for the more venial offences which nowadays would be punishable by the infliction of a slight fine. The man of drunken and disorderly habits made their frequent acquaintance, as also did the small boys who fell foul of the Parish Beadle.

The "pillory", however, was a much severer form of penalty, and as such was reserved for graver offences, such as common assaults, petty thefts and other minor offences against property and the person. Whereas the offender in the stocks was merely condemned to sit



The Village Stocks at Shalford,
Surrey, England.

with his legs locked through two holes, the man in the pillory had his head and hands immovably fixed, his face protruding through the hole, with a background of boarding affording a splendid and almost irresistible target for rotten eggs, decaying vegetable matter, defunct cats and even brickbats from the more brutal element of those assembled for the purpose of amusing themselves by watching and adding to the unfortunate victim's anguish of mind and body, so that the offender often emerged from the ordeal literally more dead than alive.

The delinquent in the stocks, on the other hand, might perhaps meet with similar treatment with regard to missiles from passers-by, but his hands remained free to guard himself with, and he could even return to those who threw him such missiles as fell within his reach.

Stocks began to fall into disuse as a legal mode of punishment about a hundred years ago, and in the towns a little earlier still. The pillory went out of use during the early part of the 18th century. As mankind has progressed along the paths where intellect and not physical force is the dominating principle, so it has realized that these modes of punishment had the effect of brutalising, not only the criminal who was penalised in this way, but also of demoralising the mob who sought pleasure in witnessing these degrading spectacles.

At the present time stocks are occasionally met with as an interesting adjunct to the village green, or beneath the creeper-clad walls of an ancient church, merely serving to remind us of a past age when manners and customs were of a coarse and rougher nature than we can imagine, accustomed as we are to the gentler usages of modern life.

At one time chivalry was noticeably lacking—at least among the poorer people, for women were treated fully as harshly as the men, for what, nowadays, would be considered very mild offences. For a long while the general



Brank or Scold's Bridle.

punishment for scolding and spreading scandal was the brank or scold's bridle, and wearing this the unfortunate victim was compelled to stand in the most public place in the village, the sentence generally specifying the approach to the church on Sunday mornings. The brank consisted of an iron bridle which fitted over the head, with a metal plate resting on the tongue. Apart from the discomfort or pain, the wearer of this contrivance would be the laughing stock of every passer-by. Part of the inscription on the brank shown in the photograph stated that it was "to check womens' tongues that talk too idle." It has become a habit to refer easily and casually to "the good old times," but the more closely we examine them the more thankful we should be that they are past.

"THE HILLS O' DAWN"

Unto the Hills o'dawn, when the sun
is shining
Flooding the cold, grey crags with golden
light,
I will lift up mine eyes again with a
faith unflinching,
From the shadowy depths of a tearful
night,
Unto the Hills o'dawn, when the wind
is blowing,
Sweeping the barren places of my soul,
I will seek out a path leading up
from the valley
And rivet my eyes on a higher goal.
Up in the Hills o'dawn, when my heart
is silent
I can hear the beating of Angel wings,
And in one faint glimpse of the glory
of heaven
I learn the meaning of holier things.
Unto the Hills o'dawn, when the light
is fading
And the shadows of night are coming on,
I will lift up a heart of the vale
grown weary
And God will come down from the Hills
o'dawn!—Mabel Lockhart.

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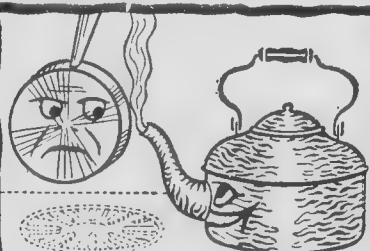
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The Sauce Pan falls from Favor

"What's wrong with you?" sang out the enameled ware kettle to a brilliant, silvery sauce pan hanging on a hook behind the stove. "I haven't seen you on the stove for weeks. Anything wrong?"

"Everything's wrong," sighed the brilliant sauce pan. "Mistress says she's tired of having to scour and rub and polish me every time she uses me. I guess I'm too hard to keep clean."

"My little nephew, SMP Sauce Pan, seems to have your job now," sang the kettle.

"Yes," said the silvery sauce pan sadly, "Mistress says she prefers SMP Enameled Ware, because she can clean it in a jiffy, even after the greasiest frying or boiling. I guess I'm on the shelf, all right!"

* * *

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The Old Mistake

By Josie Lee

JULIA sat on the steps sewing, or at least she meant to be, but a fanciful girl of nineteen, who had had her first proposal the night before can not be expected to sew industriously.

Her best friend, Gladys Halloway, had had a small dance the night before, to which several of her brother's college friends had been invited and to whom the slender, brown haired pretty Julia made a strong appeal.

Julia had gone to the party with Philip Houston, who had been her friend, ever since her brothers had refused to allow her to go fishing with them and Philip had stayed at home to play with her all afternoon. He was now twenty-four, and the manager of the small local bank. He had gone to college for the year only, when he got the fever and on account of ill-health and lack of funds had been forced to give up his college course and take the position of teller of the Chesston bank and by hard work he had gained for himself the position of manager. But he had not been so wholly engrossed in his work that he failed to notice how beautiful Julia was growing to be and he did not fail to take her to all of the dances and parties and occasionally go for long strolls with her and he 'ran over' every evening to see her brothers about something, although one was to be married in a short time and was consequently never at home in the evenings, and the other was always either studying or playing basket-ball, rugby or foot-ball.

So at Gladys' dance he proposed to Julia. They were in a secluded nook on the verandah and the moon was shining obligingly on them. In fact everything went well until Julia falteringly sobbed, "Oh, Phil I can't! I'm so sorry!"

And she then ran upstairs and donning her light coat and scribbling a hasty note for Gladys, ran out the back way and hastily sped home.

And so the next day as she sat on the steps pretending to sew, but in reality, thinking of her first proposal, and as she remembered the look in Philip's eyes she almost—almost wished she had answered differently. She had not told Phil her reason for refusing because she was ashamed of it.

But it was, after all, a very common reason. Julia longed for the city, she longed for the glamor and life, and she longed to be an artist for she was excellent at painting. She thought that what she really needed to make

her a great artist was the city; but it was really Genius, which she could never have although she had plenty of talent.

So she had refused Philip and intended to marry a man who lived in the city, who could give her all that she wanted and what she thought she needed.

But in the meantime Chesston would be rather uncomfortable, with Phil next door, and her own family, for she was sure that they hoped that she would marry Philip! For a moment Julia thought deeply and then suddenly starting to her feet said half aloud, "The very thing, they have asked me a dozen times too. I'll go tomorrow!"

Julia did not go the next day but in a week she departed, with Gladys waving a sorrowful good-bye from the little station platform. She was going to the city to her cousin Betty's and she would be gone for a year or maybe two or maybe forever, with only occasional visits home, if she found the right kind of a husband—which she was sure she would.

It was spring again in Chesston, and also in Julia's heart, for at last she was home again. After a fall and winter of the city she was back to her home, and back to the country, which she hoped to never leave again. For the city had not been what she had expected. Julia had never before been to the city for such a long time. To be sure she had spent a month in the city at one time but that had been a pleasure trip, which makes a great deal of unexpected difference. But she had been a failure, she thought. She knew that she could never be a great artist, she knew that she could never marry anyone but Philip, and so she had not returned home until she had nearly died of pneumonia and her mother and father had hurried to the city, and as soon as she was strong enough to travel had carried her back to Chesston and Home!

As Julia lay on the bed by her window, after her return, musing on all of the things that had happened since that never-to-be-forgotten day in the early fall, she heard a step on the path below, and looking down she saw Philip walking slowly toward the side door. Quick as a flash, and without thinking Julia snatched a beautiful red rose, from the vase by her bed, and then leaning out of the window, she dropped it just in front of Phil. Breathlessly she watched as he looked up at her then, "You!" he said softly, incredulously—"You!"

She nodded quickly and smiled down into his eyes, and then slipping off the bed she ran downstairs and outside into his open arms!

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LOVERNA, SASK

April 17/22.

Editor—
Western Home Monthly,

Dear Sir—

As we have taken the Western Home Monthly for a number of years, I must say I could not refrain from telling you how much we appreciate the magnificent Articles it has always contained.

I must truly say, the Editorial and Philosopher for April are two of the best Pages ever written for any Paper, and am sure a paper is to be commended upon having such Talent at its command. I never read truer Articles in any Paper, and they are only too true.

Surely wish you every success, and that you may be able to publish further Inspiring pieces in future.

Yours very truly

W. Emerson Holt.

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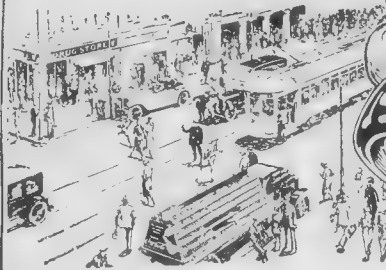
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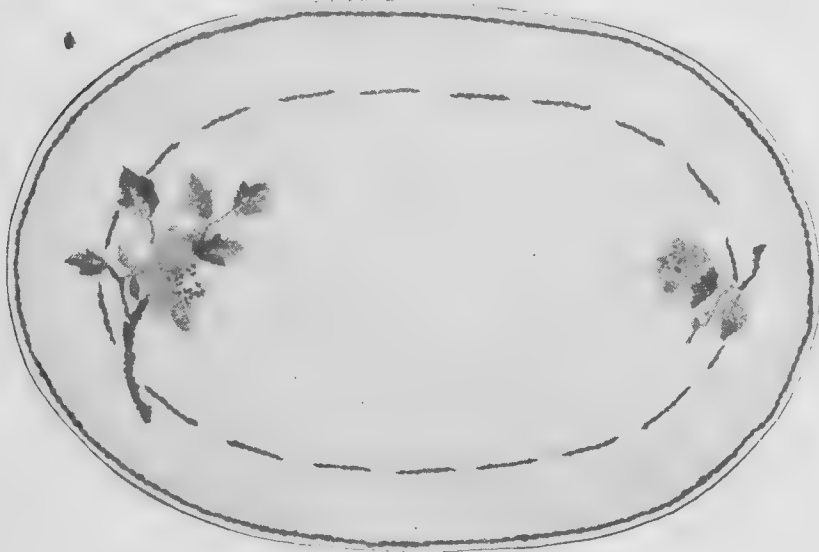
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COME LET US READ A WHILE

W.H.M. Librarian.

MAY time, say the poets, is ring-time, and on my desk as I talk to you, are two novels dealing with the problems of married life. At least the authors in each case, think they have pictured married life very truthfully, realistically, and they seem to think they have offered us some solution of the many puzzles that beset man and wife. Personally I do not think either of these novels very successful. Clever they both are, but not convincing. Let us look into "Brass" by Charles G. Norris, (Toronto McClelland and Stewart). Charles G. Norris by the way, is the husband of Kathleen Norris, one of the most popular woman novelists of the day. Despite the fact that the Norrises are an ideally happy couple, "Brass" is about as gloomy a picture of married life as any author has dared to present. With the exception of one couple, all the folks in this novel are ruined through marriage. They are the most unhappy set of folks, it has ever been my misfortune to meet. Lucky I only met them through the pages of a book and not in actual life. The one happy home in "Brass" belongs to a farmer and his wife who have a delightful family of small children. Perhaps Mr. Norris wants to tell us that our modern mode of city life is bound to result in unhappy marriages. In a recent interview, Mrs. Norris and her husband made this statement, "The secret of success in marriage is in the struggle for it. It isn't an accident or gift. Both have to build it up. And it's easier if they're not rich. There are so many things that pull apart the rich couple. Lack of these things and the sacrifices each makes towards the other's happiness, keep the poor couple happier." This is what the Norrises said to the interviewer who asked them how they managed to remain happy though married. Mr. Norris is much more optimistic when talking to interviewers than when he was writing his latest novel "Brass."

Marriage Bells Again

AS I have just said, in "Brass" the marriage bells rang with a meaningless sound that soon turned to an irritating jingle. How do they peal forth in the new novel entitled "One" by Sarah Warder McConnell (Toronto, the MacMillan Co.) It is rather interesting to talk of "Brass" and "One" in the same issue of the *Western Home Monthly* because the former novel is a man's viewpoint of marriage and the latter is a woman's. According to Sarah McConnell, marriage for a woman is a most arduous task for day after day, month after month, year in and year out, the woman must strain every nerve to keep her husband's love. She may relax knowing that round every corner lurks the fascination of the other woman! I couldn't help thinking, as I came to the end of this novel on marriage, of Shakespeare's beautiful sonnet:—

"Let me not to the marriage of true minds

Admit impediments, Love is not love Which alters when it alteration finds, Or bends with the remover to remove: O no; it is an ever fixed mark,

That looks on tempests, and is never shaken;

It is the star to every wandering bark Whose worth's unknown, although his height be taken

Love's not Time's fool, though rosy lips and cheeks Within his bending sickle's compass

come;

Love alters not with his brief hours and weeks, But bears it out even to the edge of doom.

If this be error and upon me proved,

I never writ, nor no man ever loved.

And thus in fourteen lines, Shakespeare has summed up true love while Charles Norris and Sarah McConnell in thousands of words have written of marriage without once including love in their scheme of things.

A New Canadian Novelist

AND a woman to boot! Mazo de la Roche of Toronto, well-known as a writer of short stories has now given us a novel. It has a beautiful title "Explorers of the Dawn" (Toronto, the MacMillan Co.) and is a very charming, entertaining story of three little lads left in charge of a flinty woman while the father is away. The adventures of the trio are amusing and told with sympathy and vivacity. One great critic, Christopher Morley, has praised this book very highly and has written a fascinating preface to it: One thing is very noticeable, Mazo de la Roche has blazed her own trail for Canadian authors. She has not followed in the beaten track of wild west stories but has written as the spirit moved her. Those who read "Explorers of the Dawn" will, I think agree with me that it will be a good thing for Canadian literature if Mazo de la Roche continues to write novels.

When is Success a Failure?

THIS sounds like a riddle from the pages of "Alice in Wonderland" but it is only a question provoked by reading Muriel Hine's latest novel "Torquil's Success" (Toronto S. B. Gundy). Torquil was a young writer who gained quite a measure of success through his first novel. He then became rather swelled headed and made up his mind to win popularity at any price. Ambition so possessed him that he had no time for friendships, for love, for the finer things of life. The closing chapters of the book describes Torquil's wretchedness of mind. What after all was the value of his success. One is forced to admit that his success spelt failure. This is a very enjoyable novel with just the right quantities of love and action to keep one engrossed from cover to cover!

If I were Boss!

HOW many of us have not, at some time or the other, imagined ourselves in the place of the Boss. How well we would do the work if only we had control of the situation. And then perhaps we fall a-dreaming of the time when we will be Boss. Mr. Fletcher does not believe in dreaming. He believes in preparing for added responsibilities. He believes in each worker making himself or herself a "Boss" in capabilities if not in pay-envelope. To this end he has written a very instructive book entitled "How To Get The Job You Want" (Toronto, Thomas Allen). There is much excellent advice in this new publication and those at the beginning of their business careers will find no small amount of helpfulness and encouragement in Mr. Fletcher's book. A number of phrases of the business world are discussed, including, "Analyzing Your Problems," "Studying the Market," "Tips for the Recent Graduate," "Changing Your Vocation," and many more of equal importance.

Robinson Crusoe in France

Not really Robinson Crusoe of course, but somehow I was reminded of that shipwrecked gentleman when reading a very jolly little tale, entitled "The House of Adventure" by Warwick Deeping (Toronto, McClelland and Stewart). A very nice man and a most fascinating little lady meet in a devastated French village after the war. The nice man decided to re-build the charming lady's house. He does and in so doing builds a very cosy love nest for them both. There is a splendid villian in this unusual love story—by "splendid" I mean he is so detestable that one loathes him. There is nothing so satisfactory as when an author depicts a villian that one can hate with all one's capacity. It makes the story so much more exciting.

A Beautiful Biography

Hamlin Garland one of the foremost writers of America has continued his Middle Border Chronicles? Some years ago Mr. Garland gave us the story of his boyhood in an autobiography he called "The Son of the Middle Border." At the request of hundreds of folks scattered throughout the reading world, Mr. Garland has continued his story in "A Daughter of the Middle Border" (Toronto, the McMillan Co.) If you are at all fond of reading autobiography, of meeting in an intimate way real folks instead of imagined characters, you must not miss the joy that "A Daughter of the Middle Border" will bring to you. Personally I love this leisurely tale of a man whose simple, honest descriptions of relatives, of friends, of city room and farmhouse, warm one like the glow of a log fire in a home built on love.

SPRING CLEANING

Joan Rundell

A GOLDEN day! Murmur of Spring in the bush, rustle of Spring in the air, twitter of birds in the trees and new hope in the heart of every man. Underfoot, as I walk, the melted snow splashes in muddy pools. From every roof rapidly disappearing icicles drip and sparkle in the golden sunlight. Very soon there will be no snow left and in the bluffs the bare trees will begin to put forth their sweet green shoots of glorious young life. Spring! A new world ready for our hands to make or mar. Which shall it be? As I splashed along the wet road, this question was urgent in my heart. In this country where, though disappointments and difficulties are rife, every man who will, may always find another chance, may always try again, the Spring has a special significance and therefore deserves special consideration.

New Year's Day has been popularly set up as the time to review the past and make good resolutions for the future but it often seems to me that when Nature spring cleans the world and women spring clean the home, then is a good time for us all to take stock of our minds and bodies, to ask ourselves the question "What have I done for myself, for my neighbor, for my country? What more can I do?" One answer which comes unfailingly is this—

"Realize your responsibilities and discharge them faithfully."

Today, the world is full of grumbles. Nearly everyone has a grievance. Some are imaginary, some are real. Most of us feel that there is something deplorably wrong with the world but we are inclined to say,

"Well, what can I do? I am only a plain practical fellow. Its all wrong but its beyond my understanding. The best thing I can do is to get on with my own job."

And the woman—

"Things are not what they were. Life is very hard nowadays but woman's place is the home. It is not for me to interfere. We must just do the best we can—You in your little corner, me in mine".

And that is the root of the whole trouble. So long as we stay each in our little corner and view Life from one angle only, so long will the world go wrong.

It is many years since a great man with a great understanding of humanity wrote these words—
"How the world is made for each of us, How all we perceive and know in it

Forwards the general deed of man And each of the many helps to recruit The life of the race by a general plan Each living his own to boot."

Great words! Truer today than when they were written. Yet how many of us realize the power we have to influence the life of our neighbor, the weal or woe of the country of which we are so justly proud? We call ourselves a Democracy. Do we realize the meaning of the word? "Government of the people, by the people for the people" We are then our own government. Say, rather, that we are, or should be the living inspiration of every action of the

men who represent us in the Legislature. It is our duty, not only to watch and criticize these men but to help them by understanding what they do and why they do it, by thinking carefully before we give or withhold the support of our vote and by realizing the far reaching effects such support may have. To this end, it is essential that we come out of our own little narrow, individual corner of existence. We must take trouble to understand what is going on in the other parts of the country besides our own immediate district and we must enquire how present conditions are affecting others differently circumstanced from ourselves.

Two years ago, by the vote of the people, the Manitoba Temperance Act was passed and we felt that we had done a good and righteous thing. Many of us are still in the same mind but others do not feel so happy when we see around us, as a result, persistent law breaking, secret drinking and slow but steady disintegration of the morals of the young. When a time comes, as it has

come in the cities of Canada, that people regard the breaking of a law as the height of adventure, when young people are encouraged to become intoxicated tonight lest they be unable to obtain liquor tomorrow, the observer begins to feel that there is something wrong with the world. Somehow things have gone awry and life is sadly upside down. Is it we who are wrong or the Law for which we voted?

This is no plea either for or against Prohibition. It is a plea for a spring cleaning of the mind of the everyday man and woman, a plea that they shall realize how much depends on them and how great is their power for good if only that power be welded with understanding. Let us come out of our corners and view with clear sighted eyes the world that God has given us. It is a beautiful world but it is upside down. Is it not the duty of every man and woman to lend a hand to set right? But before we can do so we must have that understanding which is the father of truth and of truth.



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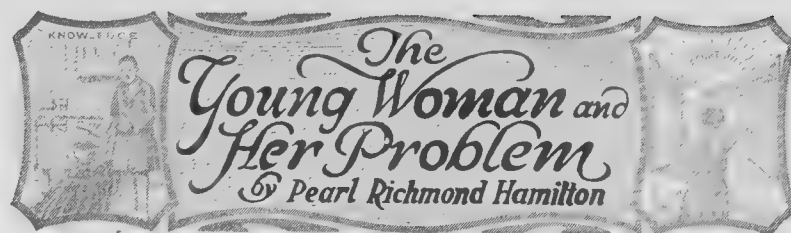
The manufacturer who backs up his product with his trade-mark and the reputation of his firm, must first of all be sure that his product is right, before he can safely tell the world about it through the medium of advertising. Advertised goods are made to please the buyer for all time. That is why the manufacturers of nationally advertised goods continue to live and grow, while the manufacturers of inferior products are unsuccessful.

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THE YOUNG WOMAN AND HER PROBLEM

Pearl Richmond Hamilton
A True Canadian Daughter

LAST month a Canadian woman of rare charm and personality gave lectures in western Canada on Y. W. work among the Chinese women and girls. She illustrated her lectures with lantern views of unusual interest.

We are accustomed to lecturers of this kind picturing the sordid side of life but Miss Nellie Elliott, one of the Y. W. C. A. secretaries in China, gave us a different type of lecture and her audiences were impressed with a new vision of China and a more eager desire to encourage work there. Miss Elliott's views and remarks pictured the better side of life in China. She has worked there five years and has lived with some of the best people there and she is enthusiastic in her admiration of them. As she was General Secretary of the Winnipeg Y. W. C. A. for several years, we felt we could place utmost confidence in every statement she made.

Among her pictures were the great white altar of marble built under the open sky where the emperor used to worship alone, the palace of the present president of China where Miss Elliott and some friends were entertained one afternoon, the photograph of a leading Chinese merchant and his family in whose home Miss Elliott lived two years, many works of ancient art and interesting scenes of life among the people as well as many photographs of splendid Chinese women and girls who are helping in her organization work. She will give these lectures again this summer in Western Canada before she returns to China. I have before me a booklet containing the history and report of the first year's work of the Chinese Y. W. C. A. in Hong Kong which Miss Elliott organized. On the first page is reference to their affiliation with the world's committee of the Young Women's Association and the China National Committee and the purpose of this Y. W. C. A. is to unite Chinese girls and women for advancement, along spiritual, mental, physical, and social lines, and for service to God and country according to the teachings of Jesus Christ.

Miss Elliott told us many touching stories of marked devotion to Y. W. work of the Chinese girls in the best families. On the next page of this report is the outline of the committees—like our own—and I find all the names are Chinese except that of Miss Elliott. I wish we had space to review a bit of the interesting report of the training for home work and the hostels.

Miss Elliott's address for the present is 93 Erskine Avenue, Toronto.

I trust when she comes to Western Canada in August that her lectures will be given before large audiences. Canada needs Miss Elliott for she is a true daughter of our country but it is well that we have as our representative Y. W. worker in China one of our very best.

THEIR PLACE

WHEN Mathew Vassar gave a million dollars to found Vassar College he said: "I considered that the mothers of a country mould its citizens, determine its institutions and shape its destiny."

In every land today we feel the increase of the power of womanhood and with it we must realize the importance of the increase of our responsibility.

If Vassar were living today he might be astonished at the number of women who are not physical mothers who

are shaping the destiny of the nations. As we look through history we find this was almost true—but not at the sacrifice of their home life. Sometimes I wonder if today mothers of young children do regard too much the importance of public work and sacrifice the interests of their little children. The real mothering of little children is in this age a mother's most important work. This winter I heard a woman reporter express her disgust with the young mother who neglects her home for outside work. Furthermore we do know women who are jealous of the career of the successful unmarried women. This is not fair to the latter for in many cases they long for the love and privilege of that highest and best or woman's calling—motherhood. Why should she who has a husband and little children covet any position of the unmarried woman who must work and who has given the very best of her life to the preparation of her calling? It is our duty to encourage her and reach out the glad hand of good fellowship rather than covet her career.

Has She a Claim on You or Me?

A PAGE from the great new novel by A. S. M. Hutchinson, answered a question that has often troubled me. During the years that I have conducted this page for young women, appeals have come to me from many types of girls in many phases of life. Some ask advice concerning careers, others ask for information about college courses, our bird-to-be often writes me for "hope box" ideas or an outline for the preparation of a home maker, not a few write me sacred secrets of the heart and want advice—then there is the girl suffering the agony of the most blackened tragedy of girlhood—she writes me, too—all these impress me with a responsibility of trust, and I value confidence.

There are times when my friends ask me why I spend so much time with "one" girl? and sometimes after months of attention I ask myself that question. When I read the following from "If Winter Comes," familiar faces of these girls of many prayers passed before the eye of my mind as I realized the answer to my question.

In the story, a girl who is desperate for protection appeals to the hero and his wife for a home, and later as the hero describes the appeal to a friend he explains:

"He said to me his face all twisted up with the strain of trying to make some one else see what was so perfectly clear to himself, he said, 'Well, what I say to you, Hapgood, is just precisely what I said to my wife. I felt the girl had a claim on us. In the first place she'd turned to us in her abject misery for help and that alone established a claim even if it had come from an utter stranger. It established a claim because there was a human creature absolutely down and out come to us picking us out of everybody for succour. You've got to respond. You're picked out, you! One human creature by another human creature. Breathing the same air. Sharing the same mortality. Responsible to the same God. You've got to! You can't help yourself. You're caught. If you hear some one appealing to any one else you can scuttle out of it. Get away. Pass by on the other side. Square it with your conscience any old how. But when that some one comes to you, you're done, you're fixed. You may hate it. You may loathe and detest the position that has been forced on you, but its there. You can't get out of it. The same earth as your earth is there at your feet imploring you; and if you've got a

grain, a jot of humanity, you must, you must, out of the very flesh and bones of you, respond to that cry of this your brother or your sister made as you yourself are made. That's the claim the girl had on us."

And so the author goes on laying bare the great suffering human heart before us, as few writers can, and we close the book with a mind convinced of the great human need about us and bitter remorse because of our own narrow self interest. "If Winter Comes" is a great book.

A Teacher's Trust

SOME teachers create harmony in a community—others develop discord. So important is the position of trust in a teacher that some do not grasp its far reaching power in the community. A teacher's work is constructive—not destructive. I know personally a little community in the country where the people gathered for many years at social affairs without division of class. The young people were happy and the parents were friendly.

Today the atmosphere is changed. Two distinct factions have broken old ties of a lifetime, and seeds of discord are growing in the minds of little children—and this condition was brought about and is being encouraged by the teacher who is conducting another form of religious service. Both are Protestant denominations and both are splendid creeds, but a teacher who takes an active part in creating a division in the community is abusing the important position of teacher—especially when the place is so small that only one denomination can be supported.

Children look for the ideal in the teacher. The betrayal of that trust is a tragedy in the mind of a child.

It is not the business of a teacher to build a separate church in the community. I believe a teacher should by example attend and help in the church the community has built.

The teacher who creates and encourages harmony in a neighborhood

an ease of relationship with many people, which is afforded by no other profession."

Prof. Cunliffe of the Columbia School of Journalism in a recent lecture made the following statements regarding women in journalism: "The Columbia School of Journalism opened its doors to women from the date of its organization in 1912, and since then 61 women have graduated. The majority of these are now working journalists—nine are in trade journalism, ten in the new profession of publicity and others are in newspaper offices.

The requirements necessary for success in journalism are: Robust health, sound training in fundamental subjects and professional technique, quickness of mind, the power of adaptability to our ever changing situation, and unquenchable interest in human affairs and an increasing desire to serve the public. It is the most precarious of the professions and the financial return is seldom great, but for those who have the journalistic gift, there is no other profession which affords the same allurements, the same excitement and the same satisfaction of useful work honestly done."

MISS Alma Campbell is the home teacher of the blind in Winnipeg. She is a graduate of the Halifax school and is very successful in her work. She teaches hand and machine sewing, rug making and basketry, knitting and crocheting, reading of "Braille" and other work in the home. The school in Winnipeg is making it possible for blind men and women to earn their living.

MARY Deuke, writing in the New York World says, economic necessity has placed the European women at the bottom of the industrial ladder where they thought they had reached the top. The women are dogged by the fear of losing their jobs.

The hungry girl steps out in order to give the hungry man her few shillings a week. The future of the hungry woman of Europe is still vague and unhelpful. Among the waitresses



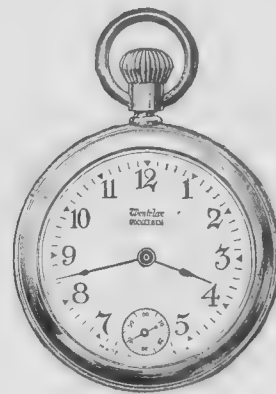
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"SALADA"

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But you can make extra money if you cut the cost of production. Time saved on the farm cuts the costs just as it does in business. Time saved means more things done per man, or less men to do the same amount of work. Either way swells the year's profits.

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So clock your farm. Westclox all around. In the barn, in the

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Pocket Ben is a husky watch that's built for heavy duty, for work in the field or wood lot. The same time in your overall pocket that's in the kitchen. It brings your appetite to the house at just the right time. Pocket Ben, \$2.00.

See the full line where Westclox are sold. Each has the trade mark Westclox on the dial and on the six-sided, orange-bordered tag.

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Women and Their Work

CATHERINE Knight is office manager of the New York advertising office of the Curtis Publishing Company.

Mrs. Antoinette Hervey of the Clarence White School of photography in New York said at the conference on vocations at Smith-College recently that the work is well-paid and new opportunities are constantly arising. Demands for newspaper and commercial photographers as well as for magazine and advertising work, have broadened the field of photography beyond the ordinary and overcrowded field of portraiture. At the same conference, Robert Stevenson, editor, said of journalism for college graduates that "There is no work where ability is as quickly marked as in journalism and no work where advancement may be as rapid."

There is an infinite variety in each day's work, and a kind of human touch

in the London tea shops are nurses with decorations for bravery, ambulance drivers, college girls, stenographers and former Waacs. Some of them walk five miles home to save bus fare. They get about three dollars a week. The war attitude is gone and the reaction against women workers among the conservative English was prompt and complete.

VERA Micheles of Petrograd is a freshman at Radcliffe college. She is there for a purpose—her college years are consecrated for service to Russia. She is on this continent she says to study the problems of government and to learn from the history of other lands. She is taking courses in government and economics under learned men at Harvard. She will return in four years with a group of young Russians who are also studying at other colleges.

Widow Hill

THERE is a hill in a village of about two thousand inhabitants where nearly every house is the home of a
(Continued on Page 56)



Marked Points of Superiority:

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THE women's hose knit to fit without a seam. Mercury Hose for women is full fashioned in knitting—not a seam anywhere. Perfect fit from toe to top. Full length—no strain on garters. Comfortable and aristocratic looking—always—and it costs no more.

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of this come to me as I write. A few years ago a friend told me of a school in the England of his boyhood. In this school the fees for instruction in ordinary subjects were sixpence, and for instruction in morals, twopence extra. One is not surprised that the boy who led the class in the knowledge of the theory of morals also led them in the practice of immorality. The other incident occurred only a few years ago in one of the Baptist Academies in Canada. A new boy had been brought to the school by his father, and the following conversation took place between the father and the principal:

Father: "I am leaving my boy in your care. I want you to take good care of him and above all I want him to be religious."

Principal: "We shall do the best that we can, Sir. We shall seek to surround him with Christian influences and incline him to the acceptance of Jesus Christ."

Father: "I am afraid you do not understand me. It must not be a matter of choice; I insist that he be religious."

Principal: "I assure you that we will do everything we can for him that he may be led to open his heart and his mind to the truth."

Father: "You utterly misunderstand me. I insist that he be religious. Don't you, man, he's got to be religious. I have bought him books and everything he needs. He simply MUST be religious!"

I do not consider now the relation of the demand for religious instruction in state schools to the doctrine of religious liberty; that is quite another matter. What concerns me now is the failure to appreciate the fact that

Christian Ideals Must Be Caught

rather than taught, and that formal teaching, apart from an atmosphere that is charged with the Christian spirit is futile. Atmosphere and example are more potent than instruction. Religion is not something to be injected into a curriculum, a subject apart from and unrelated to other subjects.

"Religion's all or nothing; it's no mere smile

O' contentment, sigh of aspiration, Sir—
Rather stuff

O' the very stuff, life of life, and self of self."

The Christian teacher in state schools can, without any formal instruction in the religion of Jesus, teach more Christianity when teaching history, algebra or any other subject than can possibly be taught by the formal instruction of specialists. What is learned is a part of the school atmosphere and it is caught rather than taught.

The same is

True in the Home.

The home is the greatest single factor in the education of children. Children ought not to have to depend upon the organized effort of the church for their knowledge of the religion of Jesus Christ; they ought to secure it in the home. But in the home, as elsewhere, the indirect method is most effective. Here religion must be all or it is nothing. Formal instruction has its place even in the home but is valueless unless the hourly experience of the home is an experience of the presence of God and of Jesus Christ; an experience that the child comes to share as he comes to recognize Christ in the home and accepts him as Saviour and as Lord. What, for example, can compare with the educational value of an example such as that of the mother of the late Principal Rainy? In his life of Rainy, Carnegie Simpson quotes Rainy's daughter, "I do not know when I first read the thirteenth chapter of First Corinthians, but what I do know is that, when I read it, the living image of my grandmother informed every word of it." Here was education, indeed—education by atmosphere, education by example, education that gave meaning to life and value to the formal instruction that might follow. Her life a hymn of love, Mrs. Rainy taught love to all who knew her. The home life becomes an education in the religion of Jesus and creates the

atmosphere in which the conversion of the young is most easily secured when the spirit of Jesus is incarnate in all that is done. The mother reveals Jesus in all her work. The father reveals Jesus in everything that he does. Education by incarnation! This is the divine method and nothing can succeed when it is absent. The best things in life are not taught, they are caught. The flanking movement alone can give value to the direct attack.

There are

Many Other Applications

of this principle but space demands that I stop. My readers will make their own applications. But I may be permitted to suggest a few questions for their thought. Can we overcome the enmities within our churches more effectively by attacking them directly or by creating the interest in the presence of which they cannot live? Will men continue to quarrel over the color of a knob on the door of a school-room if they are engaged in the great tasks of the Kingdom? Can we better overcome false teaching by direct attack or, indirectly, by teaching positive truth? Have we done anything worth while for people if we have shattered their faith in the false teaching, but have given them nothing positive to displace it, leave them the prey of the next heresy that may pass that way? Can we overcome the love of soul-destroying frivolity more easily by direct attack or by creating new affections and new interests? Can we better break the fetters of sin by attacking specific sins or by leading the sinning soul into the life and spirit of Jesus Christ? The fact is that every reader must make his own applications. I have made mine, and suggest a few of them to my readers. But while I live I shall be grateful for the spiral tunnels on the Kicking Horse Pass.



The Magic Pussy—A Beautiful type of the Persian.

The Young Woman and Her Problem

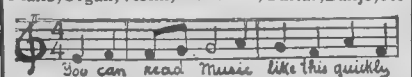
Continued from page 55

widow. The husbands were retired farmers. I presume they retired at the request of sons and daughters—in fact I know some of them did. The father whose method of living was so changed, existed perhaps a few years and died. It is not always well for an active man who has always been interested in his work to retire—especially a farmer who has been successful. The mother does not experience such a change for housework is similar even when improved. It might be interesting to observe the contentment and satisfaction of a farmer who has retired on his own farm. There are examples of homes built for that purpose on the farm where the owner has spent his best days. His environment is not changed and he is not robbed of the interests that absorbed his life. I have heard young people regret the action they took in persuading their parents to retire to a town or city.

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Some Tales Of The Seas!

Continued from page 6

"Let me tell what happened to us last trip—I shipped on a tern—captain said" (I cannot write his "lingo", so use plain English.)

The Captain's Story

WE were laden with 600 tons of hard coal, coastwise between New England ports and Nova Scotia. Our tern schooner Mable E. Gunn was well found and dry. November 22nd, we hauled out of New York and in 24 hours threw an anchor in Vineyard Haven. It was so dirty outside that we lay there until the next Friday morning, when we got underway for Yarmouth, N. S. It soon began to breeze from the Nor-east and when the sun went down it was blowing pretty fair. During the night it went squally and took a jib and the spanker. We were closehauled along the Maine coast. The wind was getting heavy and a snow squall struck us so I hauled and ran for it. As I did not know just where I was, and it was "dirty". Then came the terrific Nor-easter, it struck us full sweep, and although we were under shortened sail, it tore the iron ring out in the claw of the foresail and we had a bad job of getting it in.

"In fifteen years coast work I never saw greater seas. One of these great green hills would come sweeping over the sky-line, a giant among giants, often a single "old sea" higher than the highest and it would catch us and push us up at a fearful slant right up over its crest, and there we would be with our sails flapping in the hollow. In a moment a gust would fill them up and we would cant over until everything loose went astray. One big one hit us fair and went cascading right over the deck and tore the aft railing away and took the motor boat clean off the davits. I saw another looming up and I put her about with an awful swing and ran before it for fifteen hours losing an hundred and seventy-five miles. Again the wind shifted and we had a cross sea and tide rips that kept us guessing just how to

and tubs of trawl and all her valuable deck hamper and it may take her a couple of days to two weeks to beat back to the fishing grounds. Let me give you an illustration of how my neighbors are living away out there on that storm torn surface of the sea, while I sit here pounding out the story on my machine.

The Athena, Edward Lyogg Captain: was free of "the banks" running for shelter towards the U. S. shore with her full fishing crew aboard—usually 22 men—on she swept, climbing and quartering the immense seas, shivering in the troughs with her wee bit of sails slatting and then climbing over the crest like a true little sailor she was—some of the men were on deck cleaning fish, with an eye out weatherwards as an extra huge green capped monster would come shouldering along and send a liberal portion of the "wind chop" scattering across the deck—when she leaned to it and took a clean green sea it meant danger, and they were watchful. Along came a monarch of the seas, white-veined with the scurry where the wind chafed his sides, screaming on top like a wandering Niagara Falls. It struck the little shuddering Athena with a tremendous surge and sent countless tons of water leaping across her deck—and swept four of the men away with it—the crouching remainder saw them swept to their doom. No!, No!, the wave returned and threw

three of them aboard again, but the fourth man was swept away off by another and in a moment the schooner was sweeping along a thousands yards from her lost seaman—without any hope of even trying to rescue him. If ever you saw a board swept from the deck of a schooner and go tumbling away astern you would know how futile such a reckless attempt would be. As I write this the sea is moaning on the bar and the great surf is pounding on the beaches. The Lighthouse is sending its warning beams clear across the heavens—a sure sign of storm and wind and mighty seas.

NO wonder the mothers clutch the children tight and shudder at the shrieking of the wind. You good land dwellers who's man goes at the farthest but the length of the country on fair firm land give a thought of sympathy for those women who's husbands, this wild night are out on the "banks" in their schooners dragging at anchor or running away to sea with bare poles ahead of the gale—for the "Banks" are but sandbanks fifty to two hundred miles out to sea with many fathoms of curling, tossing waters over them—and there lie the cod which you prairie dwellers like so much in its dried state.

Out into the great ocean the vessels

of all nations sped during 1920, and every month a vessel or a steamship with all on board disappeared without a trace—until fourteen in all are on Lloyd's Record of Missing Vessels.

Two hundred of the men who go down to the sea in ships perished without leaving a trace. A full hundred and nine ships dashed on the rocks. 277 sank from peril of the sea. 788 were collision. 30 passed out in all the horrors of fire and explosion—but those fourteen "sunk without a trace"—as our enemy used to say—they carry mystery and sorrow hand in hand.

But the wonder of it all—we have lost many a fine three-master this year of 1921—lumber laden—by fire—fish laden to the islands of the sea or to Portugal—or returning salt laden by stress of weather—but we have yet to meet a sailor who was not longing to get a ship again and away.

Do you remember the yarn of the two sailors, dangling on the foot-ropes of the yard dipping them deep in the water as they furled and reefed over that treacherous Bay O' Biscay?

"Bill its a wild night in Lunnon!" one howled out on the gale.

"I pities them folks what dwells ashore wi' chimney pots rattlin down!" yelled his mate.

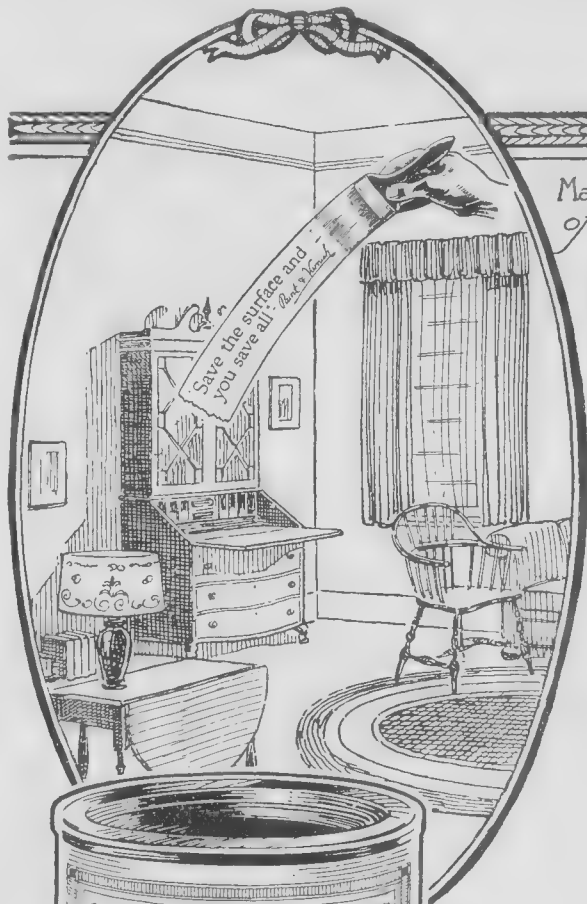


Garnet and Eider. Here are the great sea birds that sweep along in the storms.

steer. For six hours no one got forward of the mainmast. Then we got a better slant out of the East and we tore up and down the big creaming sea, past the reefs where the buoys had been torn adrift and made the old familiar lights. We beat about till daylight and got safely in the home port once more, with just three whole sales left,—two jibs a trysail and part of a spanker, of all the good cloth we left New York with."

"And our fishing fleet was caught in the big gale last week.

"There was nothing for it—in the murk and roar of the tempest but to—up anchor and run for it—and it is some fearful toil taking in a hundred fathoms of cable on the capstan, with the sea that runs before a Norther—often the cable snaps like a thread and the trim little schooner wheels on her heel and scuds away off in the darkness and the storm—swept often clean of her dories



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THE AWAKENING AT KAYLER

By Laura Wigle Crux, B.A.

WHEN Mrs. McMahon decided to add to the family income by becoming the school janitor, she soon discovered that one could learn a great deal around a school without being a pupil.

While emptying the waste paper basket her careful, honest soul received a sudden shock.

"There's a good scribbler! Must have been put in by mistake. Lucky I noticed it in time!" she exclaimed, as the crackling flames devoured the papers she was using for kindling. So she sorted the remaining contents of the basket.

"And here's another one with hardly any of the pages used!" and the motherly caretaker laid the two scribbled carefully on a desk where they might be seen and claimed by the owners.

Next day, before kindling her fire, she examined the papers in the basket. There, all crumpled up in the bottom, were the two rescued books of yesterday. Mrs. McMahon gasped in amazement as she unearthed these and other similar ones, also some loose leaves from a geography, while it began to dawn on her that the articles had been deliberately thrown away by their youthful owners.

Then she began to wonder who the guilty children were, for such wilful waste was beyond the comprehension of the woman who well remembered the neat little scribbled she used to make out of light-colored wrapping-paper. People sometimes wondered how Mrs. McMahon could give so liberally to church and benevolent purposes; but probably these people had never given serious thought to the possibilities of real thrift.

Searching for a clue as to ownership, Mrs. McMahon at last found "Alicia" scribbled on one of those loose geography leaves. That must be out of Alicia Melville's book, she concluded. "But what else would you expect from that family!" she exclaimed aloud in her indignation. "I always did say they had more dollars than sense."

One scribbler was marked "Sam Rawlins", and another, "Ben Markham". The latter at once claimed Mrs. McMahon's close attention. It was a ten-cent book, with only about a third of the pages used, the rest just soiled and crumpled. Ben Markham! No wonder the board looked so black, and the clock held its hands over its white face! Ben Markham's mother was a widow who found difficulty enough providing for her children. Just last week she had told Mrs. McMahon she needed some new flannels so badly but it cost so much all the time for the children's shoes and school supplies. And here was Mrs. Markham's Ben burning up a good scribbler! And if he destroyed this one, quite likely he had disposed of others in the same way. "It's a regular epidemic of wastefulness!" groaned Mrs. McMahon, as she went about her sweeping. "I wonder if my own girls have caught the disease." The thought made her shiver more than the zero weather outside. She would certainly keep her eyes open and find out.

THE Woman's Institute at Kayler had flourished right from its infancy, and had maintained a high standard in its programmes. There was always something worth while, and when Mrs. McMahon found that the next programme was to be on "Thrift" she resolved to be present.

The weather proved ideal, and nearly fifty women assembled at Mrs. Langdon's comfortable home. Some of the farm women had driven in with their husbands; others had come by themselves, forgetting for a brief space their family cares in their faithful cars, for the weather had moderated after the recent cold spell of early November.

To these women "economy" was no new word. They knew what it meant to sell hides for one cent a pound, and then buy children's shoes at five dollars a

pound! and they had tried so many ways of stretching the dollar that they wondered vaguely whether any really new suggestions could be forthcoming.

Mrs. Mallory was the first speaker. "We know that little things are often of great importance", she began, "and I am going to speak first of a little incident concerning two little girls who once came under my observation. It was at the Valentine season and they were cutting out some red hearts for decorations for their little party. They folded the paper in the middle and cut a big heart right out of the centre, and were preparing to spoil other sheets in the same way when I happened to notice them. How surprised they were to learn that by carefully placing the pattern they could cut several big hearts and then smaller ones out of the leftovers. Now, this may seem a trifling matter, but think what quantities of precious sewing material will be saved by our women if as children they learn to cut their paper economically. And as they learn to cut the big parts at first, will they not unconsciously extend this idea to the sphere of mind and morals,—in other words, will they not learn to size up the affairs of life, and put first things first?"

Another little thing is a bread crust. It has been said that a French family would live comfortably on what an American family wastes and the piles of crusts and other food remnants thrown away in many Canadian homes surely leave us not guiltless. Where these scraps are fed to dogs or other animals, the case is not so serious; but even in such cases it is well to remember that the children who habitually leave stacks of crusts and half-eaten food on and around their plates, and throw good bread and butter and jam or meat around the school floor, are not likely to grow up into the thrifty citizens that are perhaps the greatest need of our land today, for does not real thrift touch the very heart and soul of life, as well as the more material things? And if the children learn the lesson well, we shall not continue to see the anomaly of thrifty people giving food to the needy and then finding half-loaves of dry but perfectly good bread in the garbage cans of those same needy ones,—needy because of their extravagance."

THRIFT in Dress" was Mrs. Thomas' theme. "I remember a little girl," she said, "wearing one of the prettiest white dresses I ever saw. We were admiring it, and were informed that the handsome front, which was its special charm, had been part of the mother's blouse, that had gone out of fashion and had lain in the trunk for some years. 'We used to have some blouses like that lying around,' sighed one of our number, regretfully, 'but they were finally used up for dusters!'"

"We can also show thrift in our method of caring for our clothes," continued Mrs. Thomas. "The finest dress, if left in a crumpled heap, will lose much in appearance. I once saw a lady with a handsome new silk coat whose appearance was quite spoiled by big diagonal creases caused by its hanging from one tape loop at the collar. A simple metal or wooden hanger, especially if padded, would have retained the shape and the beauty of the rich material. Incidentally these daintily-padded hangers make inexpensive and acceptable gifts, and children too will enjoy using the smaller ones for their coats and dresses."

Mrs. Miller emphasized the danger of depending too much on ready made clothing and ready cooked foods. She knew a big healthy fifteen year old girl whose mistress provided the material and wanted to teach the girl how to make work aprons for herself. The girl was indignant. Mother always did the sewing for her. But what if mother should sometime be unable to do it? Oh, then

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Moir's Chocolates
PURITY AND QUALITY ASSURED

she would buy things ready-made! Next year the father died, and the family were left in poor circumstances.

"Doubtless it would often be false economy," continued Mrs. Miller to make our own garments; but it is not a hopeful sign when so many girls know all the latest embroidery stitches, but cannot make a simple dress, nor even a presentable button-hole, and could not for the life of them tell whether 'Hamlet' was written by Scott or Dickens? I should like to see every fair offering liberal prizes for plain sewing and simple dressmaking and bread baking by girls in their upper teens."

Judging from the hearty applause that followed each address, the seed-thoughts were falling on good ground, and when a general discussion was called for, no precious minutes were wasted.

One woman, while living in an eastern city, had given a serge skirt to a poor woman for whom clothing was requested. The skirt was good, but as she had others she parted with this one. Imagine her surprise when she found the needy woman using it for a door mat!

Someone recalled the story of Andrew Carnegie who requested the servant to put out the light in a certain room. Then, noticing the look of surprise on the face of the guest who sat with him, he remarked by the way of explanation, "You see, it is by avoiding extravagance that I have so much to share with others."

"And then," spoke up quiet little Mrs. Brown, "there are the people that never check their coal fire in the range,—just put in the coal and let it blaze away. What effect must that have on their children's ideas of economy?"

Mrs. McMahon who has been drinking in every word and making mental notes, could no longer keep silent. Briefly she told of her waste-basket experiences in the school room. No names were given, and every mother's thoughts were busy. "I must watch my children, and find out."

Mrs. Evans thought that was the same kind of spirit that made a boy once throw a big splash of ink on the back of her girl's white corduroy coat; and another boy pressed his foot against the hot stove several times and grinned while his rubber sizzled into holes.

Mention was also made of the girl who found her new red and white tam shoved away into a sooty chimney hole. Also of the boy that won a prize for stocking darning at the fair. If boys were taught, while young, to do darning and simple mending, would it not tend to make them more careful of their clothes, and incidentally to increase their respect for the parents who provide the clothes?

As the women sang,

"O Canada! We stand on guard for thee!" there rose before them clear and fresh visions of truly patriotic service rendered by busy housewives in teaching their children to use and not abuse their talents and possessions.

Then the Fords and women went homewards. And Mrs. McMahon dreamed that night that Hamlet took a waste-basketful of aprons to the Kayler fair, and the kitchen range grinned and sizzled into holes because no one took the trouble to check it.

The Childless Home By Fred Scott Shepard

Across the way,
The children play—
The house with joy resounds,
While, lonely, I
Must sit and sigh,
Where quietness abounds.

Across the street,
The children greet
The father to his home,
While none may care,
As forth I fare,
How far or long I roam.

I gaze across
The way, my loss
I would not have them learn,
And so I smile
At them, the while
For love like theirs I yearn.

Early Spring

She comes on wings of warmth and mirth

The wintry woodland waking,
About the bars of prison Earth
A tender dawn is breaking.

The ashen drift that haunt the groves
Like ghosts are disappearing,
And Hope's first song to sweetness moves:
The silence of the clearing.

With pageantry of coming days
The purple buds brim over,
Soon shall their streaming robes of praise
These wrinkled branches cover,

And prank the russet leaves until
Their faded brown grows fonder,
Where lovely eyes unfold and fill
With dancing light and wonder.

How fair the flow of Love's first dawn
Yon raptured pipe is bringing,
And that first bud mid scenes forlorn,
Whose soft lips too are singing,

And fair the faith my griefs beget,
For on my brown-leaved sorrow
Is springing Hope's first violet
And buds of sweet tomorrow.
Dudley H. Anderson

Whose Foot Are You On?

When someone stops advertising
Someone stops buying.

When someone stops buying,
Someone stops selling.

When someone stops selling,
Someone stops making.

When someone stops making,
Someone stops earning.

When everyone stops earning,
Everybody stops buying—

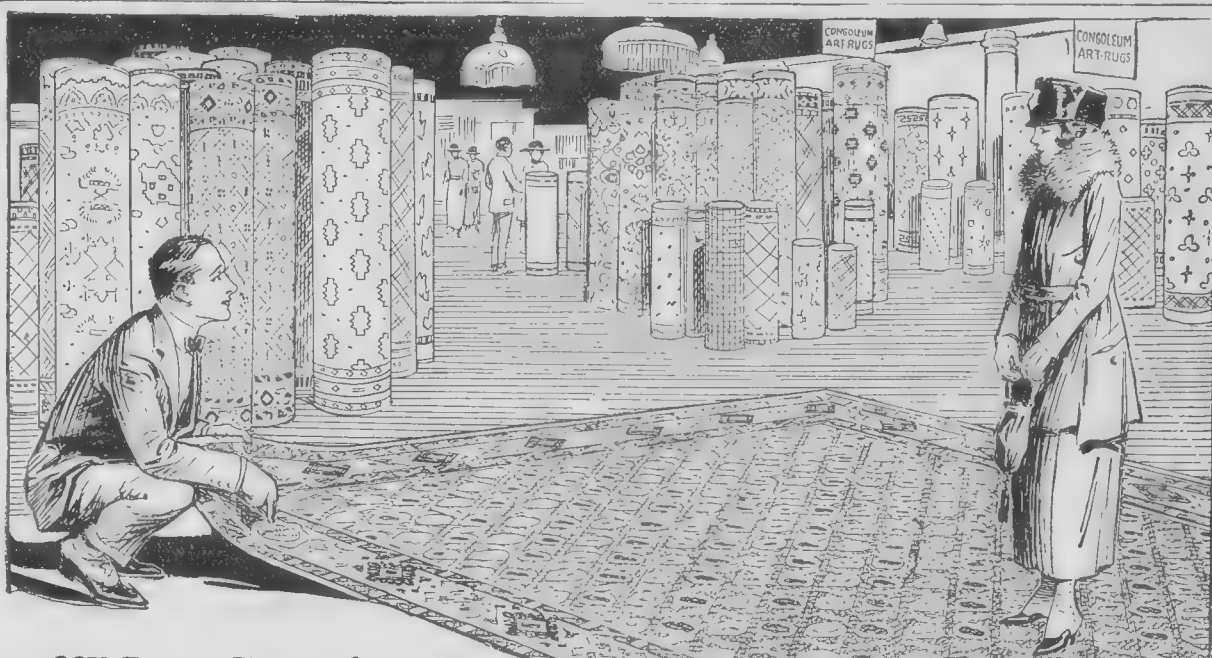
Then the bread line.
Don't block the traffic—
Keep going.

Bright Child

"Bliggins' small boy says a great many bright things. He uttered his masterpiece the other night, in the presence of a large company."

"What was it?"

"He said: Father where do you get all the funny things you tell people I say?"—R. W. Man.



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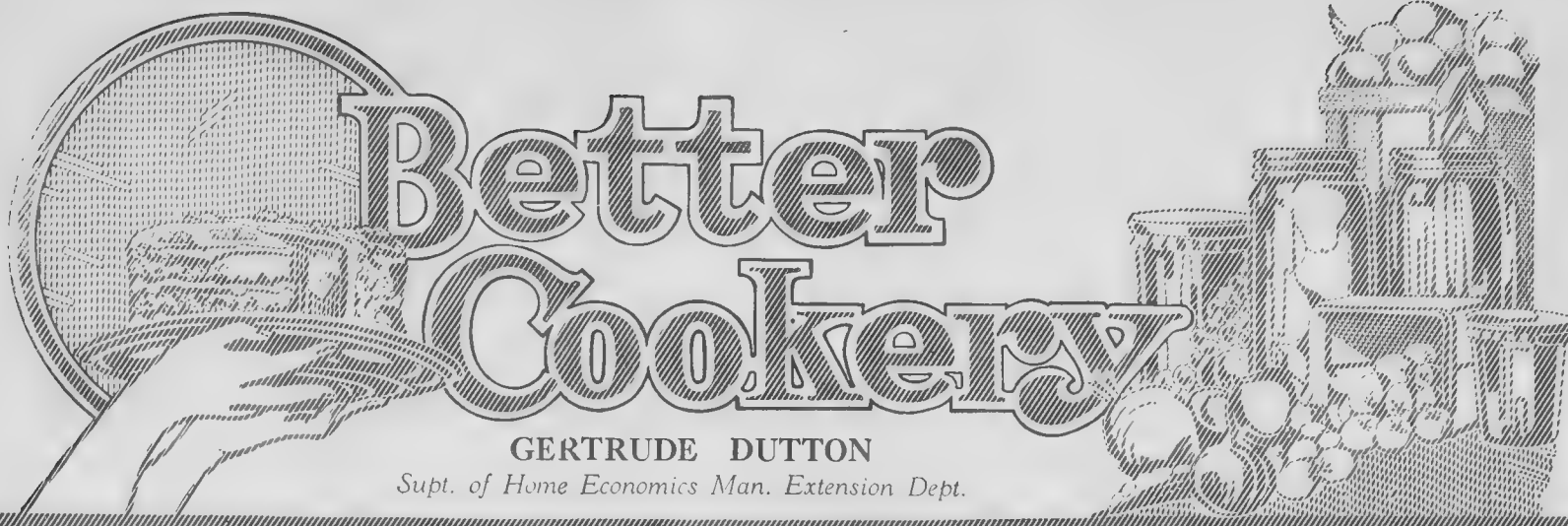
Montreal, Quebec



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CONGOLEUM
ART-RUGS

Made in Canada

by Canadians — for Canadians



When Appetites Need Tempting

Perhaps at no time during the year does the housewife find such difficulty in planning meals as in the spring time. The hearty winter dishes do not seem desirable. The supply of stored foods is becoming depleted, and the garden products are not available for weeks to come. The imported fruits and vegetables if they are to be had at all, are too expensive. Lucky is she who has a good supply of canned goods in her store room. Eggs are at their very best, and should take a prominent part in the daily menus.

Baked Cauliflower

Open a jar of canned cauliflower or cook a fresh one in boiling water till tender, and separate into flower-ets. Place a layer of the cauliflower in the bottom of a baking dish,

of boiling salted water until wilted. In the center of each leaf place a teaspoonful of dressing, roll up and fasten with toothpicks, and cook in boiling salted water or soup stock until tender.

Stuffed Boiled Cabbage

Cut a head of cabbage in two. Remove the center from each half, leaving a shell. Fill the cavities with cooked corned beef cut in pieces. Press halves together, tie in a piece of cheese cloth and boil one-half hour in boiling salted water. To serve remove the cloth and place the two halves side by side in a platter, with the stuffed sides up.

Onion Pie

Boil until tender, one dozen medium sized onions. Place in a bake dish, and cover with a layer of cook-

Two cups boiled rice
One cup thin white sauce
Sprinkle a layer of bread crumbs in a buttered bake dish, then a layer of rice, a layer of fish and one-half the white sauce. Repeat, cover all with a layer of bread crumbs and bake one-half hour in a moderate oven.

Egg Nest

4 eggs
½ t. s. baking powder
¼ t. s. salt
Dash of Paprika
4 slices toast
On each slice of toast pile one-quarter of the stiffly beaten egg white, to which the baking powder and seasonings have been added. On the top of each pile make a depression with the back of a spoon, and gently slide in an unbroken egg yolk. Brown in a slow oven.

Baked Tomato with Cheese

Mix together, one beaten egg, one cup of milk, season with salt and pepper. Dip into this the required number of slices of bread cut rather thick. Place the slices in a well greased pan, and on each put a thick slice of tomato, season with salt and pepper, cover each tomato, with grated or chopped cheese. Bake in the oven until the tomato is tender and the bread nicely browned.

Tomato and Fish Mold

Boil together for five minutes
2 cups tomatoes
1 slice onion
1 t. s. salt
1 t. s. celery salt
½ t. s. pepper
1 clove
Add one tb. granulated gela-

drained, then chopped finely. The fresh spinach is well washed, cooked in an uncovered vessel in salted water, drained thoroughly and chopped. Season with salt and pepper, 2 tbs. melted butter, 1 ts. lemon juice, and pack tightly in small moulds. Chill and let stand in the moulds till ready to serve. Turn out on a slice of cold ham which has been placed on a lettuce leaf, and serve with cooked dressing.

Lettuce and Bean Salad

Open a jar of string beans, drain and let stand for half an hour before using. Make a nest of lettuce leaves or shredded lettuce. Pile a few beans in log cabin fashion on the nest. Fill the center with dressing to which chopped nuts have been added.

Rice Peach Compote

Steam or boil rice until tender, taking care to keep the grains whole. Pile lightly in tall sherbet glasses, arrange sliced canned peaches or apricots with the juice on top.

American Beauty Pudding

2 cups milk
1 cup raspberry juice
6 tbs. cornstarch
¼ t. s. salt
¼ t. s. Vanilla
½ Cup sugar
Raspberries

Scald the milk, and add to it the cornstarch paste, stir until cooked flavor with vanilla and cool. Dissolve the sugar and salt in the berry juice. To one-third of the custard add sufficient berry juice to make a pretty pink, and turn into a mold. When this is set sprinkle a layer of rasp-



Onion Pie done in oven glass. The frame is of Silver.

then a layer of grated cheese, another layer of cauliflower and cheese and pour over all one cup of medium cream sauce, cover with buttered crumbs and brown in the oven.

Stuffed Baked Cabbage

One head cabbage
Nine sausages
One onion
One slice bacon
Salt and pepper

Remove the outer leaves of the cabbage and soak in water one-half hour, scald the head and large leaves in boiling salt water for almost fifteen minutes, make a stuffing of the bacon and sausage which have been cooked and chopped, add the seasonings. Lift the cabbage from the water, drain well and open to the heart. Put in 2 or 3 tbs. of the stuffing, fold 2 or 3 leaves over this and put in more dressing. Proceed in this manner until the cabbage is filled. Place the outer leaves around the stuffed head, press together and tie. Place in a buttered baking dish, pour over one cup of well seasoned white sauce and bake until tender. Remove the outer leaves and serve the stuffed head with the sauce.

Cabbage Rolls

Make a stuffing of any cooked leftover meat to which a slice of chopped cooked bacon has been added; season if necessary. Carefully remove the leaves from the head of the cabbage. Place the leaves in a kettle

ed meat or chicken cut in cubes, add one cup of stock gravy or tomato sauce, season if necessary: cover with a rich baking powder crust and bake in a quick oven.

Baked Onions

Peel the required number of onions, cut in halves, and place in a buttered bake dish, season with salt and paprika, dot with one tb. butter and two tbs. brown sugar. Cover and bake one and one half hours. Garnish with parsley and triangles of hot buttered toast.

Pea Timbales

One can peas
Two tbs. flour
Two tbs. melted butter
One-half ts. Salt
One-half tb. sugar
One egg white
Milk

Onion Juice and pepper to taste
Mash the peas and add enough milk to make one pint of pulp, cook together the butter and flour and add to the pea pulp add seasoning and fold in the beaten egg white. Put in buttered custard cups, if desired, sprinkle the top of each with grated cheese and set in a pan of hot water in a slow oven. Bake until firm.

Scalloped Fish

One can salmon or tuna (any left over baked or boiled fish)
One-half cup buttered bread crumbs



American Beauty Blanc Mange.

tine which has been soaked in ½ cup water. Boil one minute longer and strain into a border mould. When ready to serve place in a bed of lettuce on a platter. Fill the centre with canned salmon or tuna. Serve with salad dressing.

Beef Roll

Mince one pound cold roast beef, moisten with one cup seasoned tomato sauce and shape into a roll. Around this roll of meat wrap a layer of rich pie crust. Bake ½ hour and slice when cold.

Spinach Salad

Either canned or fresh spinach may be used. The can of spinach is

berries on the top and cover with another layer of the custard which has been colored a deep pink with the remainder of the juice. When very cold and firm serve in a glass dish with whipped cream.

Stained Hands.

I have lately been in hospital, and when nurse washed me she remarked on how the dirt had ingrained itself into my hands. She told me when I got home to mix a little olive oil and castor sugar and rub them well into my hands. Then wash in warm water with soap. I tried this and never could have believed it would take out stains as it did, and my hands are beautifully white now."

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It's Easy!

"Clark's Pork & Beans"

—and the meal is a success!

Clark's Pork and Beans are not only delicious and nutritious but are most inexpensive—and easily prepared—simply heat and serve.

Every bean is perfectly cooked—tender but not mushy and the sauce—Chili, Tomato, or Plain—is flavored deliciously.

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No bone, no gristle. Serve cold or heated.

Clark's Tomato Ketchup

Its bright red color reflects the ripe fresh tomatoes.

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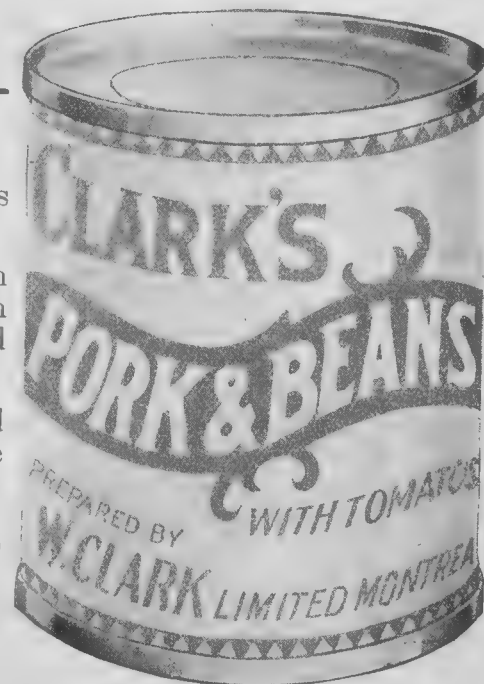
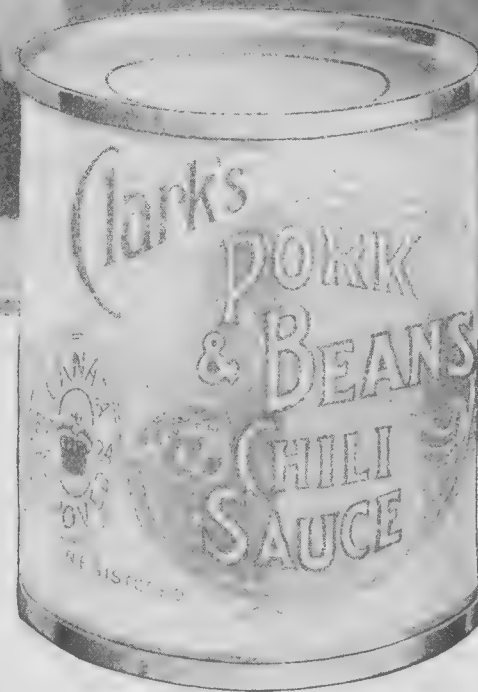
Pork and Beans are only one of many delicious dishes which the great "CLARK" KITCHENS prepare and which you can buy ready to heat and serve, simplifying housekeeping and relieving you of much kitchen drudgery.

Write for our free 32 page booklet illustrated in color and showing, in addition to many attractive dishes, a double page color illustration of a correctly laid table.

"CANADA APPROVED"

Clark's Pork and Beans bear the legend of "Canada Approved" on every tin. This label also appears on every "Clark" container in which meat is used. It is the Government guarantee of purity. Clark's label is your guarantee of excellence.

W. CLARK LIMITED, Montreal



These four
Recipes are all
made from one
box of

KNOX SPARKLING GELATINE

—BY MRS. KNOX—

A Meat Loaf

That Serves a Family of Six

Soak $\frac{1}{2}$ envelope Knox Sparkling Gelatine in $\frac{1}{2}$ cup cold water ten minutes. Take one cup of any left-over stock, bouillon or diluted gravy, bring to the boiling point and add dissolved gelatine. Pour in square mold, and when mixture begins to stiffen, add one cup of any cold chopped meat at hand (veal, ham, beef, or chicken, seasoned well). Also mold in a little red or green pepper, celery, onion if desired or parsley. Chill and cut in slices for serving.

A Tomato Salad

Plenty for Six Servings

Soak $\frac{1}{2}$ envelope Knox Sparkling Gelatine in $\frac{1}{2}$ cup cold water ten minutes. Take $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups of any left-over tomato stew or soup, bring to the boiling point and add dissolved gelatine. Season well. A little chopped onion, pepper or celery may be added for flavor. Strain, turn into mold and chill. Cut in thin slices and serve on lettuce leaves with mayonnaise, or mold in individual cups. If any hard boiled eggs are at hand, place slice in bottom of small cups and fill with the tomato mixture. Or the tomato jelly may be molded in a thin sheet, cut in squares, spread with cream cheese and put together sandwich fashion.

Chocolate Sponge Pudding

Making Enough for Six People

$\frac{1}{2}$ envelope Knox Sparkling Gelatine
 $\frac{1}{2}$ cup cold water $\frac{1}{2}$ cupful of sugar
 $\frac{1}{2}$ cupful boiling water 3 eggs
1 teaspoonful vanilla Few grains of salt
2 squares chocolate or 6 tablespoons cocoa

Soak gelatine in cold water until soft, then dissolve in boiling water. Add cocoa or melted chocolate. Beat egg-whites until stiff and add well-beaten egg yolks, one at a time, to the whites. Add sugar, then the dissolved gelatine, which has been beaten well. Beat and add flavoring. Pour into wet mold, chill and serve with whipped cream or whipped evaporated milk.

Cocoanut Fudge Candy

Which makes a pound of Delicious Candy

Soak $\frac{1}{2}$ envelope Knox Sparkling Gelatine in 3 tablespoonfuls cold water five minutes. Put two cups sugar and one cup milk in saucepan, bring to boiling point and let boil until when tried in cold water a soft ball may be formed. Remove from range, add soaked gelatine, $\frac{1}{2}$ tablespoonful butter and one teaspoonful vanilla. Beat until creamy, and add one cup shredded cocoanut and turn into a buttered pan.

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Plain Sparkling
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general use

Contains Lemon
Flavoring. No
lemons required.

INVALID COOKERY

IT IS useful to have at hand for ready reference a few reliable recipes for invalid dishes. There may be no invalid in the family at the moment but every good housewife likes to feel fully equipped to meet any and every requirement, and she knows that sickness may some day visit her home, or a guest may come to stay with her in the days of convalescence after some serious illness, so it is up to the caterer to show what she can provide in the way of nourishing and tempting meals for the sick room.

An Excellent Beef Tea

Shin of Beef, 1 lb
Water, 4 breakfastcupsful
Salt to taste

Take one pound of hind shin of beef, separate from it all fat and stringy portions, cut the remainder up into small pieces the size of a cobnut. Place the meat in a jar and pour over it not quite a breakfast-cupful of water. Let it stand for half an hour; cover, put the jar in a saucepan of water and let it simmer for about three hours. Clear the fat off with tissue paper. To heat, put a small cupful of beef tea in a pan of water and place it on the fire. When done, salt may be added to taste.

A Building up Tonic

Eggs, 4
Lemons 4 or 5
Salad Oil, 2 tablespoonsful
Sugar Candy, $\frac{1}{2}$ lb
Rum, $\frac{1}{2}$ pint

Take four new laid eggs, cover with lemon juice (the juice of four or five lemons is required), and set aside in a basin from which the air is excluded by covering with a plate. Turn the eggs occasionally if not absolutely covered with the lemon juice. After two or three days it will be found that the juice has softened the shells thus adding the

and season with salt, pour in the water, cover the pan and stew very gently for five hours; then strain, boil up, stir in the meat extract, and pour into a mould. When cold it will turn out a firm and nourishing jelly.

Stewed Tripe

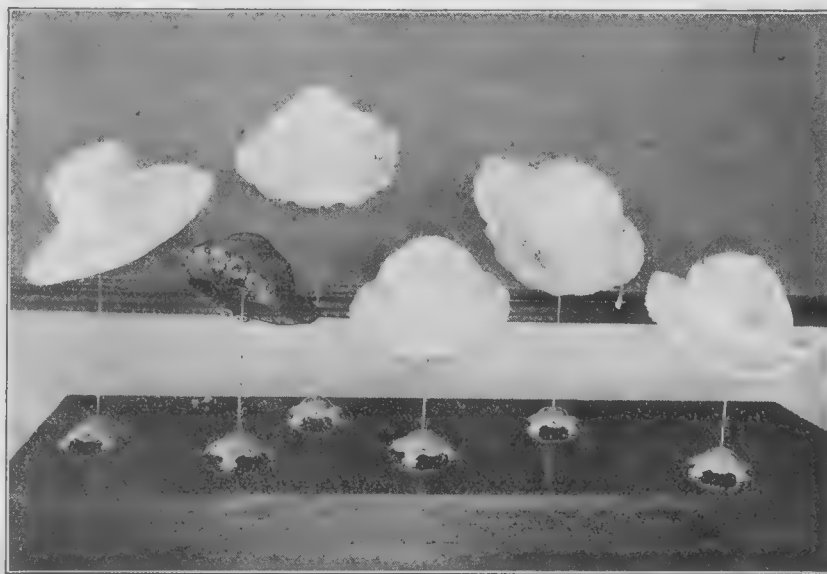
Tripe, 1 lb
Flour, 1 tablespoonful
Meat extract, 1 teaspoonful
Milk, $\frac{1}{4}$ pint
Salt, a pinch

Soak the tripe for two hours or longer in cold water, then wash in warm water to which has been added a pinch of bicarbonate of soda. Place the tripe in a panful of boiling water and boil for half an hour; then pour away the water and add fresh cold water; bring to boiling point and simmer for six or seven hours; mix the flour smoothly with milk, add the seasoning of salt and $\frac{1}{2}$ a pint of the liquid the tripe has been boiled in; stir in the meat extract, put in the pieces of tripe and serve when all is thoroughly hot.

Diabetic Biscuits

Almond meal, 4 oz.
Butter, 1 dessertspoonful
Egg, 1
Baking powder, 1 teaspoonful
Butter milk, 1 tablespoonful
Seasoning to taste

Cookery for diabetics is a most important matter and it is impossible to attempt a full diet chart within the limits of this one article devoted to the needs of invalids. It may, however, be useful to include a good recipe for diabetic biscuits. First of all melt butter, then press the egg through a hair sieve. Season the almond meal and mix in the baking powder; add the egg to these dry ingredients and then the butter and buttermilk. Beat up very briskly, then spread in rounds, on a baking tin and cook 20 to 25 minutes.



A sample of work done by girls taking a course at Manitoba Agricultural College.

lime to the ingredients. Break up with a fork and beat slightly. Then strain to get rid of the skin of the egg. Now add two tablespoonfuls of salad oil, $\frac{1}{4}$ lb of good sugar candy (broken into small pieces) and $\frac{1}{2}$ pint of rum. Pour into an old wine bottle, shake well together and cork tightly. After two days the tonic is ready for use. Take $\frac{1}{2}$ a wine glass full every night on going to bed and another $\frac{1}{2}$ wineglassful before dressing in the morning. Shake the bottle before pouring out the dose. Under this regime the troublesome little cough vanishes and the whole system is built up.

Veal Jelly

Lean Veal, $1\frac{1}{2}$ lbs.
Water, $1\frac{1}{2}$ breakfastcupsful
Sago, 2 ozs.
Meat Extract, 1 teaspoonful.

Cut the veal into small pieces, free from skin and fat, put in the sago

Proof Abundant

one. "Do you believe in phrenology?" He. "No. As an experiment, I once went and had my head read, and I found there was nothing in it."

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HEALTH HINTS

Night Air

SEVERE sickness is frequently produced by exposures at night. At all seasons of the year, very unexpected and sudden changes of weather occur between the hours of twelve and four o'clock in the morning—sometimes by a change in temperature, and again by cool currents of air or winds. An individual fatigued and perhaps perspiring freely, is restless, and displaces his clothing—sleeping, it may be, in a draft—and is in great danger of taking cold. The blood becomes congested and the pores closed up. As the person is wholly or partially unconscious, he does not readily feel or realize the effects of the cold, till it is too late to throw it off. It may go to the head, the lungs or the whole body; it may cause a lung or rheumatic fever, or result in consumption. Windows and doors should be so guarded at night as to prevent a draft of air, and extra clothing should always be provided at hand.

More Hints for the Sick Room

OF course the manner of speaking in a sick-room is all-important. Oh, the horror of that dreadful

"Pig Whisper,"

which penetrates to the inmost recesses of the room, and wakes the sleeping patients as surely as the banging of a door! Don't whisper in hearing of your patient. It often creates alarm, and causes excitement when calmness and repose are indispensable. The sick-room whispers mean well, but good intentions are often fatal.

I call to mind a case of fever—a very bad one, in which sleep was the one desideratum—almost the only hope. The sufferer had fallen into a doze—the terrible throbbing of the arteries in the bared throat seemed a little less rapid—the fire that was burning life away raged a little less fiercely—but, some idiot peeped in through a half-closed door, and with horrible contortions of the visage, intended to express extreme caution, whispered in bloodchilling tones: "How—is—he—getting—on—now?"

In an instant the patient had raised himself in bed; the poor, hot hands were thrown out to ward off he knew not what—the filmy eyes stared wildly around—the parched tongue faltered: "What is it? Where is it?" And for hours the weary head tossed from side to side, and meaningless words fell on the ears of those who watched and waited, and almost feared to hope. And yet it was meant in kindness!

In some of the most severe diseases, such as cholera and diphtheria, the patient is often intensely conscious of all that is passing around him. The wish to know everything that is said and done is extreme, and nothing excites a patient so much as anything like whispering and mystery. The natural voice, only so much lowered as to be perfectly distinct, is, then the proper tone for the sick-room. If silence is needed, let it be complete, and no whispering permitted either in the room, or, worse, still, outside the door.

And now I must say a few words on a disagreeable, but yet most important subject. In any case where operative surgery is necessary, it cannot be too strongly insisted upon that no one shall remain present whose calmness and self-control are not a certainty. I remember well a delicate and difficult operation having to be performed—not a painful one, but where success mainly depended on the perfect stillness of the patient. Scarcely had the first slight incision been made, when the room resounded with the moans and cries, not of the sufferer but the friend who had kindly come to support her through the ordeal! With many a sob, and choke, and gurgle, the friend was assisted from the room, and then all went well enough; but great delay, and much increase of nervousness on the part of the patient, naturally resulted.

One of the many very eminent surgeons of whom America can boast once told me that on the occasion of performing a

most formidable operation, in which promptitude was a vital necessity, he saw, at a moment when seconds were precious, a friend who had insisted on remaining present, suddenly turn pale, and fall fainting on the floor, in uncomfortably close proximity to the chloroformed patient. Dr. B— stooped down and quietly rolled the insensible individual into a corner of the room, where he enjoyed undisturbed repose until such time as some one had time to "bring him to."

To return to some of those "trifles," the knowledge of which is so needful to those who would try to fulfil well the duties of an amateur sick-nurse.

Finger Nails

When active personal care of a sick person is undertaken, the finger-nails should be kept very short. I have seen a long nail tear open a blister, and expose a raw surface, causing great pain. For the same reason all removable rings should be taken off; and any ornaments that hang loose and make a jingling noise are best dispensed with, as they irritate and annoy a sensitive patient.

It seems to me that this paper will be hardly complete without a few words as to the diet that is best for anyone acting as sick-nurse in a long and trying case. One great point is, to let no silly notions of sentiment prevent you making a practice of taking substantial and regular meals; and, when you have to sit up all night, be sure and have food at hand, and never go more than three hours without eating. Now, I am going to say what I know many will highly disapprove of, and it is this: when you are nursing a long and anxious case, and you want to be able to "stay" to the end,

Avoid all Stimulants.

There is nothing you can do such hard work upon, there is nothing that will support you in long-continued watching and fatigue like good, well-made coffee. Stimulants only give a temporary excitement that passes itself off as strength. They injure the clearness of thought, that perfect quietude and collectedness which are so essential to the good sick-nurse; and they tend more than anything else to that miserable "breaking down afterward."

The Rainbow's End

O jeweled path to the world's desire!
Just over the vale to the mountain's crest

It bends its arch of rose and fire,
And challenges all to the quest!
Supernal beauty that never can fade.
The perfect love that never can die.
And purest gold of which dreams are made
At the end of the rainbow lie!

But year by year the light that shone
So near still travels before;
And the world grows empty and dark and lone
And burdens weigh more and more!
Alas, for the climbing through tangle and gloom
The longing so vain and fond:
The rainbow runs at last to the tomb
And the treasure lies ever beyond!

Selected—Stokely S. Fisher.

If We Cared

H. G. Britting

The warm sun shines bright every day,
The flowers bloom fairer, and all is gay,
My heart is light, though I'm far away,
Because you care!

No matter how dreary the world may seem,
How broken and battered a favorite dream,
Things will brighten up and contentment beam,
If someone cares.

There isn't enough of sweet love in the world,
There's bitter looks given, and cruel words hurled
When there should be naught but Love's banner unfurled.
If everyone cared.



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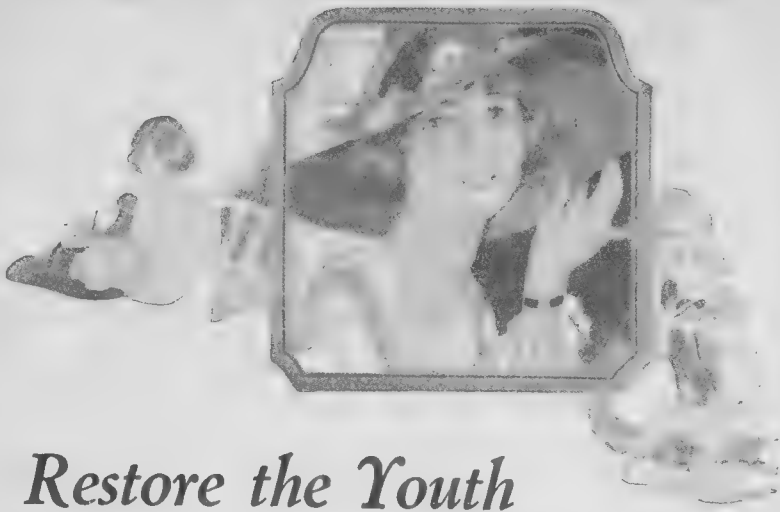
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2 Violet	10 Cardinal Red
3 Cerise	11 Sage Green
4 Yellow	12 Dull Black
5 Victory Blue	13 Burnt Straw
6 Gray	14 Lavender
7 Brown	15 Navy Blue
8 Jet Black (Gloss)	16 Natural



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Colorite

HAT FINISH

Work for Busy Fingers

By MARGIE MOORE



Towel End With Motif.

MATERIALS—Two balls crochet cotton No. 15. Crochet-hook No. 10. Linen huck towel, 21x40.

DIRECTIONS—Baste a 1/2-inch hem on end of towel, stitching 1/8 inch from edge.

1st row—Make about 277 d over hem.

2d row—Ch 1, d, * ch 5, skip 3, d in next; repeat from *.

3d row—Ch 1, tin d, ch 3, * d in 5 ch, ch 3; repeat from *, t in d.

4th row—Ch 1, t in t, * 8-ch petal (pet), sl in t, (ch 1, skip 1, t in next) 6 times; repeat from *, pet in last t, sl in t, cut thread.

5th row—Lt in same st where pet was started, * ch 5, d in pet, 8-ch pet, sl in t, lt in 3d t between pets, d in pet, 8-ch pet, sl in d, ch 5, lt where pet was started, ch 7, lt in lt (this forms a ring), d in ring, (ch 3, d in ring) twice, ch 2, join to 4th t, ch 2, d in ring, (ch 3, d in ring) 5 times, join with sl in 1st d made in ring, lt in t with pet; repeat from *.

6th row—Ch 4, * d in pet, ch 4, lt in lt, ch 4, d in pet, lt in lt, ch 4, t between 2d and 3d loops in ring, ch 4, lt in lt, repeat from *, lt in lt, cut thread.

dt) in point of pet, ch 7, t in d in pet, (ch 3, t in pet) twice, ch 7, (dt, ch 3, dt, ch 3, dt) in pet, ch 8, d in pet, cut thread.

5th row—Begin at 7th t in 1st row, d in each st to 2d dt at corner, 3 d in dt, d in each st to 2dt on opposite corner, 3 d in dt, d in each st to top of t, cut thread.

6th row—Join thread in d above tat right of 3t in centre, ch 1, t in next d, 6-ch pet, sl in t just made, ch 1, t in same d 7-ch pet, sl in t, 8-ch pet, sl in t, 7-ch pet, sl in t, ch 1, t in d with the 2 t, 6-ch pet, sl in t, ch 1, d in d above t at left of 3 t in centre, sl in each st to d over 1st dt inclusive, turn, (ch 6, p, ch 2, d in pet) 5 times, ch 6, p, ch 2, join with sl to d over 1st dt, cut thread.

7th row—Sl in 3d t of 1st row, (ch 6, p, ch 2, d in pet) twice, ch 6, p, sl in d above 1st dt, cut thread; repeat on other side, starting at top of dt.

8th row—Dm 1 st in 1st row, ch 3, skip 1, t, dt in next t, (ch 5, t in pet) twice, ch 5, dt in d on dt, ch 5, t in 2d of 3d at corner, (ch 5, t in pet) 3 times, ch 3, t in d with last t; repeat backwards on other side.

9th row—Sl in 1st st on motif, sl in 4 sts, t, (ch 2, skip 2, t) 17 times, ch 2, (t



Towel end with Motif in Cluny lace.

7th row—* T in lt, (ch 4, p) 3 times, lt in same lt, lt in next lt, (ch 4, p) 5 times, t in same lt, t in next lt, (ch 4, p) 3 times t in same lt, d in t; repeat from *, cut thread.

On other end of towel repeat above directions from 1st to 4th rows inclusive, then continue as follows;

5th row—T, * ch 4, p, skip 1, t in next st; repeat from * to end of row.

Triangular Motif—Ch 74, turn, skip 1, sl in 4 sts, (ch 2, skip 2, t) 6 times, (7-ch pet, sl in t) twice, ch 2, skip 2, t, ch 7, t in t, skip 2, t in next, (ch 2, skip 2, t) 6 times, ch 7, t in t, skip 2, t, 2 7-ch pet, sl in last st

ch 3, t) in 3 ch, ch 2, skip 1, t; repeat on other side to correspond, sl in last st.

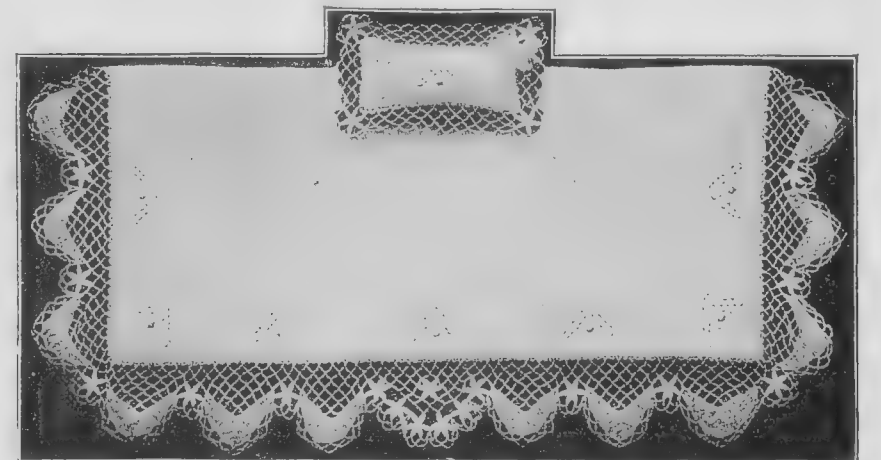
10th row—Ch '3, t in each st around motif, 3 t in corner.

Dresser Set.

MATERIALS—Linen for scarf 19 in. by 40 in. Linen for cushion 4 1/2 in. by 10 in. Two spools linen thread No. 90 and No. 30. Crochet-hooks No. 2 and No. 12.

Scarf

DIRECTIONS—Turn an inch hem on one side of linen. Stitch three times around other three sides. With No. 21



Dresser scarf and pincushion with Cluny lace.

on 1st pet, skip 2, t, (ch 2, skip 2, t) 5 times, ch 2, skip 2, sl in 4 sts, cut thread.

2d row—Join thread in top of 10th t, ch 8 for pet, catch back in loop made by 7 ch, finish pet on 8 ch, sl in t, 2 8-ch pet, t in t, 8-ch pet, sl in t, ch 1, t in t, (8-ch pet, sl in t) twice, ch 8 for pet, sl in 7 ch, turn, finish pet, sl in t, cut thread.

3d row—Sl in point of 1st pet made in 2d row, (ch 8, d in pet) twice, (ch 3, d in pet) twice, (ch 8, d in pet) twice, cut thread.

4th row—Sl in 3d ch st of 1st 7 ch which formed a space, ch 8, (dt, ch 3, dt, ch 3,

hook, No. 30 thread work d closely around this edge, cut thread.

1st row—Join thread at right-hand corner, ch 9, t in 6th st from hook, * t in edge, skipping the length of 2 ch, ch 2, t in edge, ch 6, t at beginning of 6 ch; repeat from * around (43 loops across each end, 99 across front).

2d row—Turn, sl st to middle of 1st loop (all joinings are made in middle of loops between picots), * make a picot-loop (p-l) as follows: (ch 5, catch back in 3d st to form

picot (p), ch 9, p, ch 3), d in 3d loop; repeat from *, turn.

3d row—Like 2d.

4th row—Sl st to middle of loop, 6p-l, turn, sl st to loop, 5 p-l, turn.

Continue in same way, making one less p-l in each row until there are but 2, fasten off. Join thread in 8th p-l in 3d row and repeat these pointed sections around scarf except at centre of front. Here there are 8 p-l instead of 7; join thread in 1st loop, make 3 p-l, turn, 2 p-l, turn, 1 p-l, fasten off.

Make other half of front section in the same way. Sew a flower, made as directed below in the space by four of its petals (pet) to loops as illustrated, leaving 2 pet free. Join thread in loop next to joined pet, ch 5, p, ch 3, join in end of free pet, p-l, join to free pet, ch 5, p, ch 3, join to next p-l on other side of flower, sl st to p-l at point, turn, ch 5, p, ch 3, picot bar made as follows: (thread over 7 times, work off 5 sts, 2 loops at a time, catch back in 3d st form p, work off remaining loops) join to pet last joined, p-l, join in p-l between pet, p-l, then a p bar, join to end of pet, ch 5, p, ch 3, join in loop at point of 1st half section.

Sew six flowers around this section as shown.

Flower—Ch 3, join, * ch 10, turn, 1 sl st, 7 d, 1 sl st, turn skip 1, 7d, 1 sl st, ch 3, turn, sl st, 1d, 1 ht, 4 t, 1 d, sl st to ch 3; repeat from *, making 6 pet, cut thread,

draw thread through work and loop on needle at same time.

Double (d)—Put hook through work, thread over hook and draw through, making two loops on needle; thread over again and draw through both loops.

Half treble (ht)—Thread over needle, hook through work, thread over and draw through, giving three sts on needle, thread over and draw through the three sts at once.

Treble (t)—Thread over the needle, hook through work, thread over and draw through, giving three sts on needle, thread over, draw through two, over again and draw through remaining two.

Double treble (dt)—Thread over twice hook through work, thread over and draw through, giving four sts on needle, * thread over and draw through two; repeat from * twice.

Long treble (lt)—Thread over three times, hook through work, thread over and draw through, giving five sts on needle thread over, work off by twos.

Explanation of Terms.

Petal—Petals vary only in the number of chains and trebles, subtracting 5 in correct number of t for each centre. Example: Ten-chain petal means ch 10, turn,



Graduates of Manitoba Agricultural College. The dainty dresses worn were made by the girls themselves.

leaving about 6 inches. Thread a needle with this end and sew through and through around middle of flower, fastening it firmly into shape.

Leaf—Like one petal of flower.

Crescent—Join No. 90 thread in 1st p-l of 4th row and work d loosely into 1st half of 4 p-l around edge of point, ch 5 loosely to connect the two end p-l, and work d down other side of point to correspond (41 sts in all, 18 d on each side, plus 5 ch across point), turn, change to No. 2 hook, d in each st around point, * turn, skip 1, d around. Repeat from * for 11 rows, ** turn, skip 1, d in all but last st; repeat from ** for 10 rows, cut thread. Join at beginning of crescent and work d around to make edges smooth. Sew two leaves on each crescent as shown, catching each end and leaving centre free. Sew a flower between crescents. Change to No. 12 hook, make 8 p-l around each crescent, in each loose petal of flowers and at joining of petals in front section. Any irregular spaces can be filled with a p bar. Finish edge with loops of ch 5, p, ch 5, p, ch 3. Join loops between crescents and flowers and between flowers on the front with 2 ch to keep the edge from being too full.

Pincushion—Work 1st row as in scarf, then 1 row of p-l, 5 on ends, 11 on sides, breaking thread at each corner. Make a flower for each corner, joining one petal in 2d loop from corner of 1st row on end, and next petal to 2d loop from corner on side. Make 3 rows of p-l all around to finish.

Explanation of Stitches.

Chain (ch)—Make a slip knot on needle draw thread through this loop. Again draw thread through this second loop and continue until ch is of length required.

Slip stitch (sl st or sl)—Put hook through work at st indicated in directions;

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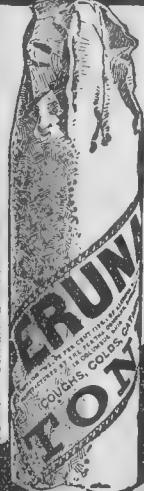
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OH! DEATH WHERE IS THY STING

What is Death? that we should dread it?

Fear to see our loved ones go?

Long to snatch them from its portals

Thinking, thus our love to show,

Ours, not theirs, would be the loss

If the river they should cross.

What is Death? 'Tis but a passing,

From the sorrows and the strife,

From the trials and temptations,

That beset us in this life,

To those glorious realms above,

There to dwell in peace and love.

What is Death, but the releasing,

Of the Soul from mortal clay,

Soaring up from pain and darkness,

Into bright unending day,

Where, with loved ones gone before,

We, our Lord and King adore!

What is Death? we need not falter,

When we come to cross the flood,

All our doubts and fears will vanish,

Cleaned by our Redeemer's blood,

Pardoned, Sanctified and free,

We shall reign Eternally.

—Isobel Wilson.

OUR HOME MONTHLY FASHIONS—PATTERNS

The new cotton materials for the Spring are wonderfully interesting. Many are so woven and of such colors as to look like woollen materials, and they are equally appropriate for separate skirts, one piece dresses, suits, and three piece costumes.

The pretty sheer voiles and swisses will make lovely summer frocks. Gingham is very popular and are being made up for bathing suits as well as for dresses and suits.

More color is being used on all wearing apparel.

Dark dresses are enlivened with touches of red in crimson and scarlet, Red as a lining for capes is very popular, and when the cape is part of a dress, pipings and girdle of the dress match the cape lining.

The cape is undoubtedly the most popular garment of the season. It is seen with the sports suit, the tailored suit, the one piece frock, and even the evening dress may have some form of cape.

Skirts are not only longer but also fuller. One sees wider skirts in circular effect, and also those straight and gathered.

Plait effects are shown in various ways.

The "wrap around" skirt and dress style is very popular as is also the bloused waistline, sometimes lowered almost to the hip line.

One piece dresses in chemise style, show less fullness over front and back. Many new versions, both with and without sleeves are in evidence. Plait inserts and panels are used to add fullness and length.

Sleeves on waists and dresses are shown in wrist length, half length and short.

As always the material, the occasion and the figure should be considered when selecting a dress style. This applies also to the trimmings which may make or mar an otherwise good looking frock.

Once more combination fabrics are in vogue. The skirt may be of one colour and the waist of another.

Lace will be much in evidence throughout the entire season.

The short youthful jacket has first place among jackets this season. Some of the new box models are altogether beltless. A new jacket in blouse style very becoming to slender figures is finished with a belt, and blouses over sides and back only. Flaring sleeves with or without cuffs are usually seen on this and other styles of jackets.

Suit skirts are plain, with inconspicuous pockets, if any, the seams may be stitched, with perhaps a yoke top, panels, tunics and plait sections are optional on skirts of all kinds.

The length of a suit skirt is to within 9 inches of the floor.

Buttons are much in evidence on both suits and separate skirts.

Braid, red ribbon and crepe ribbon is used for trimming.

Among the new silks foulards seem most desirable—in all colors and all combinations of colors.

Blue seems most favored and Green with the new "Tango" color is very attractive.

The youthful styles with full skirts and semi fitted basque waists are lovely for taffeta and crepe weaves.

Plaited broad cloth is shown for separate skirts and also for cape suits.

Covert cloth is a popular material recommended for jacket, and also for "knicker" suits.

Crepe braid is smart for trimming on a cape of broadcloth.

Appliques of broadcloth are used to trim a costume of Canton crepe.

Checked silk and crepe satin combine to make a pretty one piece dress. The long waisted body and sleeves are of the satin. The skirt is of the checked silk, and is cut with tab sections extending over the waist in suspender style.

A blouse of French cotton voile is smocked with colored thread.

A blouse of cotton eponge has a deep yoke bordered with cotton soutache in a loop design.

A dress of pongee in a natural shade is trimmed with motifs of light blue flannel.

Soutache braid is very effective for trimming on a frock of linen.

Plain and striped taffeta was effectively combined for a dress made with vestee, and panels. The striped material is used for the sleeves, skirt front, and insert.

A shirt waist of linen shows a decoration of fine tucks and French knots.

A shirt waist of India lawn has collar and cuffs edged with filet lace, which also forms a small "V" shaped vestee on this pretty model.

A peasant blouse of fine cotton crepe is gathered at the boat neck to a self band. The sleeves have raglan shoulders and bishop wrist finish. Embroidery of bright cotton threads is the trimming.

Linen in a contrasting color is very effective combined with checked gingham.

A striking costume for a Miss of fourteen years, consists of a skirt of Roman striped flannel and a coolie blouse of plain flannel trimmed with metal buttons.

Dotted crepe de chine made a very pretty dress for a girl of twelve years. Grosgrain ribbon applied in bands is the trimming.

Cretonne, prints and gingham are popular for childrens dresses as well as for grownups frocks.

For the little girl the knickers and smock styles are becoming.

One piece frocks with or without bloomers to match are fine for the growing girl. For both boys and girls rompers and over all play dresses in many versions are shown.

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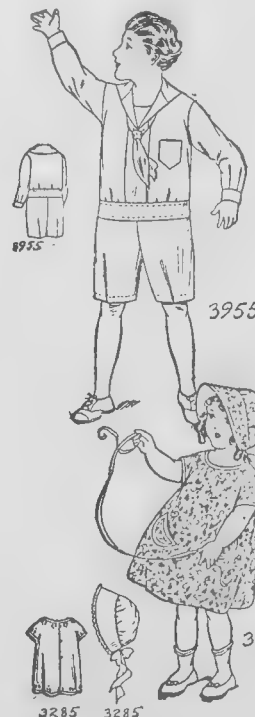


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A Becoming Apron "Dress"—3968—This "slip on" apron may well serve as a dress—it has such pleasing lines, is trim and neat, and envelopes the figure most protectively. The new prints and cretonnes are nice for this style, as is also percale and sateen.

The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: small, 34-36; medium, 38-40; large, 42-44; extra large, 46-48 inches bust measure. A medium size will require 4 yards of 36 inch material.

Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

A Very Attractive House Dress or Day Dress—Pattern 3718 is shown in this illustration. It is cut in 7 sizes: 36, 38, 40, 42, 44, 46 and 48 inches bust measure. A 38 inch size requires 6 yards of 36 inch material. If made as illustrated, it will require 4½ yards of plaid and 1½ yards of plain material, 36 inches wide.

Gingham, percale, seersucker, poplin, repp, linen, voile, and serge could be used for this style. The width of the skirt at the foot is about 2¼ yards.

A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

A Smart Suit for Sports, Beach or Country—3946-3787-3946—Three stylish models are here shown, that may be developed separately, or combined to make this attractive "suit." The Sleeveless Blouse, 3787 may be of Paisley cretonne, or Jersey, and the Guimpe 3846, and Skirt 3946, of sports satin, crepe or flannel.

The Blouse and Guimpe are cut in 7 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. The Skirt, in 6 sizes: 25, 27, 29, 31, 33 and 35 inches waist measure. The Skirt requires 3½ yards of 44 inch material. Its width at the foot is about 3¾ yards. The Guimpe requires 3½ yards of 27 inch material and the Blouse 2¼ yards of 36 inch material, for a medium size.

THREE separate patterns mailed to any address on receipt of 15c FOR EACH pattern in silver or stamps.

A Prize Winner in Youth's Fashion Show—3963—This becoming model is made to slip over the head, and may be worn without the cape. It is girlish and becoming, and one of this season's most popular styles. Printed voile is here illustrated. One could have pongee, crepe, gingham or spongee.

The Pattern is cut in 3 sizes: 12, 14, and 16 years. A 14 year size will require 3¾ yards of 27 inch material for the dress, and 1½ yard for the cape.

Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

A Good Costume for Business, Sports or Home—3949-3947—The attractive combination offered here will please every woman to whom the blouse and skirt seem indispensable. With a cape or box coat this will be a splendid street

suit. Novelty suiting was used for the skirt and handkerchief linen for the blouse.

The skirt 3947 is cut in 7 sizes: 25, 27, 29, 31, 33, 35, and 37 inches waist measure. The width at the foot with plaits extended is about 2½ yards. A 29 inch size will require 2¾ yards of 54 inch material. The waist 3949 is cut in 6 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. A 38 inch size requires 2¾ yards of 36 inch material.

TWO separate patterns mailed to any address on receipt of 15c FOR EACH pattern in silver or stamps.

A Pleasing "Lingerie" Model—3967—For this charming style crepe de chine, radium silk, batiste or crepe could be used. Embroidery lace, or simple hemstitching is effective for trimming. The gown may be finished without the dainty bib portion shown in the large view, and its fullness may be confined at the waistline with ribbon drawn through slashes.

The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: small, 34-36; medium, 38-40; large, 42-44; extra large, 46-48 inches bust measure. A medium size requires 4½ yards of 32 inch material.

Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

An "Old Friend with a New Face"—3957—A Guimpe dress is a necessity in the wardrobe of every little maid, and to have it in this popular suspender style, with the friendly plaited skirt, so comfortable and becoming is to have the "right thing." This style may be made of gingham crash, or cretonne, with crepe, pongee or voile for the guimpe. It is good in "all of one material" such as gingham or chambray, but the thought of contrast is very strong this season.

The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 4, 6, 8 and 10 years. A 6 year size will require 1½ yard of 27 inch material for the Guimpe, and 1½ yard of 40 inch material for the "dress."

Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

Boys' Blouse and Knickerbocker Trousers—3436 furnishes these two practical styles. It is cut in 5 sizes: 6, 8, 10, 12 and 14 years. A 10 year size will require 1½ yard of 36 inch material for the Blouse and 1¾ yard for the Knickerbockers.

Serge, cheviot, corduroy and khaki are good for the Knickerbockers and cambric, madras, linen, chambray and flannel for the Blouse.

Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

A Pleasing Frock for Mother's Girl—3646 is shown in this illustration. It is cut in 4 sizes: 4, 6, 8, and 10 years. An 8 year size will require 3¼ yards of 27 inch material.

The dress closes at the side under the panel. Pongee, poplin, repp, gingham, calico, serge, gabardine, taffeta, and linen are good for this model.

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Correspondence

The Advice Friendly.

Dear Editor and Readers,—I have been an interested reader of the W.H.M. for quite a time, and always look forward to receiving it each month. I have been very interested in the city vs. country argument. Personally I do believe that I like the city best, but also enjoy vacations in the country. I would just like to say a word to "Just 22" whose letter I read this month. In reply to his information that you "don't know what a girl's face looks like in the city until she washes it," allow me to inform you, young man, that you mustn't judge all city girls by the one who caught your friend. I must admit that there are lots of girls who do use powder and paint, but there are also several who do not. Don't allow prejudice to carry you too far. This is not a lecture, just a little friendly advice.

I would love to hear from some readers of both sexes. Wishing you all the best of luck,

The Little Warrior.

Will "The Little Warrior" kindly send her name to the editor of this page.

A Vancouverite.

Dear W.H.M. Editor and Readers,—Taking it for granted that I have told the Editor that his paper is one of the, if not

the best of our Canadian papers, I will begin at once, so as not to take up more than my share of space in this valuable paper.

Why is it that all the up-holders of the Correspondence Page live in Eastern Canada, or seem to from their letters? Perhaps we British Columbians have not the time to write, but I am sure we all have the time to read this splendid paper.

I notice that you have been debating "Country vs. City." I agree with one of the members who said a few months ago, that it is a worn out subject. For my part, though, I prefer the country, but if I were compelled to live in the city, give me Vancouver! I wonder how many of the readers have been to this wonderful coast city? Who has seen the sun setting on English Bay, or who has spent hours roaming in Stanley Park? If so, how can you wonder that we Vancouverites love and are proud of our city! I do not live in the city, but in the suburbs called the "Market Gardens."

I have just read "Marion's Place" in the last number of W.H.M. and I for one heartily agree that younger sisters have to do the most work. Don't you think so "younger sisters?" From this you may conclude that I am one.

I don't know that you had better take "Morning Dawn's" advice, Night-Hawk.

If the 'someone else' forgets the salt, baking powder etc., as much as I do you won't fare much better than you do now. I have tried some "Better Cookery" recipes and had fine success. For once I remembered everything, even salt, but success was due more to the recipe than to the cook.

Well I am taking up a great amount of room and must stop. I see that most of the correspondents dance, but here we "jazz." That name better applies to it.

I hope that the W.H.M. may continue her great success and prosperity. As I have no correspondents as yet, I remain Nobody's Darling.

Smiles Wants Letters.

Dear Editor and Readers,—I myself have been a subscriber of the Western Home Monthly for a very short time, but have always had it sent to me by a friend who was a subscriber and I enjoy reading it very much, especially the Correspondence page.

I am living in the city just at present, but I used to be on a farm in Alberta until about five years ago. So naturally the letters from country members interest me most. I like all outdoor sport, but most of all I like riding, having done a great deal of it when on the farm. I also like dancing, but a person cannot have a very good time at the dances here in the city unless one goes with some friend, of which I have few as I haven't been in this

city very long. Going to a public dance and dancing with any stranger doesn't appeal to me.

So I put in most of my time reading when not at work. I get most of my books from the library. I also go to quite a number of shows, but even at that I often have time to get lonely.

So it would please me very much to hear from some of the members (either sex). Will answer all letters.

Hoping this will escape the W.P.B., I will close, wishing the paper every success. Smiles.

Ye Olde Blue Yeare.

Dear Editor and Members,—May I have the pleasure of joining your very happy club if I behave myself? I have read the W.H.M. for several years, and although I have been intending to all along, I have not taken my pen in hand to try my luck before.

The correspondents seem like one big happy family, and though discussions often take place, they are quiet, friendly affairs.

Like many others, I also belong to the great Farmer and Farmerette Brotherhood, and think the life of the farmer is the only life.

I am fond of dancing and skating. I like reading, and am very fond of riding horseback. Give me a good horse, a long stretch of good country, and a brisk wind to fan my face, and I am happy. My cup of joy is full to overflowing, and I love to quaff it deep, long and often.

I like all farm animals, but I love the horse, especially a thoroughbred.

I have seen some letters written against card-playing and dancing, and personally I see no necessary harm in either. Not in the country at least, and the city it is the same only on a larger scale.

We have several local hockey teams around here, and each played hard this winter to uphold the community name and honor.

We have a good start in the New Year now, and I hope that 1922 will turn out better than '21 for the farmers. The year just gone by is now called around here, "Ye olde blue yeare, 1921." And it certainly was a blue and tough year. Very small crops and a smaller price, practically no market for cattle and hogs, or the numerous other farm produce, and with clothing, machinery and foodstuffs, etc., up as high or higher than ever. But the farmers are doing but little kicking considering all things, and are looking forward to a better year this year, for even if farm produce prices are no higher, everything else (except taxes) will be lower.

In many of the copies now gone by, I noticed letters touching on the immodesty of present day female attire. Many of these views are held by men, and although I also am a "mere man" I would advise the men to clean up their own camp before starting in on the ladies.

I was delighted to see the picture of our editor in the last issue. I wonder if he had looked over that large pile of letters, or if he still had that delightful task to do. I notice the W.P.B. is pretty full.

I feel like a knight going forth to battle with a dragon, in this case the W.P.B. being the dragon. No doubt like a knight if I overcome the dragon I will live happily ever after, although I might try again, just to keep my sword from becoming rusty. I notice that "Steve" braved the dragon in quest of a "Ladye faire."

They say the pen is mightier than the sword, and I certainly believe it is, as it can bore one more, which reminds me that I must consider others, and quit.

Sir Ima Bache.

Note:

Will readers kindly note that it is strictly against our rules to give out the name and address of any writer to the Correspondence Page. Stamped letters however, sent to us, will be forwarded to the desired party.

From India.

Dear Editor and Readers,—I do not know whether any letter ever appeared in the pleasing page "Correspondence" in the Western Home Monthly from one living far away on the other side of the world.

My native country is India, and I am a Christian young man of 26 years of age. Many a time and often I was advised by a Canadian friend of mine to write to this column to secure correspondence from



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Ring	Rosette
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The Starfish	rock Edging
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Filet Crochet	The Pummie Lace
The Presto	Cornflower Edging
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The Daisy Design	Borders and Corners
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The Star Fish Doily	Snowflake Corner
The Seaweed Doily	The Silkeborg
The Lucia Doily	Cylo Border and
The Rose Spray Doily	Corner
Yokes	The Elma Corner and
Evelyn Blouse Yoke	Border
The Olivia Nightdress	Dutchess Corner and
Yoke	Border
The Karina Camisole	Goose Girl Lace and
Yoke	Corner
The Malvern Yoke	The Seraphine Border
The Fedora Camisole	and Corner
Yoke	Clover Lace and Corner
The Floral Pattern	The Everest Border
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WESTERN HOME MONTHLY. WINNIPEG.

Canada. Though that friend ceased to forward his issue of The Western Home Monthly, I still love it.

I live in Nellore, which is beautifully located on the bank of the North Pennar. My country is very vast, showing a large variety of races, languages, and customs. I am sure you are interested in this peculiar land, as I am in yours. I would write and answer the questions of all the correspondents of either sex. Please address P. S. Gabriel, Subedarpet, Nellore, South India. I am a teacher, and also preach the Gospel to the heathen children. My wife and her two sisters and some other women make a lot of hand-made crochet-work, sell it, and use the profits for Gospel work among the heathen women of our country. They will be glad to send the beautiful lace if any of the ladies desire to have it.

I stop for the present wishing every success to the W.H.M. and to all its vast number of readers.

India.

Here's The Girl.

Dear Editor and Readers,—This is my first letter to the W.H.M. We have taken the magazine for only a short while, but I am very much interested in it, especially the Correspondence Page.

I see that "V.A.McL" wants a correspondent from Ontario. Well, here's one from Ontario. I am a Toronto girl, but am now living on the other side of the Rockies in B.C., the real golden west. I enjoy writing letters and better still, receiving them. As most girls of my age, I am very fond of reading, music, swimming, dancing, tennis and basketball.

"Morning Dawn," sent in a request for the words of "Silver Threads Among the Gold," so I am sending them.

"Darling, I am growing old, silver threads among the gold

Shine upon my brow to-day, life is fading fast away,

But my darling, you will be, will be, always young and fair to me,

Yes, my darling, you will be, always young and fair to me.

Chorus-Darling I am growing old,
Silver threads among the gold,
Shine upon my brow to-day,
Life is fading fast away.

When your hair is silver white,
and your cheeks no longer bright,
With the roses of the May, I will kiss your lips and say,

Oh, my darling, mine alone, you have never older grown,
Yes, my darling, mine alone, you have never older grown.

Love can never more grow old, locks may lose their brown and gold,
Cheeks may fade and hollow grow, but the hearts that love will know,
Never, never, winter's frost and chill, summer's warmth is on them still
Never winter's frost and chill, summer warmth is on them still.

Love is always young and fair, what to us is silver hair,
Faded cheeks or steps grown slow, to the heart that beats below?

Since I kissed you, mine alone, alone, you have never older grown,
Since I kissed you mine alone, you have never older grown.

My address is with the editor,

Live Wire.

Will "Morning Dawn" kindly send her name and address to the editor of this page as he has many letters to be forwarded to her.

A Cheerful Messenger.

Dear Editor and Readers,—I suppose many of you are sighing and bemoaning your unusual state of loneliness. The winter has covered enough days to make many stout hearts quail, but not many weeks now till the snow will be gone, and the lonely bachelors will be out stirring about at their spring work, and the girls will be thinking about that usual Spring affair, housecleaning.

Sunshine, I too, like the country life, and prefer it any time to the city. We have such jolly times at the rink, socials or dances, and everybody seems to be truly enjoying it all. Of course, there are a few who once in a while say they are tired of it all, but they need a good rousing to make them see their many blessings, and too, perhaps they are lonely, like so many say they are.

I am very fond of music, fancy work, reading, writing and many good things too numerous to mention, and out-door fun too. We have a rink in our town, and the young folks greatly appreciate it.

We have a good grain-growing district through here; never yet have we had a total failure. I surely feel sorry for those who had no crop, and whose expenses seem the only growing thing.

The sweetest song-bird we have out here is the Meadowlark. Nearly every Spring morning, the first sound one hears on awakening is this bird's cheerful song, and he seems to be telling the world that this is a grand old place to live in, even with its discouragements and trials. No one can help loving this cheerful messenger of good-will. Soon Old Man Winter will be gone, and then the joyous note of the lark will peal forth from the top of any high object.

The editor has my sympathy, because it must be a tiresome job, especially if the letters are long and dry like this. I shouldn't be a bit surprised that if the waste-paper basket could speak it would say "here comes another burden for me."

Best wishes for the success of this page,

Seldom Lonely.

Thanks—For Kind Compliment, Ed.

Dear Editor and Readers,—You will be thinking I really come too often, but I felt I wanted a chat with you all, so here I am.

It has been terribly cold and stormy lately, so I have been kept a prisoner in the house, and to be kept cooped up for any length of time gets on my nerves. However, we can't stop it from snowing and storming and better days must be at hand.

Well, Mr. Editor, you were real kind letting the staff artist sketch you. I don't believe I would like the job of tackling all that mail. I thank you for satisfying my curiosity. The scarcity of locks reminds me that "grass never grows on busy streets". I can now imagine your responsibilities in conducting our page. I know my locks would have been gone long ago, if I had had to tackle a stack of letters like I see in the sketch.

Do any of you young readers try sliding down a hill on a large scoop shovel. If not try it. Its lots of fun when a bunch of young people get at it. This makes good sport when there is no skating rink close by, and even the married folks join us sometimes.

I have been reading some of Zane Grey's books lately and think they are great, also Oliver Curwood's and Ethel Dell's books.

I enjoyed "Girl of the Mist's" letter. I would love to have a visit to her part of the country. I have one brother living in B.C., so perhaps I will have a chance of visiting up that way. I think surely most of our bachelor members have been married and so have forgotten to write to the page. I have sent quite a few copies of the W.H.M. to friends in the States and they think a great deal of the magazine.

I must leave you now before the editor pushes me out. I have really taken up too much space now.

Light of the Morning.

We have a number of letters intended for "Farmerette" which will be forwarded on receipt of her name and address.

A public practice of congregational singing is conducted weekly in Westminster Abbey. This lead is being followed by various other churches in the suburbs in London.

A beautiful skin is Miss Canada's Birthright

Any Canadian girl can achieve it

The Choice is with her own self—



A little care and knowledge of how to treat the skin, a little care and judgment in the selection of her toilet soap, just a little determination to make the most of herself, to help nature beautify her and—

her skin may glow with the radiance of health and beauty. Her complexion, free from blackheads, pimples, blemishes, etc., will give her wonderful new attraction for her friends—make her beautiful in fact.

Skin cleansing is ALL important

This is not a lecture against the use of rouge and powders. They are good, but the great danger lies in using them over and over again without thoroughly cleansing the skin between each application. Thus, an artificial "skin" of grease, grit and perspiration is formed which clogs up the pores, resulting in a coarse, sallow, sickly skin.

WINSOME—the soap paramount

Naturally, the soap is very important. A soap, with cheap, impure materials, or too quickly and improperly made, may cleanse the skin but will do more harm than good. Choose Winsome, the new toilet soap—most pleasant to use, for you can always depend on its supreme quality, its gentle cleansing power, its wonderful purity.

A simple WINSOME treatment

Make a lather in warm water with Winsome Soap. Use both hands and gently massage every inch of the face and neck, work the fingers into the skin and take a little time to it. Then rinse thoroughly and dry with a soft towel. If your skin is naturally dry, use a little Vinolia Vanishing Cream before you wash, and a little after. If your skin is naturally oily, wash in warm water, but rinse in cold.

Keep this up daily and neither rouges or powders, nor rough winds or hot sun, can injure your skin. Winsome Soap will make it naturally robust and glowing with colour and beauty.

Wonderful Winsome WONDERFULLY MADE

Winsome Soap is the latest and most wonderful product of the world-famous Vinolia Laboratories. Sparing no expense, our expert soap makers drew supplies of the choicest cocoanut and palm oils from our own plantations; called on France and the Orient for the most subtle of perfumes; worked on the knowledge of water and climatic conditions all over Canada; with the latest machinery in a sun-filled factory—and the result is the snowy Winsome cake, finest of all toilet soaps.

Winsome is pure, the colour shows you

VINOLIA COMPANY LIMITED

Soapmakers to H. M. The King

LONDON . PARIS . TORONTO



You Needn't Look Over 30

Graying hair makes you seem old regardless of age. Restore the original color and seem young. This is



simple, safe and easy — Mary T. Goldman's Hair Color Restorer quickly stops the gray.

Send coupon today for free trial bottle and test as directed on a single lock. Note the even, perfectly natural color. See how easy to apply and how pleasant

this scientific preparation is—clean and clear as water. Nothing to wash or rub off. Fill out carefully, answering each question. If possible, enclose a lock of hair in your letter. Then when you have proved results, get a full-sized bottle, from your druggist or direct.

MARY T. GOLDMAN

1495 Goldman Bldg., St. Paul, Minn.

Please send me your FREE trial bottle of Mary T. Goldman's Hair Color Restorer. The natural color of my hair is black..... jet black..... dark brown..... medium brown..... light brown, light auburn or blond.....

Name.....

Address.....

Ask your dealer for these floor and carpet savers!



Onward
SLIDING FURNITURE SHOE

Does away with the old-fashioned, tearing, rickety castors. Moves noiselessly, harmlessly, over the most highly polished floors or rugs, etc. Never falls out or goes sideways.

See that the "Onward" is on all the furniture you buy. Tell your dealer you must have it.

All sizes and styles, both glass and smooth metal base

Made in Canada by
Onward Mfg. Co., Kitchener, Ont.

SHILOH STOPS THAT COUGH

For grown-ups or children. Safe, sure and efficient. Small dose means economy and does not upset the stomach. At all dealers, 30c, 60c and \$1.20.

The Right Spring Tonic For All The Family

Every man, woman and child will feel brighter, happier and healthier this spring if they take

CELERY KING

A pure vegetable laxative tea that tones up the stomach, cleanses the blood and stimulates the liver—large packages 30c and 60c at your druggist.

YOU CAN'T CUT OUT A BOG SPAIN OR THOROUGHPIN

but you can clean them off promptly with



ABSORBINE
TRADE MARK REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

and you work the horse same time. Does not blister or remove the hair \$2.50 per bottle, delivered. Will tell you more if you write. Book 4 R free. ABSORBINE, JR., the antiseptic liniment for mankind, reduces Varicose Veins, Ruptured Muscles or Ligaments, Enlarged Glands, Wens Cysts. Allays pain quickly. Price \$1.25 a bottle druggists or delivered.

W. F. YOUNG Inc., 138 Lyman Bldg., Montreal, Can.
Absorbine & Absorbine Jr. are made in Canada.



Children's Cosy Corner

Conducted by Bobby Burke

"In Reading There Is Knowledge"

SOMETHING TO LEARN

Now The Lengthing Twilights Hold.

Now the lengthing twilights hold
Tints of lavender and gold,
And the marshy places ring
With the pipers of the spring.
Now the solitary star

Lays a path on meadow streams,
And I know it is not far
To the open door of dreams.
Lord of April, in my hour
May the dogwood be in flower,
And my angel through the dome
Of spring twilight lead me home.

Bliss Carman (poet laureate of Canada)

Sent in by
Helen R. Blackwood,
712-12th St.,
Saskatoon, Sask.

MAY

Hark! The sea-faring wild-fowl loud
proclaim

My coming, and the swarming of the
bees.

These are my heralds, and behold! my
name

Is written in blossoms on the haw-
thorne-trees.

I waft o'er all the land from far away
The breath and bloom of the Hesper-
ides,

My birthplace. I am Maia. I am May.

Henry W. Longfellow

Sent in by
Winnifred Rogers,
Bangor, Sask.

THE ANEMONE

The snow has gone,
And yet there lingers in the shade
Some ice and from the north
Where shivering winds are made
Still comes a chill,
And spite of brilliant sun,
The world's at winter
When the day is done.

April has come—

But to this Northern land it brings
No gorgeous flowers—grass begins to
turn
And the brave coated pussy willow
springs

From its brown house,

And on the hills

The children search

For the wee flower that no cold chills.

Born of the earth

Who gives her child the furry coat
of gray—

Daughter of sun and wind

Who later makes her dance so gay
Sister of violets

Whose sweet lavender

Has tinted the quiet gown

We find on her.

Up comes her head,

Tiny pointed cone of gray,

Hidden from all but those

Who love and greet her with their
laughter gay.

Such joy to find

A glimpse between the fur

Of the pale gown,

And golden heart of her.

And then sun

Grows warm, her stem becomes so
tall,

Her gray coat parts

Her gown begins to fall.

The golden heart changes to gray

The sun has done his part,

The wind now has his way.

And so before the wind

A gray and floating dancer

She waves upon her stem,

Rippling like children's laughter.

Summer and spring

She spreads her happiness abroad,

Scatters her seeds and dies,

Beloved of God.

And never loved as this

Is rose, or orchid wild

For she who cheers the prairie drear,

Is dear to every child.

For them she means the spring,

The end of cold and snow.

Crocus, anemone beloved,

Wherever she may grow.

Hilda Hesson.

SOMETHING SENT IN

A Motto At Last!!

"IN READING THERE IS
KNOWLEDGE"

Sent in by
3621-31st Ave., W.,
Eugene F. Cameron,
Pt. Grey, Vancouver.

This was the motto, No. 1, in the list appearing in the March number of the W. H. M. and this was the motto which received all the votes from the many readers we heard from. Eugene F. Cameron will have the honor of having the motto he chose at the top of the Cosy Corner just as long as there is a Corner. It is a very good motto and one that editor and readers will have to try to live up to. Bobby Burke will have to try to give you reading in which there is knowledge, and you will have to try to get all the knowledge out of the reading that you can get. In this Connection I want to tell Anna Ratfray that her motto was not given as a prize one in November, but only listed as one sent in to be voted on. If she will read over the item again she will understand.

Some Letters From Near and Far

A letter from "Forget-me-not aged 11" I'm sorry but I am afraid a girl without a name will be hard to remember. Never write a letter to the Cosy Corner without your name and address. Such foolish things are only done by grownups who sometimes write nonsense. Bernice Rowlandson of Powassan R. R. 2, Ont., wants to join our club. Come along Bernice! Join in the Competitions if you want to win a button. You are already a member of the Cosy Corner, all our readers are. Write us a letter if you have something every one wants to hear. We shall be glad to hear from you.

Elva E. Leitch of Wolseley Sask.; Emma Christy of Bankhead; Gladys Gill of Renown, Sask. also sent in acceptable May poems but the winners of the gold buttons will be found at the top of the Cosy Corner. Letters on "My Favorite Winter Sport" were also received too late from Elsie Gibbens, Cadillac, from Chrissie Mitchell, Oak Point, and from some one else with no name.

SOMETHING YOU WANT TO KNOW

That May is called after the Roman goddess of Spring—Maia, but some scholars hold that May is only a shortened form of Majores and the month was so called because it was sacred to the older men as June was sacred to the young men or Juniors. The flower of the month is the hawthorne; its gem the emerald.

George V ascended the throne May 9, 1910.

Louis Reil surrendered May 15, 1885. Robert Bruce crowned King of Scotland May 27th 1306.

Jacques Cartier sailed for Canada May 29th 1535.

Florence Nightingale born May 15th 1820—

A lady with lamp shall stand
In the great history of the land
A noble type of good
Heroic womanhood.

Longfellow.

In Ceylon school books are made of wood, and the children learn their lessons by heart a page at a time. The schoolmaster paints the letters on short boards with thick water proof paint. As soon as a pupil can copy and re-



Let Me Send You FREE on trial a Pair of Handsome Tortoise Shell Glasses



For many years people have been coming to me from every part of Chicago on account of my wide reputation for supplying glasses that fit. I am now offering the benefit of this wide experience to people everywhere. No matter where you live, I

positively guarantee to give you a perfect fit or there will be no charge whatever. I promise to send you a pair of glasses that will enable you to see perfectly and satisfy you in every way, or you will owe me nothing. They will protect your eyes, preventing eye strain and headache. They will enable you to read the smallest print, thread the finest needle, see far or near.

SEND NO MONEY

I will not accept a single penny of your money until you are satisfied and tell me so. Simply fill in and mail the coupon below giving me the simple easy information I ask for and I will send you a pair of my Extra Large Tortoise Shell Spectacles, for you to wear, examine and inspect, for ten days, in your own home. The glasses I send are not to be compared with any you have ever seen advertised. They are equal to spectacles being sold at retail at from \$12.00 to \$15.00 a pair. You will find them so scientifically ground as to enable you to see far or near, do the finest kind of work or read the very smallest print. These Extra Large Size Lenses, with Tortoise Shell Rims, are very becoming and your friends are sure to compliment you on your improved appearance. There are no "ifs" or "ands" about my liberal offer. I trust you absolutely. You are the sole judge. If they do not give you more real satisfaction than any glasses you have ever worn, you are not out a single penny. I ask you, could any offer be fairer?

SPECIAL THIS MONTH

If you send your order at once I will make you a present of a handsome Velvet-lined, Spring Back, Pocket Book Spectacle Case which you will be proud to own. Sign and mail the coupon NOW. Dr. Ritholz, Madison & Ladin Sts., Station C, Chicago, Ill., Doctor of Optics, Member American Optical Association, Illinois State Society of Optometrists, Graduate Illinois College of Ophthalmology and Otology, Famous Eye Strain Specialist

Accept This Free Offer Today

Dr. Ritholz, Madison & Ladin Sts., DR. 1193 Station C, Chicago, Ill. You may send me by prepaid parcel sent a pair of your Extra Large Tortoise Shell Gold Filled Spectacles. I will wear them 10 days and if convinced that they are equal to any glasses selling at \$15.00. I will send you \$4.49. Otherwise, I will return them and there will be no charge.

How old are you?.....

How many years have you used glasses (if any)?.....

Name.....

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CLOTH REMNANTS

We are offering a wonderful trial assortment arranged in remnant lengths suitable for useful and necessary purposes, such as ladies' and misses' suit lengths, waist, skirt and dress lengths also men's shirt lengths; also odd lengths and pieces of all kinds; latest styles colourings and materials.



Money cheerfully refunded if not entirely satisfactory. Price \$1.00 postpaid. George Grattan, Mfg. Agent, New Glasgow, Que.

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No Appetite

Nervous exhaustion leads to distaste for food. The nerves of the stomach are weak, digestion fails and you become generally upset and out of sorts.

The secret of complete restoration is in getting the nervous system fully built up.

Mrs. R. Cheney, 208 Richmond St., Chatham, Ont., writes:

"I was troubled with indigestion, which caused me many sleepless nights. I would be in terrible distress at times, and would get no relief for two or three hours. For sixteen months I ate nothing but Shredded Wheat biscuits, as I dare not eat anything else. I did not know what to do, as I had tried so many different remedies, as well as doctors' medicines, without gaining permanent relief. Finally I got some of Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, and while on the second box noticed that I was improving. I continued the treatment until I am now fully restored, and have returned to my regular diet. My husband has also taken Dr. Chase's Nerve Food with splendid results, so we are glad to recommend it to others."

Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, 50c a box, all dealers, or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Limited, Toronto.

CORNS

Lift Off with Fingers



Dosen't hurt a bit! Drop a little "Freezone" on an aching corn, instantly that corn stops hurting, then shortly you lift it right off with fingers. Truly!

Your druggist sells a tiny bottle of "Freezone" for a few cents, sufficient to remove every hard corn, soft corn, or corn between the toes, and the callouses, without soreness or irritation.

When writing advertisers please mention The Western Home Monthly

peat from memory everything written on the board he receives a new one.

Before the invention of printing, a system somewhat similar was used in Europe for teaching the A. B. C's. The lessons were written on a thin sheet of wood and over this two thin transparent sheets of horn protected the letters from erasure. These slates were called "horn books."

Birds Around the House

BIRDS, with very few exceptions, are the friends of man, and so for our own profit, as well as pleasure we should do everything possible to protect them.

I will deal only with some of the more interesting birds that spend the winter on the Canadian prairies.

Of course, the most important thing, if the birds are to be encouraged, is trees and since large tracts in Southern Saskatchewan and Alberta are treeless except for those planted around farm houses (I hope it will be every farm-house some day) conditions of bird life must vary very much in different districts. One law, however, applies everywhere, viz., that providing there are trees, the habitation of man will always be favoured by the smaller birds for the safety afforded from their natural enemies.

The Busy Bee of the Feathered World

Probably of all our birds the chickadee should be our best beloved, for he is with us winter and summer and is the friendliest little fellow in the world. His natural food is insects and grubs—for which he deserves our thanks—but he dearly loves fat. In the winter months he is most grateful for the scraps from the dinner plates, and will feed every day on the window sill if his meal is put out for him. It is a good rule to make all bird friends feed close to the house where they can best be watched and enjoyed, and in

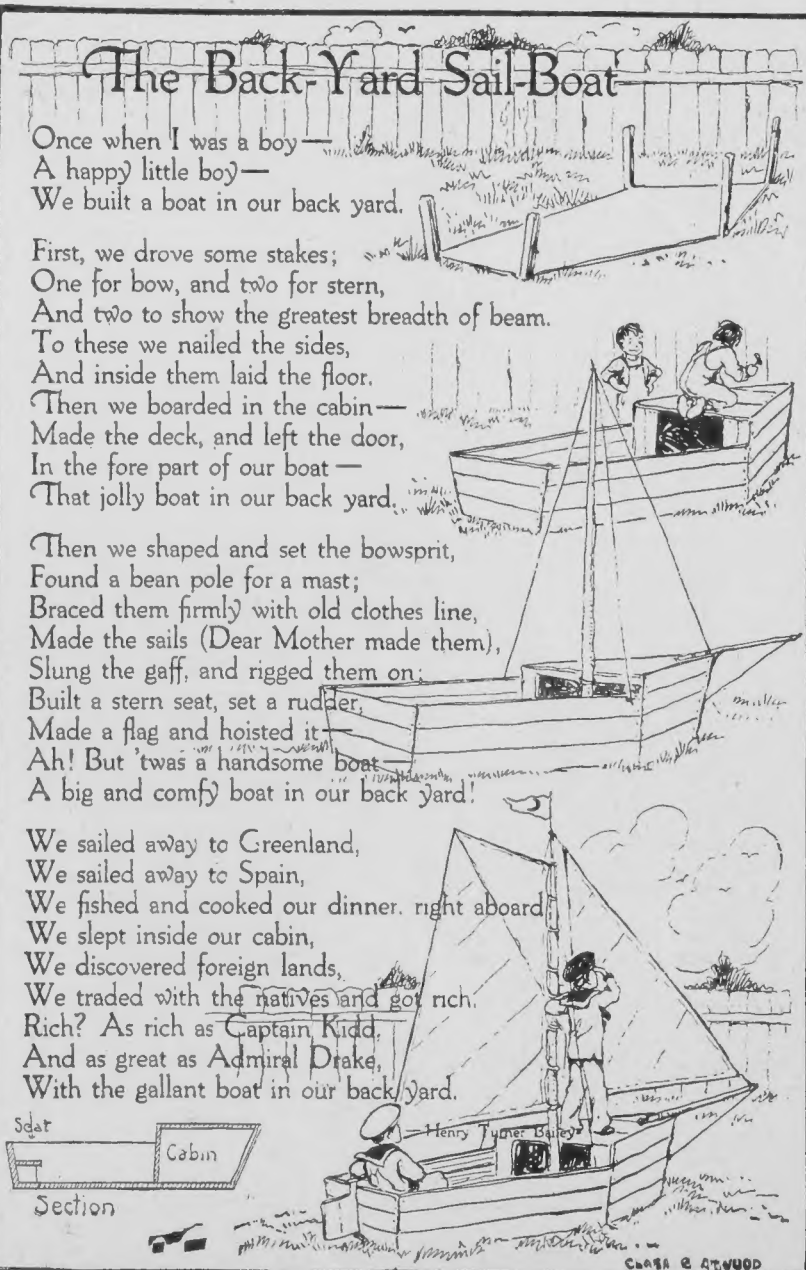
this way also they become very tame. Then on some cold day, when the glass drops to 20 or 30 below zero, try going outside the house with some fat in the palm of your hand. "Call Chickadee-dee" and keep very still, and though he may be a little frightened at first he will fly down and settle on your hand. In the summer do not think he has gone away because you do not hear his "chickadee-dee." He is around just the same, only very busy indeed raising a family and "chickadee-dee" takes too long to say. His call is now a two-note whistle, "phe-be."

Their Striking Plumage Adds to the Beauty of the Woods

In some well-wooded parts, Central Alberta for instance, no fewer than six or seven species of woodpeckers may be observed at different times of the year, viz., Flickers, Sapsuckers, Northern Pileated, Three-toed, Hairy and Downy, but the last two named are the "pick of the bunch" as bird friends, because, like the chickadee they will feed close to the windows in the winter and become quite tame.

The hairy woodpecker might be described as speckled black and white. He has hairs or bristly feathers sticking out from around his mouth, which make him look very fierce. Then one day you will notice that he has a red patch on top of his head and the next day that it has gone—which sounds very extraordinary, doesn't it?—until it is explained that "red-patch" is Mr. Hairy—and the other his wife.

Now, Mr. and Mrs. Downy Woodpecker are in general appearance very like Mr. and Mrs. Hairy Woodpecker, including the husband having red on the top of his head and his wife no red, only they are much smaller than the "Hairy" couple, in fact, not very much larger than chickadees—so there

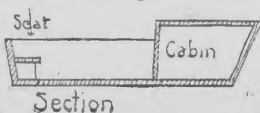


Once when I was a boy—
A happy little boy—
We built a boat in our back yard.

First, we drove some stakes;
One for bow, and two for stern,
And two to show the greatest breadth of beam.
To these we nailed the sides,
And inside them laid the floor.
Then we boarded in the cabin—
Made the deck, and left the door,
In the fore part of our boat—
That jolly boat in our back yard.

Then we shaped and set the bowsprit,
Found a bean pole for a mast;
Braced them firmly with old clothes line,
Made the sails (Dear Mother made them),
Slung the gaff, and rigged them on;
Built a stern seat, set a rudder,
Made a flag and hoisted it—
Ah! But 'twas a handsome boat
A big and comfy boat in our back yard!

We sailed away to Greenland,
We sailed away to Spain,
We fished and cooked our dinner right aboard.
We slept inside our cabin,
We discovered foreign lands,
We traded with the natives and got rich.
Rich? As rich as Captain Kidd,
And as great as Admiral Drake,
With the gallant boat in our back yard.



Something to Make

COWAN'S COOKERY COLUMN

Cocoa Fruit Tarts

- ¾ cup butter
- 1 cup sugar
- 2 eggs
- ½ cup milk
- 1½ cups flour
- 3 level teaspoons baking powder
- 3 tablespoons Cowan's Cocoa
- ¼ teaspoon salt
- 1/8 teaspoon cinnamon
- 1 teaspoon vanilla

Method:—Cream butter, add sugar gradually. Add egg yolks thoroughly beaten. Mix and sift dry ingredients three times. Add alternately with milk, add vanilla. Fold in egg whites beaten until stiff and dry. Turn into greased and floured patty pans, and bake 30 minutes in a moderate oven. Cool, scoop out centre, fill with date filling and cover with whipped cream or meringue glacé.

COWAN'S Perfection Cocoa comes packed in tins and thus retains its delicious flavor.

G131

COUPON

Send this coupon with Ten cents in stamps or coin & receive a 64 page recipe book.

The COWAN Company LIMITED - TORONTO.

Don't Wear a Truss



BROOKS' APPLIANCE, the modern scientific invention, the wonderful new discovery that relieves rupture will be sent on trial. No obnoxious springs or pads. Has automatic Air Cushions. Binds and draws the broken parts together as you would a broken limb. No salves. No lies. Durable, cheap. **Sent on trial to prove it.** Protected by U.S. patents. Catalogue and measure blanks mailed free. Send name and address to-day

C.E. BROOKS, 161H State Street, Marshall, Mich

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should be no difficulty in keeping them separate.

A Noisy Gentleman, But a Very Accomplished One

Another fellow that will do his best to see that the chickadees and woodpeckers do not get all the good cheer is the blue jay. He excels in two things—beauty and noise. He can croak, scream and do "cat calls" all in a minute, and he can eat more fat in five minutes than the little chickadee can in a week, but he pays for all he eats by the pleasure he gives. It is one thing to be noisy when no harm can come of it and another when it would be very dangerous indeed, and nobody knows this better than the blue jay. In the winter, the early spring and the fall "cat calls" are in order but in June, when the babes are in the nest, silence reigns supreme.

To get the most fun in watching hairy and downy woodpeckers or blue jays in the winter select the tree or shrub nearest to a window, one right up to the dining room or kitchen window preferred, and tie on several lumps of uncooked suet or fat of some kind. If the birds are around they will find it, never fear, but do not stand too close to the window or move quickly at first, for they are only little wild things as their world is so cruelly full of cats and other enemies.

And some other time, if you like reading about the winter birds I might try to tell you something of the summer birds—the bluebirds, Mother Wren and her babies, and others.

SOMETHING TO SEND IN

What is the strangest thing you know?

It must be the truth, and it must be interesting. What queer animals, birds or fish do you know about? What strange things have you heard of any one doing unlike something done by any one else? There will be a gold button for the best description of the "Strangest Thing you know"

Can you finish this limerick?

There will be a gold button for the person making the best ending.—
Do you always read all through our Corner?

If not, well its you are the mourner,
So

And there will be another gold button for best limerick about the Cosy Corner.

You get One!
Three chances—
Three buttons.

THE ROYAL ROAD

Continued from page 14

duck as the vicious tongues of flame licked out towards them, and constantly trees went drifting by, burning merrily on the surface of the water.

Thus the two lost all count of time. Whether it was day or night they did not know—nor did they know that that fatal morning thousands of miles of territory were burning all around, while the very city for which they were heading was wiped from the face of the map as figures are wiped from a slate. Ere they reached there, indeed, through a wilderness of blackened logs, another city had sprung up mushroom like, in its place. Such, indeed, is the story of almost every northern mining camp.

Trower had just decided that he had reached the limits of human endurance and was safely over the edge when he felt a human hand clutch the rope close to his own, and in the lurid, quivering atmosphere he saw Leggett's face at his shoulder. Leggett was pointing—pointing behind them. "Look!" he muttered thickly.

Trower looked. He saw a canoe drifting by quite close to them. It was full of gear, but the gear was on fire, so also was the canoe. "Is there anyone in it?" Trower rasped out.

"Good God, I hope not!" came the fervent and dream-like reply.

Trower remembered little else till he found himself on the bank with Leggett, his face in his hands, crouching over him.

"All right, oldson?" Tower queried hoarsely.

"Yes. My eyes are the worst, and my hands and shoulders are blistered some. How are you?"

"O, I don't reckon I've got any skin above the waist, but I might be worse. What about our gear?"

They went over to the place where they had hurriedly buried it in the sand. All was quite safe. "Thank Heaven for that," said Leggett. "Now we must both try to sleep, or we shall have trouble with our eyes. Sleep till the sun goes down, then we'll have some grub."

They slept the sleep of utter exhaustion, but it was a troubled sleep. Visions of Hades through which they had just passed haunted their slumber. So the chill dusk crept in, they had supper, talked a while, then lay down once more to sleep, so exhausted were they.

Scarcely had they thrown themselves down by the fire, however, when Trower was awakened by a pair of frenzied hands clutching and dragging at his clothing. He thought they were groping for his throat, and in the fire-light he saw someone stooping over him—saw a face, a hideous face, all blackened and charred, and almost unrecognizable. Yet he recognized it, and the word flew to his lips—"Corbit!"

Next moment he had the man by the throat in a desperate grip of self defence, but to his surprise Corbit fell limp in his grasp, and he loosed his hold.

"I heard you talking," rasped a harsh voice he could hardly recognise. "I heard your fire burning. I groped my way here. I've been groping all day. For Heaven's sake help me. I'm blind!"

He cowered whimpering, and the boy shrank back. He looked at Leggett, who was watching. Neither spoke. At length Leggett rose, and strolled off a few paces. He came slowly back, and nodded almost pityingly at the huddled wretch at their feet.

"That," he said, "is what they call poetic justice."

The Desertation Mine is to-day one of the wealthiest and best known in the North Country, but there are few who know that in addition to the young man and the lame man who are the founders and live wires of the concern, there is another partner, living a life of idle luxury away down in Colorado. No, not idle, for being blind himself he has founded a great and honourable institution for the training of the blind.

THE CIRCLE OF THE GODS.

Continued from page 4

All the good Father's advice came to me. A sighing "Ugh! The Great Medicine" went through the lines of Indians, and the weird tom-tom of the priests began as the mysterious figure came slowly towards us. On his breast was embroidered in jewels the Mystic Sign of the last Indian, and again a whisper went around the hills, "The Bear, The Bear."

He looked at the Wampum and the Hatchet on the snow. His eagle face, that of one inspired; his jet black hair hanging about his face, and as he spoke the drums ceased. Oh, my friends how he spoke, telling in sonorous Cree of the ancient times when the Indians covered the prairies, when war was a glorious thing. Ha! the braves were shouting on the hill-sides, mad with war lust, while the Priests beat their great drums until the whole hollow resounded with sound. It was terrible, that eloquence. My friends, I was forgotten in that surge of sound, forgotten and dismayed. My petty ideas were swamped in the glory of his voice.

He was ending "The Wampum is here, but it is not our Wampum. The Hatchet is still buried, for our mourning is always, and the cord which loosed the Arrow is broken; and the Arrow is lost."

In silence I was left alone.

The Wampum, and the Hatchet unburied.

My mission had failed.

THE BOOMERANG

Continued from page 19

in a long wicker chair on the side lawn, and she opened the gate quietly for fear the occupant of the chair might be sleeping. As she drew near she saw that it was Harold Bolton and that his eyes were closed.

A dry twig snapped under her foot and he looked up. The next moment he was on his feet. He held out his

arms and she went to him, and the words she would have uttered were smothered by his kisses on her lips.

WHERE THE WILD DUCKS FOREGATHER

The economic value of wild ducks and geese as a source of sport, an incentive to healthful outdoor recreation and an adjunct to the food supply is universally recognized in this country. Legislative measures for the protection of these birds, designed to enable them to hold their own against an ever-increasing army of gunners, have multiplied and have added to the restriction on hunting as need for them has been realized by sportsmen and persons interested in birds in general.

To encourage our larger waterfowl a number of extensive marsh areas have been made permanent refuges under the guardianship of the United States Department of Agriculture, and many private reserves, some of them formed by artificial means, have been established where the birds are protected while nesting and are shot under more or less rigid local restrictions during designated open seasons for hunting. As a means of co-operating in such efforts to maintain and increase the numbers of our waterfowl, the Biological Survey has undertaken investigations of the general conditions under which wild ducks live and thrive, coupled with counts of the numerical abundance of these birds in different areas varying in character. The Bear River marshes in Utah are noted for wild ducks.

"Eleven species of wild ducks," says Alexander Wetmore, assistant biologist in a bulletin of the department, "and the Canada goose are now known to nest on the Bear River marshes. Eight of the ducks are of common occurrence. Arranged in order of their abundance as breeding birds, these are the redhead, cinnamon teal, mallard, shoveler or spoonbill, gadwall, ruddy duck, pintail and green-winged teal.

"In addition to the ducks about 100 pairs of Canada geese breed on these marshes. Allowing three young as the average number brought to maturity by this species, there would be a total of 500 birds at the close of the season. The nesting season for these geese is practically over by May 15, and their numbers were estimated from observations made before they disappeared in the lower marshes for their annual molt. This marsh area produces between 25,000 and 30,000 duck in the average season.

"In the course of studies in this region it was learned that the great marshes in the delta of Bear River offer a favorable breeding ground for a much larger number of birds after these are freed from family cares in other regions. To maintain themselves in condition all species of birds must renew their bodily covering of feathers at least once a year, while many forms molt partly or entirely at shorter intervals. This usually is a gradual process, as only a few feathers drop out at one time and are replaced by new ones. One or two feathers fall in either wing at approximately the same time and more are not lost until the first ones are partly grown. By this continuous renewal the powers of flight of the ordinary bird are not seriously hampered, and it is able to feed, fly about and evade its enemies as usual.

"In all the species of ducks that frequent this area in summer, except the ruddy duck, the males nearly always desert their mates as soon as the complete set of eggs has been deposited and incubation has begun. The male ruddy duck, like the Canada goose, usually stays with the female until the ducklings are well grown, and it is common to see one at the head of a brood of dusky young, swimming with chest and neck puffed out and tail spread.

"After the pairing season the drakes begin to join in flocks, and large bands of these males gather to feed and rest on the great open bays. At this time they are in bright, showy plumage, but early in summer a change takes place. The body feathers are replaced by a plain, dull plumage more or less resembling

that of the female, and entirely different from the winter dress. This is known as the 'eclipse' plumage, and is found in all of the ducks that occur here except the ruddy duck. Soon after going into the eclipse plumage the drakes drop their wing and tail feathers, and then hide in the marsh growth until again able to fly. So well do they keep concealed that they are seldom seen, and few local sportsmen or others are acquainted with this peculiar habit, while persons who may happen to see them usually consider them young birds because of their bare wings. Ducks in this flightless condition are known as 'flappers.' In working through the marshes they may be heard quacking and feeding in every direction, and if one is startled it flaps off at a rapid rate and hides so well that it cannot be found. At night they come out to feed in the bays and lakes, but retreat again to the shelters of the rushes at daybreak. Most of the female ducks are busied with their young during the period that the males are molting into the eclipse plumage, but soon after the ducklings can care for themselves the females join the other ducks in the bays and in turn soon shed their flight feathers.

"The number of wild ducks on the Bear River marshes continues to grow until about the first of September; during the latter part of August the increase is rapid, as hordes of young ducks that have been reared on the uplands and along small streams and lakes in the mountain valleys begin to arrive. Between the 1st and 10th of September there is a sudden diminution in the numbers, and at this time fully two-thirds of the ducks leave the marsh. The sudden disappearance of numbers of the ducks is noticeable, and cannot fail to attract one closely in touch with the daily course of the wild life on the marsh. The exodus seems to take place at night, and bays and lagoons that one day are banked solidly with rank after rank of resting fowl may twenty-four hours later show individuals only in tens where before they were represented in hundreds. That this migration is to distant points seems certain.

"Ducks again begin to gather on the flats, however, and by the opening of the hunting season enormous numbers are once more present. These are composed of young birds and adults that have come in from other regions."

SLEEP

I have come to the borders of sleep,
The unfathomable deep
Forest where all must lose
Their way, however straight,
Or winding, soon or late;
They cannot choose.

Many a road and track
That, since the dawn's first crack,
Up the forest brink,
Deceived by travellers,
Suddenly now blurs,
And in they sink.

Here love ends,
Despair, ambition ends,
All pleasure and all trouble,
Although most sweet or bitter,
Here ends in sleep that is sweeter
Than tasks most noble.

There is not any book
Or face of dearest look
That I would not turn from now
To go into the unknown
I must enter and leave alone
I know not how.

The tall forest towers;
Its cloudy foliage lowers
Ahead, shelf above shelf;
Its silence I hear and obey
That I may lose my way
And myself.

Edward Thomas.

Abbreviated

A small boy, looking at the bust of his late grandfather—the bust mounted on a little circular stand—asked his mother if grandpapa was very wise and good, and added: "And was that all there was of grandpapa?"